



ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

A P R I L , 1 8 5 7 .

From the North British Review.

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.*

THERE is no brighter page in the annals of civilization than that which records the history of Arctic discovery. England may well be proud of the sacrifices she has made in such enterprizes of danger, and may justly boast of the valuable results which, in the interests of science, she has achieved. While new and extensive regions have been explored, and added to the map of the world, and new forms of humanity studied in their subterraneous retreats, new depths of science have been sounded, and new laws developed, which promise to connect the physics of our globe with agencies, in daily operation, throughout the planetary system to which we belong. In these researches, which the philosophers of all countries have warmly appreciated, our friends in America have, in some respects, been our rivals as well as our associates. In the Antarctic zone, Commodore Wilkes carried the flag of the United States along its ice-bound continent; and under an impulse more noble

even than the love of science or the ambition of discovery, a few American philanthropists have equipped two expeditions in search of the noble Captain and his devoted companions, who may yet be living prisoners within the crystal strongholds which they scaled.

An account of the last of these expeditions, under the command of Dr. Kane, has been recently published, and though, as in that which preceded it, its main object has not been accomplished, yet from the dangers which it braved, the scenes through which it passed, the events which befell it, and the additions which it has made to our knowledge of the nomadic tribes which it encountered, our readers cannot fail to be interested in a popular extract of its more important details. Dr. Kane's work "is not," as he himself tells us, "a record of scientific investigations." His sole object has been "to connect together the passages of his Journal that could have interest for the general reader, and to publish them, as a narrative of the adventures of his party."

After the return of the first Grinnell expedition, under Lieutenant De Haven, to which Dr. Kane had been attached as sur-

* *Arctic Explorations: The Second Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, 1853, 1854, 1855.* BY ELISHA KENT KANE, M.D., U.S.N., Illustrated by upwards of 300 Engravings, from Sketches by the Author. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1856, pp. 921.

geon, Lady Franklin is said to have urged him to undertake a new search for her husband. Having been led, like many others, both from theory and observation, to infer the existence of an open polar sea communicating with Baffin's Bay, Dr. Kane readily consented, and "occupied himself for some months in maturing the scheme of a renewed effort, either to rescue the missing party, or at least to resolve the mystery of their fate." As sanguine in temperament as he was intrepid in spirit, "his mind never realized the complete catastrophe, the destruction of all Franklin's crews. He pictured them to himself broken into detachments, and his mind fixed itself on one little group of some thirty, who had found the open spot of some tidal eddy, and under the teaching of an Esquimaux, or perhaps one of their own Greenland whalers, had set bravely to work, and trapped the fox, speared the bear, and killed the seal, and walrus, and whale. I think of them," he adds, "ever with hope. I sicken not to be able to reach them." Such a man was preëminently fitted for the task which he undertook, and the American Government, as well as the generous individuals, who were to furnish the means for equipping the expedition, gratefully accepted of his services.

Mr. Grinnell placed at Dr. Kane's disposal the *Advance*—the ship in which he had previously sailed; and Mr. Peabody of London, "the generous representative of many American sympathies, proffered his aid largely towards her outfit." The Geographical Society of New York, the Smithsonian Institution, the American Philosophical Society, and a number of scientific associations and private friends, made valuable contributions to the expedition, and Dr. Kane was thus enabled "to secure a better outfit for purposes of observation, than would otherwise have been possible to a party so limited in numbers, and absorbed in other objects."

Although Mr. Kennedy, at the head of the naval department, gave a formal sanction to the expedition, and desired to have reports of its progress and results, yet the Government did nothing more than contribute ten out of the eighteen volunteers who embarked with Dr. Kane, the rest being "engaged by private liberality, at salaries entirely disproportioned to their services." In an expedition thus constituted, the rules for the government of nautical ships were not enjoined; but regulations,

well considered and announced beforehand, were agreed to by the crew, and rigorously adhered to through all the vicissitudes of the expedition. In these regulations there was no room for ambiguity, and neither a judge nor a jury were required to administer them. Absolute subordination to the officer in command, or his delegate—abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, and the habitual disuse of profane language, constituted the brief code which bound, in fraternal unity, the heroic band that courted dangers more calamitous than those of war.

The "*Advance*," though built for carrying heavy castings from an iron-foundry, had been afterwards strengthened with much skill and at great expense. She was a good sailer, and easily managed, and had been thoroughly tried in many encounters with the Arctic ice. With five boats, one of them a metallic life-boat, the gift of Mr. Francis the maker—several carefully-built sledges, some of them on models furnished by the kindness of the British Admiralty—the usual stores of provisions, woollen dresses, and a full supply of knives, needles, books, and instruments, the "*Advance*" left New York on the 30th May 1853, escorted by several noble steamers, and saluted by the cheers and adieus of all around them. In eighteen days, Dr. Kane reached St. John's, Newfoundland, where Governor Hamilton presented him with a noble team of Newfoundland dogs, the essential instruments of Arctic research, and without which he could neither have reached his destination nor returned to his country.

After a run of twelve days, the expedition reached Fiskernaes in South-Greenland on the 5th of July, and by means of special facilities from the Danish Government, they were supplied with abundance of fresh-dried codfish, the staple commodity of the place. Mr. Lassen, the superintendent of the Danish company, entertained them as his guests, and "hospitably proffered them everything for their accommodation." Through his influence Dr. Kane obtained an Esquimaux hunter, of the name of Hans Christian, a boy of nineteen, who was peculiarly expert with the kayak and javelin, and who had previously exhibited his prowess by spearing a bird on the wing. This "fat and good-natured youth," who performs an important part in the history of the expedition, stipulated, in addition to his moderate wages, that a

couple of barrels of bread and fifty-two pounds of pork should be left with his mother; and when presented with a rifle and a new kayak, his services were not only invaluable as a caterer of food for the dogs, but as a purveyor, on many trying occasions, for the table of the expedition. After half-a-year's service, when dangers had been encountered and overcome, and Arctic darkness brooded over the ship, poor Hans became homesick, took his rifle and bundled up his clothes, to bid good-bye to his friends, yearning for a meeting with one of the softer sex whom he had left behind at Fiskernaes. Dr. Kane, however, with his usual tact, cured his nostalgia with promotion and a dose of salts. Thus honored and purged, the lover forgot his mistress, and strutted in official and corpulent dignity as the harnesser of Dr. Kane's dogs, the builder of his traps, and the companion of his ice travels. Like other swains, however, raised above the level of their birth, he forgot his humble Delia at Fiskernaes, and left the expedition, in the hour of its adversity, in the wake of a prettier bride whom he had encountered in his excursions.

While beating out of the fiord of Fiskernaes, Dr. Kane visited Lichtenfels, the ancient seat of the Greenland congregation, and now one of the three Moravian settlements in South Greenland;* and after being baffled with calms for nine days, he reached Sukkertop, Sugar-loaf, a wild isolated peak, 3000 feet high, shielding at its base a little colony "occupying a rocky gorge, so narrow and broken that a stairway connects the detached groups of huts, and the tide, as it rises, converts a part of the ground plot into a temporary island." This picturesque settlement is the principal depot for rein-deer skins, so valuable for their lightness and warmth, that they form the ordinary upper clothing of both sexes. The skins of the largest males, called *bennessoak*, are used as the sleeping-bags in Arctic journeys, and those of the younger animals, called *nokkak*, are prized for children's clothing.

In navigating the Greenland coast in his whale-boat, Dr. Kane made many purchases of dogs from the natives at the different settlements, and having made up his full complement, he arrived at Upper-

navik in North-Greenland, on the 24th July. After an hospitable reception by Governor Flaischer, he stood to the westward, and endeavored to double Melville Bay by an outside passage. On the 29th he entered the ice, and "having a besetment," he succeeded in "fastening to an iceberg;" but before they had time to breathe, they were startled with loud crackling sounds above them. Fragments of ice like walnuts fell into the sea, and they had hardly time to cast off from the iceberg before it "fell in ruins, crashing like near artillery." Driven to the shelter of a lower berg of gigantic size, it drifted with them like a moving breakwater, but in its wake of black water they got under weigh, and bored "in excellent style through the floes." In lat. $75^{\circ} 27'$ a spectacle, gorgeous even in the excitement of danger, arrested their attention. The midnight sun emerged from the northern crest of one great berg, "kindling various-colored fires on every part of its surface, and making the ice around them one great resplendency of gem work, blazing carbuncles, and rubies, and molten gold."

After "crunching through all this jewelry," and cutting their way with the saw and the chisel, Dr. Kane successfully accomplished the passage of Melville Bay, a process not hitherto adopted, avoiding entanglements among the broken icefields, and attaching the ship to large icebergs, while the surface floes were pressing by them to the south. By the aid of a fortunate north-wester, which opened a passage through the pack, they reached the *North*, or *Cape York Water*, passed the crimson cliffs of Sir John Ross on the 5th—the spire of Gneiss at Hakluyt Point, 600 feet high, and sighted Capes Alexander and Isabella, the headlands of Smith's Sound, on the 6th August—an array of cliffs, some of which are 800 feet high, "until now the Arctic Pillars of Hercules" frowned upon the ship passing through their gloomy shadows. Littleton Island and Cape Hatherton, "the latest of Captain Inglefield's positively-determined headlands," next presented themselves, and the expedition was now "fairly inside of Smith's Sound," the scene of their future labors and disappointments.

As the expedition was too far to the south to enable Dr. Kane to carry out his plan of search by boats and sledges, he determined to force his way to the north, as far as the elements would allow him,

* The other two are New Herrnhut and Friedrichthal. All the other missions are Lutheran, and administered by a Government Board.

In case of disaster, therefore, he resolved to secure a place of retreat, and with this view, he buried Francis's metallic boat, with a supply of beef, pork, and bread, at the north-east cape of Littleton Island, and he erected a beacon on its western cape, where he deposited official despatches, and their private letters of farewell.

In these operations, they found that they were not the first human beings who had found shelter in that desolate spot. Ruined walls indicated the seat of a rude settlement; and in digging the cavern for their stores, they found the mortal remains of its former inhabitants. These memorials of extinct life had to them a sad interest—the presage of a fate that might be their own. Without any mother-earth to cover their dead, the Esquimaux place them as sitting in the attitude of repose, with the knees drawn close to the body, and enclose them in a sack of skins. The implements of the living man are grouped around him. A rude cupola of stones covers the body, and a cairn piled above is the simple memorial, which generation after generation never venture to disturb.

After a hopeless conflict with the ice, the "Advance" escaped on the 8th August into "Refuge Harbor," a beautiful cove, landlocked from east to west, and accessible only from the north. Among the miseries which here beset them, not the least was the condition and temper of their dogs, upon whose health and strength depended the progress and success of the expedition. Out of their pack of fifty, a majority had the character of "ravening wolves." The difficulty of feeding them was perplexing. The rifles contributed little to the canine larder. Two bears lasted the comorants only eight days. They would not touch corn-meal and beans, on which Captain Penny's dogs fed, and salt junk would have killed them. In this emergency fifty walruses made their appearance, but the rifle balls reverberated from their hides, and they could not get within harpoon distance of them. Luckily, however, a dead narwhal, or sea-unicorn, fourteen feet long, supplied them with six hundred pounds of "good fetid wholesome flesh." This difficulty of feeding the dogs occurred on several occasions. Even when food was not scarce, their voracity was so great, that an Esquimaux skull, a bear's paw, a basket of moss, or any specimen of natural history, could not be left for a moment without their making a rush at it, and

swallowing it at a gulp. On one occasion they even attempted a whole feather bed, and on another, one of them devoured two entire bird's nests—"feathers, filth, pebbles, and moss—a peckful at the least." When they reach a floe or temporary harbor, they start out in a body in search of food, unrestrained by voice or lash, and are sometimes traced with difficulty to some fetid carcase. Had these animals not been recovered, they would have doubtless relapsed into the savage state, like those on an island near the Holsteinberg Fiords, where such dogs hunt the deer in packs, and are habitually shot by the natives. Yet notwithstanding this tendency, they have, in Dr. Kane's opinion, a decided affection for the society of man. When a comfortable dog-house was made for them away from the ship, they could not be induced to sleep in it, preferring the bare snow, where they could couch within the sound of voices, to a warm kennel among the rocks. This choice of residence, we think, was probably made from another motive—a love of cheeses, bird's nests, and bear's paws, which were to be found only in the vicinity of man. When not well supplied with food, they were fed upon their dead brothers, boiled into a bloody soup, and dealt out to them twice a day. The Esquimaux dogs are "ravenous of everything below the human grade," being taught from their earliest days to respect children. They never scruple, however, to devour their own pups; and on one occasion, when there was a copious litter, Dr. Kane "refreshed the mother with a daily morning puppy," reserving for his own eating the two last of the family, who, he hoped, would then be tolerably milk-fed!* So well, indeed, had Dr. Kane "educated" himself for the contingencies of Arctic travel, that on setting out in search of fresh food, his diet was a stock of meat biscuit, and "a few rats chopped up and frozen into the tallow balls."

Although hydrophobia was unknown north of 79°, yet something like it occurred in the latitude of 79°, in the mother of two healthy white pups. She had either avoided water, or drank it "with spasm and aversion." At last, with her mouth froth-

* Although the dogs of the Esquimaux are their main reliance for the hunt, and for escaping to new camping-grounds, yet they often devour their dogs. In March 1854, only four remained out of a team of thirty, which they had eaten.

ing and tumid, she snapped at Peterson and Hans, and exhibited such manifest symptoms of insanity that it was found necessary to shoot her. Dr. Kane observed, that the darkness of the long winter nights had a fatal influence upon his dogs. A disease, which he considered clearly mental, affected in such a degree the mouse-colored leaders of his Newfoundland team, that for a fortnight they were doctored and "nursed like babies." They ate and slept well, and were strong; but an epileptic attack was followed by true lunacy. They barked frenziedly at nothing, walked anxiously in curved lines, at one time in moody silence, at another starting off howling, as if pursued, and running up and down for hours. They generally died with symptoms resembling locked-jaw, in less than thirty-six hours. *Three* splendid Newfoundlanders, and *thirty-five* Esquimaux dogs thus perished, and only *six* of the whole pack survived. At a future time, one of Dr. Kane's best dogs was seized with a similar disease, and in the delirium which followed his seizure, "he ran into the water and drowned himself, like a sailor with the horrors."

Dr Kane has recorded many interesting facts respecting the mode of using dogs, and the feats which they accomplished. Six make a powerful travelling team, and *four* could carry Dr. Kane with his instruments a short journey. The Esquimaux dog is generally driven by a single trace,—a long thin thong of seal or walrus hide, which passes from his chest over his haunches to the sledge. The team is always driven abreast, and the traces are consequently tangling and twisting themselves up incessantly as the terrified brutes bound right or left from their allotted places. The seven, nine, or fourteen lines get often so singularly knotted, that it is frequently necessary, especially in severe frost, to cut and re-attach them. In 1854, the entanglement was such that the leader of the party was obliged to patch up his mutilated dog-lines by appropriating an undue share of his seal-skin breeches.

Great proficiency is necessary in driving a dog equipage. The indispensable whip of seal-hide must be *eighteen feet* long, with a handle of only *sixteen inches*, and the driver must be able not only to hit any particular dog out of a team of twelve, but must accompany his stroke with a resounding crack, a result loudly signalized by a howl from the sufferer. If the lash gets

entangled among the dogs or lines, or entwined round lumps of ice, the driver becomes the victim, and may congratulate himself if he is not dragged head over heels into the snow. One of the facts of a good team is to leap wide cracks and chasms in the ice, and on several occasions dogs and sledge have been precipitated into the water, or have tumbled into the bottom of a crevice sixteen feet deep. When the chasm is about four feet wide, and so alarms the dogs that they refuse to take the leap, the party bridge it over by chopping down the nearest large hummock of ice with their axes, and rolling the heaviest pieces they can move into the fissure. When these are well wedged in, and the interspaces filled up with smaller pieces of ice, a rough sort of bridge is formed, over which the dogs are coaxed to pass. A fissure of this kind, with water at the bottom, takes about an hour and a half to fill up and cross. When the ice is weak and rotten, the dogs instinctively begin to tremble, and if they have got unawares upon tender ice, they will turn, and by a safer circuit reach the shore. Sometimes they are brought to go on by changing the locality a little, calling them coaxingly by their name, and inducing them to advance, crawling on their bellies. On reaching the land ice from the floe, they sometimes encounter a wall eight or nine feet high. They are then obliged to unload, toss up the packages of provisions, and climb up with the aid of the sledge converted into a ladder. The dogs are then pulled up by the lines fastened to their bodies, and the sledge drawn up upon the ice. On one occasion, in a gale, the dogs were literally blown from their harness; the travellers fell on their faces to avoid being swept away, and then availed themselves of a lull to rally round them the affrighted animals. On good ice the sledges often travel six, eight, and even twelve miles an hour.

From Refuge Harbor, where we left the expedition in fifty-five fathoms of water, they were induced to start on the 13th August, lest the rapidly advancing cold should prevent them from penetrating farther. Confiding in the strength of their vessel they resolved to follow the coast line, enter the partial openings close upon the land, and warp along them from one lump of grounded ice to another. The coast itself, consisting of metamorphic rock, rose into precipitous cliffs of basaltic green-

stone, from eight to twelve hundred feet high. A permanent belt of ice from three to forty yards in width, and with a mean summer thickness of eighteen feet, ran along the base of three mural cliffs, and clung to them with such extreme tenacity as to resist all the thawing influences of summer. The seaward face of this prominent belt, unlike similar formations on the south, was worn by the tidal currents* into a garbled mural escarpment, against which the floes broke with tremendous force, but its upper surface remained comparatively level, and fitted in many parts to be a highway to the north. Outside of this belt the drifting ice or pack was utterly impenetrable; bergs recently discharged were driving backward and forward with the tides, compressing the ice of the floes and raising them into hills sixty or seventy feet high. In carrying out his plan of penetrating ice of this description, Dr. Kane encountered the usual dangers. After being thrown upon the rocks by a gale, the brig took shelter at an iceberg. The wind, however, died away, and the ice closed so steadily around them, that they lost all hope of escaping from their position, unless Providence sent a smart shattering breeze to open a passage to the northward.

A strong breeze from the south, freshening into a gale, sprung up on the 17th, and on the 20th rose to a perfect hurricane, the ice driving more wildly than Dr. Kane had ever seen it. The sharp twanging snap of a cord roused him from his bed. His six-inch hawser had parted, and the brig was swinging by the two others,—the gale roaring like a lion to the southward. A second report followed in half a minute, and by the shrillness of the ring he knew it was the whale line. Their ten-inch Manila cable, however, still held on,—“its deep *Æolian* chant swelling through all the rattle of the running gear, and moaning of the shrouds. It was the death song! The strands gave way with the noise of a shotted gun, and in the smoke that followed their recoil, they were dragged out by the wild ice at its mercy.” After steadying and getting a good bed in the rushing drift, the brig was allowed to scud under a reefed topsail. When close upon the piling masses, their heaviest anchor was dropped, in the desperate hope of

winding the ship, but it was impossible to withstand the ice torrent that pursued them. They had only time to fasten a spar as a buoy to the chain, and let her ship, “and thus went their best bower!” Dr. Kane had seen such ice but once before, and never in such rapid motion. One upheaved mass rose above their gunwale, smashing the bulwarks, and depositing a half-ton lump of ice upon the deck. Through this wild adventure the stanch little brig bore herself as if she had a charmed life; but a group of icebergs now threatened her existence. Planting an anchor on the slope of a low berg, and holding on to it by a whale line, this noble tow-horse hauled them bravely on, “the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead ploughing up the lesser ice, as if in scorn.” The group of bergs advanced, and though the channel narrowed to the breadth of the vessel, they passed clear, and found themselves under the lee of a berg, in a comparatively open lead, thus mercifully delivered from a wretched death. From this shelter a floe drove them, and when carried by the gale to the end of the lead they were again entangled in the ice. After breaking their jib-boom, and losing their barricade stanchions, they suffered a series of nippings of the most dangerous kind. In one of these the brig was driven up the inclined face of an iceberg, “as if some great steam screw power had been forcing her into a dry dock.” Dr. Kane expected to see her carried bodily up its face, and tumbled over on her side. The suspense of the crew was oppressive. She rose slowly, as if with convulsive efforts, along the sloping wall. Shock after shock from the accumulating blocks of ice jarred her to her very centre. She mounted steadily on her precarious cradle, and but for the groaning of her timbers, and the heavy sough of the floes, the dropping of a pin might have been heard. By one of those “mysterious relaxations,” which Dr. Kane calls the pulses of the ice, the brig settled down again into her old position, and quietly took her place among the broken rubbish. During this fearful trial of thirty-six hours, the parting of the hawsers, the loss of their anchors, the crushing of their stoven bulwarks, and the deposit of ice upon their decks, would have tried the nerves of the most experienced icemen. Many narrow escapes were made by the men. One avoided being crushed by leaping upon a float-

* The mean rise and fall of the tide was twelve feet, and its velocity $2\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour.

ing fragment, and four were carried down by the drift, and were recovered only when the gale was over.

From the 22d of August till the 26th, the ship advanced slowly; but the indications of winter, and the little progress which they were making, induced an excellent member of the party to suggest the idea of returning southward, and abandoning the attempt to winter. In a formal council assembled by Dr. Kane this idea was adopted by all but Mr. Brooks, the first officer of the ship. Dr. Kane, however, decided otherwise, and his comrades in the most gratifying manner yielded to his decision.

The warping had no sooner begun than the ship grounded under the walls of the ice-foot, and heeled over so abruptly that they were all tumbled out of their berths; the stove of the cabin, charged with burning anthracite, was thrown down; the deck blazed smartly for a while, but by the help of a pilot-cloth coat, the flames were choked till water was procured to extinguish them. After being grounded five times in three days, Dr Kane resolved upon an expedition to discover a proper wintering spot from which they could start on their future travel, and enter at once on the search which they had undertaken. The command of the "Advance" was therefore given to Mr. Ohlsen, with orders to haul her into a safe berth; and on the 29th of August Dr. Kane started with a detachment of seven of his best hands, taking along with him a whale-boat and a sledge, with the necessary outfit of clothing and provisions. After being out about twenty-four hours they were beset by pack-ice in front and on one side of them, while on the other the impracticable ice-belt, a wall of ten feet, rose above their heads. Their boat being now useless, they were obliged to leave it, and push forward in their sledge along this singular and untrodden path. This shelf of ice, clinging to the base of the rocks that overlooked the sea, was itself overhung with cliffs of magnesian limestone, above a thousand feet high; huge angular blocks of stone, tons in weight, were scattered over its surface; long tongues of worn-down rock now and then stretched across their path, and deep, steep-sided watercourses, across which they were obliged to wade and carry their sledge, greatly embarrassed them. Their night halts were upon knolls of snow under the rocks, and on one occasion the tide

overflowed their tent, and forced them to save their buffalo sleeping-gear by holding it up till the water subsided. The walls of limestone at length terminated, and they reached a low fiord, across which a glacier blocked up their way. A succession of terraces of limestone-shingle, rising symmetrically, lost themselves in the distance in long parallel lines, and in "a pasty silt," where these terraced faces abutted upon the sea, Dr. Kane found seven skeletons, and numerous skulls of the musk ox, which abound in the table land and ravines of that coast.

Our travellers experienced much difficulty in crossing the glacier which stopped them. Its deep sides terminated in the sea; but by using cords, and lying at full length upon the ice, they got safely over it. A passage of three miles brought them again to the seaboard, with its frowning cliffs and rock-covered icebelt. On the 5th September their progress was arrested by a large bay—forming a grand sheet of perfectly open water, the embouchure of a noble and tumultuous river, rolling with the violence of a snow torrent over a broken bed of rocks. This river, the largest yet known in North Greenland, is about three-quarters of a mile wide at its mouth, and admitting the tide for about three miles. It issues from a glacier in numerous streams which unite into a single current about forty miles from its mouth.* After fording this river up to the middle, and advancing seven miles, they reached, in lat. 78° 52', a large cape, now known as Cape Jefferson. Beyond this, sixteen miles, they came to the headland Cape Thackeray; and eight miles more brought them to Cape Hawks, from which Dr. Kane mounted a headland eleven hundred feet high, and saw beyond the great glacier of Humboldt, and the land now called Washington, as far as 80°, with a solid sea of ice between. Having found no place for a winter harbor more appropriate than that in which the "Advance" lay, the party returned, and placed their little brig in Rensselaer Harbor, "which they were fated never to leave together."

Near this harbor, now to be their winter home, there was a group of rocky

* To this river Dr. Kane gave the name of *Mary Minburn*, the sister of Mrs. Henry Grinnell, a species of nomenclature which merits reprobation. What would we think of an astronomer who should give to a new planet the name of his nurse or his grandmother!

islets, fringed with hummocks, on one of which, about a hundred yards from the ship, called *Fern Rock*, they established their observatory. They had here facilities for procuring water and daily exercise, and were sufficiently within the influence of the tides to give them a hope of liberation in the spring. As no previous expedition had wintered in so high a latitude, the probable excess of cold, and the longer prevalence of darkness, rendered it necessary to have a warm and well-ventilated house. The deck was therefore fitted up with boards, and caulked with oakum. The cooking, ice-melting, and washing arrangements were carefully attended to; and their domestic system was organized with special reference to cleanliness, recreation, and particularly fixed routine. On Sunday they had their morning and evening prayers, and, except on trying occasions, it was observed as a day of rest.

In order to facilitate their progress northward in winter and spring, it was necessary to deposit along the coast of Greenland depots of provisions, principally pemmican, before the darkness set in about the middle of October. A party of seven men left the brig on the 20th September; each had a buffalo robe to lie upon, a bag of Mackinaw blanket to crawl into at night, and an India-rubber cloth to defend him from the snow beneath. A sledge, thirteen feet long, carried the provisions, a light India-rubber boat, and a canvas tent. This "travelling gear" was more liberal than they could afterwards afford. It was found essential to the actual comfort of future parties to reduce their "sledging outfit" till they reached the Esquimaux simplicity of *raw meat and a fur bag!*

Among the disasters of an Arctic winter, our travellers could hardly have anticipated a calamity which, at this time, befell three of their party. Having been greatly annoyed with rats, and failed in smoking them out by a compound of brimstone, arsenic, and burnt leather, they proceeded to destroy them with carbonic acid gas. Charcoal was therefore burnt, the hatches shut down, and every fissure closed. Ignorant of what was doing, or reckless of the consequences, Shubert, the French cook, went below to season a soup. Morton saw him staggering under the influence of the gas, and seizing him with great difficulty as he fell, he was himself unable to escape. They were both hauled

up in the end, the cook wholly insensible, and Morton with his strength almost gone. Dr. Kane had given orders to inspect the fires for generating the gas, but the accident to the cook had put the watch off his guard, and made him forget to open the hatches. Upon lowering a lantern, Dr. Kane observed that the light was instantly extinguished, and he felt the smell of burning wood. Upon descending he found all right about the fires; but upon returning, near the door of the bulkhead, the gas began to affect him. His lantern went out as if quenched with water, and as he ran past the bulk-head door, he saw the deck near it a mass of glowing fire, about three feet in diameter. He became insensible at the foot of the ladder, and would have sunk had not Mr. Brooks seen him and hauled him out. Having quickly recovered, he intrusted the fearful secret to the few men around him, shut the doors of the galley to confine the rest of the crew, and in less than ten minutes succeeded in extinguishing the fire by buckets of water handed by Brooks to Dr. Kane and Ohlsen, who rushed unto the burning deck. The noxious gas at first greatly oppressed them, but the steam from the first bucketful of water that was dashed on the burning coal gave them instant relief. The fire had arisen from a barrel of charcoal, but how it had been ignited they never discovered. The exclusion of atmospheric air, and the dense carbonic acid gas round the fire, saved the ship.

Anxious about the depot party, who had been absent twenty days, and whose stock of provisions must have been low, Dr. Kane, accompanied by Mr. Blake, set out on the 10th October with a sledge and four Newfoundlanders, laden with supplies. Repeated fissures in the broken-up ice interrupted their progress. The dogs began to flag. Three times the hinder ones tumbled into fissures; and the two travellers, who had trotted along the sledge for sixteen miles, were as tired as the dogs. They therefore made for the old ice to seaward; but just as they were nearing it, the dogs failed in leaping a chasm, and sledge, dogs, and men, tumbled into the water. The traces were cut, the dogs hauled out, and the sledge, floated by the air, confined in the India rubber coverings of the cooking apparatus, was after many fruitless struggles carried forward by the dogs. After a journey of five days, in which they averaged twenty miles a day,

and slept in the same tent with their dogs to keep them warm, they saw afar off a dark object in the snow, which turned out to be their friends. Though they were upon the whole in good condition, every one of them had been injured by the cold; but though noses, fingers, and toes had suffered, the hot soup, coffee, and beef, which their friends had brought, speedily restored them.

During this dépôt journey, the party discovered the remains of five Esquimaux huts, of a larger and better kind than they had previously seen; and they encountered the usual difficulties of crossing fissures, wading through broken ice, and surmounting bergs, and the usual hardships of cold, hunger, thirst, and want of sleep. At one time their sledge went down through the weak ice, at another, they were obliged to divide the load, and transport half of it at a time. Now, it had to be dug out of the drifted snow; and then, with their stockings frozen to the soles of their feet, and their legs cramped, and their fingers pinched with cold, they could hardly draw it over the increasing obstructions of the way. On the evening of the 5th October they had encamped under the lee of some large icebergs, and within hearing of the grand artillery of the great glacier of Humboldt, which they had approached ten days before. The floe on which they had pitched their tent consisted of recent ice, and the party, who were too tired to seek a safer resting-place, had hardly gone to sleep, when, with a crack like that of a gigantic whip, the ice opened directly beneath them. Thus roused, in intense darkness and biting cold, they gathered together their tent and sleeping-furs, lashed them upon a sledge, and rushed from the rocking platform which bore them, amid the repeated detonations of the bursting ice. Selecting a flat piece of ice, they placed their sledge upon it, and with the help of tent-poles and cooking-utensils, they paddled to the old and firm ice which clung to the bases of the nearest icebergs. On an island, bearing the name of M'Gary, the second officer of the expedition, the party buried 670 lbs. of pemmican, and 140 lbs. of Borden's meat-biscuits, indicating the site by a cairn, thirty paces off.

In a winter of 140 sunless days, and threatening to be one of unusual severity, it became necessary to devise schemes for beguiling its "monotonous solitude." A

fancy ball, and an Arctic newspaper, called "The Iceblink," with the motto, *IN TENEBRIS SERVARE FIDEM*, and a vignette, representing a ship in full sail between two black and sunless shores, were among their measures of occupation and amusement. The articles in the "Iceblink" were composed by authors of every "nautical grade," and some of the best from the fore-castle.* A more healthful sport, in the form of a fox-chase, was invented by Dr. Kane. He offered a Guernsey shirt to the man who should make the longest run as "fox," performing a given circuit between galley and capstan, all hands pursuing him, and a halt being called to blow every four minutes. Each of the crew performed the part of "fox;" but William Godfrey, who maintained the chase for fourteen minutes carried off the prize. We have mentioned this little incident as one in the career of Godfrey, whom our readers will meet again in a very different character.

The last vestige of mid-day twilight had disappeared on the 15th December. They could hardly see print, or even paper, and the fingers could not be counted a foot from the eye. Noonday and midnight were alike, and a vague glimmer along the outline of the southern hills was the only indication that the universe had a sun. The influence of this long and intense darkness was depressing to the crew; and even the dogs, though born within the Arctic circle, were unable to withstand it. When Dr. Kane stumbled upon them in the dark, they would put their cold noses upon his hand, and "commence the most exuberant antics of satisfaction." They howled at any accidental light, as if it reminded them of the moon; and since neither instinct nor sensation could give them any knowledge of the passing hour, or any explanation of the long-lost light, Dr. Kane believed that the strange disease, to which we have already referred, was a mental affection originating in darkness, and therefore benevolently resolved to let them see the lanterns more frequently.

In the observatory—which was an ice-house of the coldest description—neither fires, nor buffalo robes, nor investing sail-cloth could raise its temperature to the

* Dr. Kane tells us that he has transferred a few of them to his Appendix, but none of them have been given.

freezing-point, and there was no snow to surround it as a non-conductor. About the middle of January the cold became very intense. On the 17th it was 49°, and on the 20th from 64° to 67°, at the observatory. On the 5th of February, the thermometer stood at from 60° to 75°, and on the taffrail of the ship, a "reliable instrument" indicated 65°. The reduced mean of their best standard spirit thermometers was 67°, or 99° below the freezing-point of water. At such low temperatures chloric ether became solid, and chloroform was covered with a granular pellicle. Spirit of naphtha froze at 54°, oil of sassafras at 49°, and oil of wintergreen at 64°. The exposed or partially-clad parts of the body were invested with a wreath of vapor exhaled from the skin. The inspired air was pungent, though breathed with compressed lips; but the painful sensation mentioned by Siberian travellers was not experienced. Among the other productions of the intense cold, was the new condition of the "ice-foot" or ice-belt, which Dr. Kane describes as "the most wonderful and unique characteristic of their high northern position." When he formerly saw it, it was an investing zone of ice coping the margin of the floe; but the diurnal accumulations by tides thirteen feet high, and by severe frosts, had turned it into a bristling wall, nearly twenty-one feet high. Thus rising and falling daily, its fragments have been tossed in every possible direction, "rearing up, in fantastic equilibrium, surging in long inclined planes, dipping into dark valleys, and piling into contorted hills, often high above the ice-foot." When the daylight enabled them to see the result of these changes, they found the ice-belt sixty-five feet in mean width, twenty-four feet in solid thickness; the second, or appended ice, thirty-eight feet and the third, thirty-four feet wide—all these three ridges consisting of immense ice-tables, "serried like the granite blocks of a rampart, and investing the rocks with a triple circumvallation."

On the 21st of February the sun had returned. Dr. Kane started off to be first to enjoy the sight. On the summits of a projecting crag "he nestled" in his beams, as if "bathing in perfumed water." On the last day of February the sun gilded their deck, and the month of March brought them back perpetual day. The great object of the expedition now

occupied Dr. Kane's attention, and preparations were made for their northern journey. An advance party set off on the 19th March to deposit a relief cargo of provisions at the distance of ten days' journey from the brig. They had been out ten days, and the cold had been so severe (averaging 27°) that their return was expected with some anxiety. On the 31st, towards midnight, the noise of steps was heard, and instantly Sontag, Ohlsen, and Petersen, entered the cabin, swollen, haggard, and hardly able to speak. They had left four of their companions on the ice, lying frozen and disabled in order to bring back the news. A heavy gale from the north had broken upon the party, and the snow was drifting heavily around them. Tom Hicky, an Irishman, generously remained to feed and attend them. In this emergency Dr. Kane saw that every moment was precious, and, with his usual energy, set off with a relief party of nine, taking with him the almost dying Ohlsen, as the only person who could guide them to the locality of the sufferers. He was sewed up in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dog skins, and strapped on a small sledge, which they dragged after them. As soon as they began to move, Ohlsen, who had been fifty hours without rest, fell asleep, and awoke with unequivocal symptoms of mental alienation. He had lost the bearings of the icebergs, and there was no longer any hope of local landmarks. The sledge was therefore abandoned, and the parties dispersed in search of foot-prints. The fear of separation, however, brought them back into groups, and whether from shattered nerves, or the action of the cold, the men were singularly affected. Two of the strongest were seized with trembling fits and short breath, and Dr. Kane himself fainted twice on the snow. Having been nearly eighteen hours without food or water, the appearance of a sledge track raised their hopes. Footprints at last appeared, and brought them in view of a small American flag fluttering on a hummock; it marked the camp of their disabled companions. Dr. Kane crawled into the tent almost covered with snow, and "coming upon the darkness heard the burst of welcome gladness from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs." . . . "They had expected me: they were sure I would come."

The thermometer stood at 75° below

the freezing point. They were now fifteen souls, and with a tent which could hold only eight, one half kept themselves from freezing by walking outside, while the other half slept within. After each had got two hours sleep, they prepared for a journey of fifty hours. The sick were carefully sewed up in rein-deer skins, and placed in a half-reclining posture, on a bed of doubled-up buffalo bags. Thus embalmed among skins and blankets, they were lashed to the sledge by frost-bitten fingers, and repeating a brief prayer, the party set out on their retreat. Notwithstanding its weight of 1100 lbs., and the rough paths it had to traverse, the sledge performed its part well, and the men dragged it nobly along, till they were within nine miles of the tent which they had left the day before. At this time they were all suddenly seized with an alarming failure of their energies. Two of the stoutest begged permission to sleep; another was nearly stiff under a drift; a third stood bolt upright, with his eyes closed, and hardly able to articulate; a fourth threw himself on the snow and refused to rise. None of them complained of cold. It was in vain that Dr. Kane "wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded." It became necessary to halt. The tent was pitched: their hands could not strike a fire. Their whisky had frozen beneath all the men's coverings, and they were obliged to dispense with food or water. In this emergency the sick, and as many as it would hold, were crammed into the tent, and Dr. Kane with William Godfrey, who volunteered to accompany him, set off to the half-way tent to thaw some ice and pemmican before the rest arrived on foot. They kept themselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words; but neither of them was in his right senses, though they both remembered seeing a bear treating very unceremoniously their tent, and what it contained. On reaching it, they found their buffalo robes and pemmican in the snow; crept into the rein-deer sleeping-bags without speaking, and had an intense sleep of three hours. When Dr. Kane awoke, a mass of his beard was frozen to the buffalo skin, and Godfrey was obliged to cut him out with his jack-knife. The rest of the party having arrived, and received such refreshments as could be given, they again set out on their dreary journey.

Their strength again failed them. Obligated to eat snow, their mouths swelled, and were unable to articulate. An involuntary sleep again overtook them; they fell half sleeping on the snow. Dr. Kane made Riley wake him at the end of every three minutes, and he felt such benefit from the experiment that he timed the men in the same way. Seated on the runners of the sledge, they fell asleep instantly, and were forced awake when the three minutes were expired. Invigorated by brandy, served out in table-spoonfulls, and dragging the wounded men instinctively behind them, they reached the ship in a state of debility and delirium. A generous diet, however, morphine and friction, restored several of the party. One was afflicted with blindness; two others had part of their feet amputated; and two valuable lives, those of Jefferson Baker and Peter Schubert, were sacrificed in this disastrous journey; the one from locked-jaw, and the other from erysipelas around his amputated stump.

On the 7th of April, when they were watching the death-bed of Baker, a large party of Esquimaux, with fifty-six fine dogs, visited the ship. They carried knives in their boots; but having left their lances lashed to the sledges, it was obvious that they came with pacific intentions. Dr. Kane treated them with hospitality, and kept them all night on board, eating and sleeping, and sleeping and eating, till they were satisfied. With needles, and beads, and cask staves, Dr. Kane purchased their spare walrus meat, and four of their best dogs. After they had left the ship, axes, saws, and knives were missed. They had even broken into the storehouse at Butler Island, and one of the most venerable of the party contrived to cut to pieces the India-rubber boat, and carry off every particle of the wood.

The month of April being about to close, Dr. Kane made preparations for the "crowning expedition of the campaign,"—to follow the icebelt to the great glacier of Humboldt,—to attain the Ultima Thule of the Greenland shore, and search "round the farthest circle of the ice for an outlet to the mysterious channels beyond." An advance party under McGary set out on the 25th April, with a few stores; and on the 27th, Dr. Kane and Godfrey followed, and overtook them. With some difficulty they nearly reached the foot of the great Humboldt

glacier, but unexpected calamities here befell them. The winter's scurvy reappeared. The fatigue of working through an excessive snow deposit brought on dropsical swellings. Snow-blindness attacked three of the party, and other two were pronounced unfit for service. The bears had lifted the strong blocks which covered their pemmican, and broke into chips the iron casks which contained it, as well as the cask which contained their alcohol. To crown these disasters, Dr. Kane was attacked with a combination of scurvy and typhoid fever, which threatened his life, and compelled him to return.

As soon as Dr. Kane was able, he matured an expedition across Smith's Straits, to the north and east of the Cape Sabine of Captain Inglefield. Dr. Hayes and William Godfrey accordingly set off on the 20th May, with a good sledge, and the dogs in excellent condition, to fix the position of the Cape, and connect it with the newly-discovered coast-line to the north and east. After encountering the usual hardships, they crossed the Sound, but had great difficulty in reaching the land. Dr. Hayes was attacked with snow-blindness on the 22d. Seven days' provisions out of ten were exhausted. The harness lines of the dogs were continually breaking, and to replace them they had to resort to strips cut from the waistbands and legs of their seal-skin pantaloons; and in addition to these calamities, Godfrey was seized with cramp. They surmounted, however, these difficulties, and added about two hundred miles of new coast-line to the chart north of Cape Sabine. They returned on the 1st of June, after twelve days' absence, the dogs having travelled no less than 400 miles. When the food for the dogs was exhausted, Dr. Hayes cut a pair of old Esquimaux boots into strips, and mixing them with a little of the lard for his lamp, obtained for them a hearty meal.

Dr. Kane now proceeded to organize his main expedition—"his last throw"—about the success of which he was intensely anxious. Morton, with M'Gary and Bonsall, who were to conduct it, set out on the 4th of June, and they were joined on the 16th by Hans, with the dog-sledge. Messrs. M'Gary and Bonsall were to explore the eastern coast of Smith's Sound, and the great glacier which terminates it; and Morton was to examine the coast to the north of it, when joined by Hans.

Upon arriving at the final cache, where provisions had been deposited, and on which Dr. Kane had relied so much, M'Gary and Bonsall found that the bears had appropriated them all, devouring the flag even to the staff, and tying up into hard knots the India-rubber cloth which they were unable to masticate. They found the bear-tracks numerous and recent; and one night when asleep in their tent, they were suddenly surprised by a visit from a bear. M'Gary, awakened by the scratching of snow near his head, aroused his friends; but there was not a gun within reach. Walking leisurely round the tent, the bear at last thrust his head inside, and though assailed with burning matches, he refused to withdraw. M'Gary rushed out through a hole which he cut in the tent, struck him on the nose with a boat-hook, and got hold of a rifle, with which he was shot. With blistered faces, and half blind with the snow, the party reached the great glacier on the 16th of June; but though provided with apparatus, they found it impossible to scale this stupendous mass. Ice bergs, and berg ice, and hummocks, prevented their approach to it, and they could only examine it from an island which was about 250 feet high—as high as the perpendicular face of the glacier. From this point of view a sheet of ice, about twenty or thirty feet thick, seems to have covered the land in a succession of ridges and knolls. Above its vertical face it is split into parallel cracks and corresponding indentations, forming a series of steps, sometimes horizontal, but generally following the inclinations of the ground, and extending back to where the glacier becomes almost level, having only an ascent of a few feet in the mile, until it attains an apparent altitude of 600 or 700 feet. The descending motion of the general mass is indicated by deep muttered sounds, and crashes resembling distant cannon or sharp thunder. In descending, it pushes forward long flakes, till their weight overcomes the tenacity of the ice, and precipitates them to its base, from which they are forced forwards by succeeding masses, till reaching a depth of water sufficient to float them, they are carried off by currents into the sea. Having executed their commission, our travellers returned on the 18th June, and reached the brig on the 26th, M'Gary being entirely blind from the snow.

Morton, who had, according to his in-

structions, husbanded his strength while with M^cGary and Bonsall, left them on the 18th, and, along with Hans in the dog-sledge, travelled in a line parallel with the glacier, and at a distance from it of five or six miles. On the 21st they found themselves travelling on weak and rotten ice, and in the neighborhood of open water, and on the same day they reached Cape Andrew Jackson, and saw at the same time Cape Barrow on the opposite shore of the Sound. Beyond the Cape a low country opened to them, and enabled them to travel at the rate of six miles an hour. The ice was here entirely broken up; the channel was navigable for vessels of any size, and everywhere they found flocks of geese, eider duck, and doves. During their journey of fifty miles on the 22d, the opposite or western shore ran apparently in a straight line, interrupted only by two bays. The channel seemed to be about thirty-five miles wide, the coast high, and the mountains in the form of a sugar-loaf, extending far back into the interior, and set together in ranges like piles of stacked cannon-balls.

After a sharp battle with a bear, who fought nobly, but in vain, with her cub in her arms, and finding the runner of an Esquimaux sledge, skillfully worked in whale-bone, they tried to reach a cape which they had seen the day before, having on the north side of it a bay, and an island opposite to it. This, however, he found to be impossible. Perpendicular cliffs, 2000 feet high, rising from the sea, prevented him from advancing a single step; and he contented himself with ascending a knob 500 feet high, from which he saw an open sea, as far as he could discern. He could not imagine what became of the ice. He observed only narrow stripes, with open spaces of water between them, from ten to fifteen miles wide, and he concluded that the ice must either dissolve, or go to an open space in the north. The bay which he saw on the 23d, was called by Dr. Kane Lafayette's Bay. To the opposite island, which turned out to be two, he gave the names of Franklin and Crozier; and to the cape which terminated his view, he gave the name of Cape Constitution, situated in latitude $81^{\circ} 22'$. From the summit of the rocky knob he traced the opposite coast for about fifty miles, and he remarked in the farthest distance a peak, truncated at its top, like the cliffs of Magdalena Bay. It was bare at its summit, but striated

vertically, with protruding ridges. Its height was estimated at between 2500 and 3000 feet. To this peak—the most distant northern land yet seen upon the globe—he gave the name of Parry, as “the great pioneer of Arctic travel.” The range of mountains with which this peak was connected was considered by Mr. Morton to be much higher than any on the Greenland side of the bay. Dr. Kane has called them the Victoria and Albert Mountains, and to the country around them, he has given the name of Grinnell Land.

Thus terminated the northern search of the second Grinnell expedition. Mr. Morton returned on the 25th June, and reached the brig on the 5th of July. He found Dr. Kane deeply occupied with schemes of relief. The time was already past when travelling on the ice was considered practicable, and the party had neither fuel nor provisions for another Arctic winter. The dishonour of abandoning his vessel, and the difficulty of carrying along with him his sick and newly-amputated men to Upernavik or Beechy Island, their only seats of refuge, induced him to remain at his post. He resolved, however, to examine the ice-field himself, and after a sixty miles' journey for this purpose, he was convinced of the impossibility of escaping in open boats at this season of the year. In this emergency he resolved to attempt a journey to Beechy Island, where he might find Sir Edward Belcher, or reach the stores of the “North Star” at Wolstenholme Islands, or meet some passing vessel that might relieve them. His officers approved of the scheme, and on the 13th, along with five picked men, he set off in his boat, “The Forlorn Hope.” In this hazardous adventure they encountered a storm of unusual severity, and were repeatedly raised out of the water by nips from the accumulating ice. At Hakluyt Island they were obliged to rest and renew their stock of provisions, and again spreading their canvas, they were arrested by the pack at the south point of Northumberland Island. They still persevered, however, but when they were within ten miles of Cape Parry, they encountered a solid mass of ice, stretching to the farthest horizon, and seeing no chance of accomplishing his object, Dr. Kane reluctantly gave orders for their return to the brig.

Upon reaching the brig on the 6th of

August, and rejoining their shipmates, the repeated examination of the state of the ice became an interesting occupation. Hopes of liberating the ship and escaping southward were daily cherished and daily disappointed. Dr. Kane announced to his comrades his own resolution to remain another winter; but he at the same time offered to give permission to those who desired it to leave the vessel and hazard a journey to the south. Eight of the seventeen survivors resolved to remain, and the other eight, with Petersen and Godfrey at their head, supplied with one half of their stores and means of travelling, left the ship on the 28th of August. One of them, George Riley, returned in a few days, but the rest were not heard of for many weary months.

The preparations for a second winter now occupied Dr. Kane's attention. He resolved to imitate the Esquimaux in the form of their habitations, and in the peculiarities of their diet. A single apartment was "bulk-headed off amidships," as a dormitory and sitting-room for the entire party, and surrounded with an envelope of moss cut from the frozen cliffs. The deck was covered with a similar casing, and a small moss-lined tunnelled passage with curtains (the *tossut* of the Esquimaux) was constructed as an entrance from below. They burned lamps for heat, dressed in fox-skin clothing, and obtained their scanty supplies of food by means of regular hunting parties.

During Dr. Kane's attempted visit to Beechy Island, his shipmates had frequent intercourse with the Esquimaux, whose nearest winter settlement was about seventy-five miles by dog journey from the brig, but he himself had never seen them, till at the time of Petersen's departure, three of them appeared as if to examine their condition and resources. Though rather over-bearing, Dr. Kane treated them kindly, but they repaid his liberality by stealing not only the copper lamp, boiler, and cooking basin which had been lent to them to cook their meal, but also one of his best dogs; and it was afterwards found that they had appropriated the buffalo robes and India rubber cloth which had been left at the ice-foot. Morton and Riley were dispatched to Anatook in search of the thieves. They found the buffalo robes already tailored into kapetahs on the backs of the women, and upon searching the huts at Etah, they

recovered the cooking utensils, and many articles of greater or less value which had not been missed. The woman were instantly stripped and tied, and after being laden with the stolen goods, and as much walrus beef from their own stores as would pay for their board, they were marched thirty miles to the brig. Within twenty-four hours from the time they left the brig with their plunder, they were prisoners in its hold, with a white man as their jailor. Myouk was dispatched to their headman, Metek, with a message, calling upon him to negotiate the ransom of the prisoners, who remained five long days sighing, and crying, and eating voraciously. Metek at last appeared with another chief Ootuniah, and bringing a sledge-load of knives, tin-cups, etc., pieces of wood, and scraps of iron, which their people had succeeded in purloining. A treaty of peace was proposed and agreed to. The Esquimaux pledged themselves to steal no more, to bring fresh meat, to sell or lend dogs, and to assist in hunting. The white men promised to visit the Esquimaux neither with death nor sorcery, to welcome them on shipboard, and to give them needles, pins, knives, awls, sewing thread, pieces of wood, and fat, in exchange for walrus and fresh meat. This treaty was never broken. A common interest united the parties: they visited each other, hunted together, and on many occasions were mutual benefactors. The departure of the white men was even mourned, and Dr. Kane tells us that he was satisfied of this when he heard from his brother John, who came to Etah with the Rescue Expedition, of his meeting with Myouk, Metek, and Ootuniah, and of the affectionate confidence with which the maimed and sick invited his professional aid as the representative of the elder "Docto Kayen."

The principal occupations of our travellers during the winter were those which were necessary to supply them with food, and the four last chapters of Dr. Kane's first volume are occupied principally with notices of the Esquimaux, accounts of bear and walrus hunts, and of the various disasters and sufferings which these occupations entailed. An event, however, of a higher interest occurred on the 7th of December; the news of five Esquimaux sledges, with teams of six dogs each, summoned Dr. Kane to the deck. They were the bearers of Petersen and Bonsall, two

of the eight that had quitted the brig on the 28th of August. They had left the other five 200 miles off, without provisions, dispirited, and divided in their counsels. Supplies were immediately dispatched to them by the Esquimaux escort, and little Myouk was left as a hostage to ensure the delivery of the packages. On the 12th December the cry of "Esquimaux again," roused Dr. Kane at three in the morning. Upon reaching the deck, he saw a group of human figures in the hooded jumpers of the natives; one of them grasped his hand; it was Dr. Hayes with the rest of his party.

They had travelled 350 miles, and their last seventy miles from the bay near Etah was through hummocks at the appalling temperature of -50° . For more than two months they had subsisted on frozen seal and walrus meat. The Esquimaux had driven them at flying speed. Every hut welcomed them as they halted, and the women spontaneously dried and chafed their cold and exhausted guests.

In performing this act of humanity the Esquimaux had another object in view. Some of the foot-worn absentees, while resting at Kalutunah's tent, had appropriated certain fox-skins, boots, and sledges, which their condition seemed to require. The Esquimaux complained of the theft, and Dr. Kane, after a careful inquiry into the case, decided in their favor. He gave to each five needles, a file, and a stick of wood, and knives and other extras to Kalutunah and Shanghu, and after regaling them with a hearty supper, he returned the stolen goods, and tried to make them believe that his people did not steal, but *only took the articles to save their lives!* In imitation of this Arctic morality, the natives, on their departure, carried off a few knives and forks, which they deemed as essential to their happiness as the fox-dresses were to the white men.

After an alarming fire on the 23d December, which had nearly destroyed the brig and everything it contained, and after a Christmas as merry as pork and beans could make it, Dr. Kane and Petersen set out next day on an expedition to the Esquimaux, to obtain food for themselves and the dogs, which had been dying in great numbers. The severe cold, after three days' exposure, baffled them in this attempt, and we have mentioned it only to record a remarkable optical pheno-

menon which they observed. Being desirous of obtaining a light when it was intensely dark, Dr. Kane directed Petersen to strike fire with a pocket pistol. Some delay taking place, Dr. Kane groped for the pistol himself, and in doing this touched Petersen's hand. "At that instant the pistol became distinctly visible! A pale bluish light, slightly tremulous, but not broken, covered the metallic parts of it, the barrel, lock, and trigger. The stock, too, was clearly discernible, as if by the reflected light, and to the amazement of both of us, then the thumb and two fingers with which Petersen was holding it, the creases, wrinkles, and circuit of the nails clearly defined upon the skin. The phosphorescence was not unlike the infestual fire of the glow-worm. As I took the pistol, my hand became illuminated also, and so did the powder-rubbed paper, when I raised it against the muzzle. Our fur clothing and the state of the atmosphere may refer this phenomenon plausibly to our electrical condition."

The winter of 1855 had now arrived in all its darkness and severity. Expeditions were sent out in different directions to procure food, but they were generally unsuccessful. Two rabbits, which yielded them a pint of raw blood, was all that they could obtain even before the first week of February. They had only one bottle of brandy left, and their store of pitch-pine was so nearly exhausted, that they were obliged to use for fuel their tar-laid hemp hawsers. Disease, the offspring of cold, fatigue, and unwholesome food, added itself to their misfortunes, and towards the close of February, "the sickness of a single additional man would have left them without fire." The returning sun, however, brought with it both food and resignation. A noble reindeer was the unexpected guest, but it furnished them only with one meal, having on the second day become uneatable from putrefaction.* In the second week of March, Hans returned from the Esquimaux at Etah with supplies of fresh walrus, but

* This change is very remarkable at a temperature of thirty-five degrees below zero. The Greenlanders consider extreme cold as favorable to putrefaction. The Esquimaux withdraw the viscera immediately after death, and fill the cavity with stones. Dr. Kane was told that the musk ox is sometimes tainted after five minutes' exposure to great cold.

although it promised a few meals to the sick, it was but a temporary relief, which left them cheerless and despairing. They had consumed their last Manilla hawsers, and had begun to burn the outside casing of their ship. Dr. Kane and Bonsall were now the only able men to perform the various duties of doctor, nurse, cook, scullion, and wood-cutter.

In this emergency an event occurred of so serious a nature, that if in one of its results it threatened evil to the expedition, in another it might have justly withdrawn from it that high protection which they daily sought. On Sunday the 18th of March, it is recorded in Dr. Kane's journal that he has on board "a couple of men (William Godfrey and John Blake) whose former history he would like to know—bad fellows, both of them, but daring, energetic and strong." He had reason to think that they contemplated desertion and escape to the Esquimaux—an act doubtless of trivial delinquency, when we consider that these two men and six others were formerly allowed to withdraw with half the stores of the expedition, and that Dr. Kane took credit for receiving them back again, though an encumbrance to his party. Dr. Kane, however, viewed the act through the eyes of his imagination. He conjectured that the intention of the deserters was "to rob Hans of his sledge and dogs, and proceed southward." The men were watched, handcuffed, and after protestations of better behaviour they returned to their duties. An hour after, Godfrey escaped, and Blake remained true to his post.

Hans had now been many weeks absent, and Dr. Kane, anxious for his return, set out in search of him. Hans is found. Godfrey had urged him to drive off with him to the south, "and so to leave the expedition sledgeless;" but upon Hans's refusal, Godfrey consented to take a sledge-load of fresh meat to the brig! On the morning of the 2d April, Bonsall "reported a man about a mile from the brig, apparently lurking at the ice-foot." Dr. Kane and Bonsall went forward, and discovered their dog-sledge with a cargo of walrus meat, which was brought by Godfrey, and was "such a godsend," that Dr. Kane declares, "one may forgive the man in consideration of the good which he has done them all." Godfrey advanced to meet Dr. Kane, and told him that he had resolved to spend the rest of his life

with the Esquimaux, and that neither persuasion nor force would prevent him. After forcing him back to the gangway of the brig, by presenting a pistol, and leaving him under Bonsall's charge, Dr. Kane went on board for irons, but he had hardly reached the deck when Godfrey "turned to run." Bonsall discharged his pistol at him, which "failed at the cap." Dr. Kane "jumped at once to the gun-stand;" his first rifle went off in the act of cocking, and the second, aimed in haste at a long but practicable distance, missed the fugitive. "He made good his escape before we could lay hold of another weapon."

This attempt to take the life of William Godfrey, which no law, human or divine, can justify, was, fortunately for Dr. Kane, over-ruled. When, in a former Arctic expedition, its leader shot a ferocious Indian of his party, the world viewed it as an act of stern necessity and personal safety; but Godfrey was neither a madman nor an enemy. He approached the brig to intimate his resolution to live with the Esquimaux; as if to claim a friendly acquiescence, he brought with him a load of food, without which his shipmates might have perished. Were we disposed to argue this question at the bar of our readers, we would say that the previous permission, which was offered and accepted, to withdraw with half the crew, had dissolved the original obligation; but no argument is required. Dr. Kane tells us, "that the daily work went on better in Godfrey's absence, and that the ship seemed better when purged by his desertion; but thinking the example diastrous, he resolved, cost what it might, to have him back." A month had nearly elapsed, when a report arose that Godfrey was at Etah with the Esquimaux; and the moment Dr. Kane heard it, he resolved "that he should return to the ship." He accordingly set off to Etah, caught him by a stratagem, and brought him "a prisoner to the brig." A prisoner, indeed! Dr. Kane had been without food in his man-hunt of *eighty* miles; and when the filth of the walrus steaks, offered him by an Esquimaux, "rendered it impossible for him to eat them," William Godfrey, who must then have been at large, administered to his wants by "bringing to him a handful of frozen liver-nuts." This "strong and healthy man," too, neither hand-cuffed, nor foot-cuffed, ran peace-

ably by his captor's chariot, and during the future toils and trials of the expedition, we find him placed in situations of trust, and performing all the duties of his place.

We have presented this singular story fully to our readers. It is pregnant with instruction; and if it is not fitted to "adorn our tale," we may use it to "point a moral," touching a theme of duty which, however deeply engraven on the tables of Christianity, has not yet been apprehended by the Christian community. The chief of an expedition, apprehensive of inconvenience to his party from the desertion of an individual, demands the forfeit of his life. His rifles miss their victim, and the poor fugitive returns, the future benefactor and friend of his shipmates! Is not this the true type of what the Christian tolerates as defensive war—a type instructive in its individuality, and more instructive still in its results. A monarch, like an expedition chief, takes offense at an act of real or supposed aggression. He assumes that the safety of his throne demands retaliation. His armies march into the field, and his ships quit their moorings. His subjects become pirates; and passion and self-interest, under the guise of patriotism, rush with their fiery cross into peaceful and happy communities, and hurry into eternity millions of souls unshriven, and unfit to die.

Is it not strange that the problem of settling without blood the quarrels of nations, is to be the last which human genius can solve? That proud reason, which has conquered space, and explored the depths of earth and heaven—has it declared the problem to be indeterminate? The time is but brief since slavery and the duel were pronounced necessary and incurable. England has trampled both under foot; and were Governments to offer a premium for the abolition of war, and Bishops, with spiritual gifts, to preach its necessity, and holy priests to urge it in their daily homilies, they would pluck from the penal settlements of another world the million brands who are the counsellors of war, and the tens of thousands who are its victims.

The last week of April, 1854, were spent in hunting-parties in search of food, and in visits to the Esquimaux, whose manners and customs Dr. Kane had excellent opportunities of studying. Etah, their

settlement, consisted of two huts and four families, marked by two black spots upon a snow-drift inclined about 45° to the horizon. Their habits are so filthy, that Dr. Kane cannot transfer to his pages the details which he observed. Previous to the arrival of the Lutheran and Moravian missionaries, murder, incest, infanticide, and the burial of the living were not counted as crimes; but the labors of these good men have been so far successful, that almost all the Esquimaux are professed Christians, and the influence of sacred truth has been exhibited in a higher morality. Hospitality is universal, and the humble meal of the hunter is ever at the service of his guest. At a distance from missionary stations, the dark art is still practised by the Angekoks, the dispensers of good, and the Issiutok, or evil men, who deal in injurious spells and enchantments; and the traditionary superstitions of former times are still maintained. Justice is administered by the Angekoks, who summon the public to a court called an Innepok, and when both parties have been heard, the question is decided.

After making preparations for their escape, converting the wood of the brig into sledges, and getting their boats ready, Dr. Kane conceived the idea of examining the shores beyond Kennedy Channel, accompanied by a party of Esquimaux. He had only four dogs, whereas the Esquimaux had thirty, sixteen of which were picketed on the ice near the brig. He accordingly set out on the 24th, with Kalutunah, Shanghu, and Tatterat, with their three sledges, accompanied by Hans and his Marston rifle. After making some progress, they were stopped by a number of bears, which dogs and drivers irresistibly pursued; but they reached the neighborhood of the great glacier of Humboldt, which Dr. Kane examined from a high berg. He observed, and has given a drawing of, its escalated structure. The height of the ice-wall which abutted against the sea, was about 300 feet, and its frozen masses were similar in structure to the Alpine and Norwegian ice growths, indicating the motion and descent of a viscous mass, as maintained by Professor Forbes. To the Cape which flanks it on the south, he gave the name of Aggassiz, and to the Cape at its northern extremity that of Forbes. On the return of the party from what was

more a series of bear-hunts than a journey of discovery, the landed at the lofty headland of Cape Kent, and visited in Dallas Bay a group of five Esquimaux huts, standing high upon a set of shingle-terraces. Bone-knives were found in the graves which were farther up the fiord, and also bones of the seal, walrus, and whale.

Although the time had arrived when the expedition ought to leave the brig and trust their fortune to the floes, yet Dr. Kane determined to make another attempt to visit the farther shores of the channel. Morton and he accordingly set out with the light sledge, and two borrowed dogs to their team. The course that they prepared to take was by the middle ice, through which they struggled manfully to force their way. The only result, however, of the trip, was a series of observations, which served to verify and complete the charts. After days and nights of adventurous exposure and recurring disasters, they returned to the brig, Morton broken down, and Dr. Kane just adequate to the duty of superintending his final departure.

After laborious and very complete preparations for their escape, the details of which occupy a whole chapter, the party quitted the brig on the 20th of May, with thirty-six days' provisions for the sixteen men who composed it. The sick was obliged to rest at Anootok, where they improved greatly in health, while Dr. Kane brought them supplies more than once from the brig. They were gradually brought down to the boats, as some of them got well enough to be useful. Although Dr. Kane had carried his collections of natural history to Anootok, yet he was obliged to abandon them, as well as his library, and many valuable instruments, being able to preserve only the documents of the expedition.

In the first eight days, they had travelled only fifteen miles from the ship; and even when their difficulties had diminished, their real progress never exceeded seven and a half miles a day, though to accomplish this, they had travelled a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. In their progress southward, they neared Littleton Island, where they lost acting carpenter Ohlsen, whom they buried on the island opposite a cape which bears his name. From this stage of their journey till they reached open water, near Cape Alexander, they

enjoyed the friendly assistance of the Etah Esquimaux, who brought them daily supplies of birds, assisted them in carrying their provisions and stores, and in the kindest manner, and with the most perfect honesty, ministered to all their necessities. The expedition parted with their friends on the 18th June, after having transported their boats over eighty-one miles of unbroken ice, and walked 316 miles in thirty-one days. The men, women, and children of Etah, had also travelled over the ice to bid them good-by, and the parting on both sides was not without emotion. After a day's sail in open water, to a point ten miles north-west of Hakluyt Island, they continued their journey by alternate movements over ice and water, a process so arduous, that from the 20th of June to the 6th of July they had advanced only 100 miles.

In their progress southward, they relied principally on their guns for food, sometimes suffering from the want of game, and sometimes copiously supplied with it. At Dalrymple Island, they found abundance of eggs of the eider duck; and when their stock of provisions were nearly exhausted at Cape Dudley Digges, they found the cliffs teeming with animal life. They therefore dried upon the rocks as much (about 200 lbs.) of the fowl which they found there, as served them, during their transit of Melville Bay, till they reached Cape York on the 21st July. The coast which they had just passed seemed to Dr. Kane to have been a favorite residence of the natives—a sort of Esquimaux Eden. Wherever they encamped, they found ruins overgrown with lichens. In one of these, in lat. 75° 20', which must have been an extensive village, cairns for holding their meat were arranged in long lines, six or eight to a group, and the huts constructed with large rocks, faced each other as if disposed in a street.

As far north as Upernavik, Dr. Kane had observed proofs of the depression of the Greenland coast, and he considered it as going on here. Some of the huts were washed by the sea, or torn away by the ice that descended with the tides. The turf, too, he remarks, a representative of very ancient growth, was cut off even with the water's edge, giving sections two feet thick, and indicating unmistakably the depression of this coast. He had observed its converse elevation to the north

of Wolstenholme Sound; and he supposes that the axis of oscillation must be somewhere near the latitude of 77°.

After traversing Melville Bay, along the margin of the land ice, and following the open drift as the quickest, though most hazardous course, they reached the north coast of Greenland, near Horse's Head, on the 3d of August, and following from thence the inside passage, they arrived at Upernavik on the 6th, eighty-three days after leaving the "Advance." The European news, of more than two years' growth, at once gratified and startled them. The details of the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, the fate of Dr. Kane's gallant friend and comrade, M. Bellot, and the traces of the dead nearly a thousand miles south of where they were searching for them, had a peculiar interest. The intelligence of a steamer and a barque having passed up Baffin's Bay, a fortnight before, to search for themselves, was more affecting still; and when Dr. Kane heard of the Crimean War, "he thought it a sort of blunder that France and England were leagued with the Mussulman against the Greek Church."

The Danish authorities at Upernavik received the expedition with their usual kindness. A loft was fitted up for their reception, and though personally inconvenient to themselves, owing to their own supplies coming to them annually, the Danes shared their stores with them in the most liberal manner. On the 6th, they left Upernavik, on board the Danish brig "Marianne," Captain Ammannsen, who promised to land them at the Shetland Isles, on his way to Copenhagen, but having occasion to touch for a few days at Disco, they were met by the vessels under Captain Harstene,* that had been sent out

to their rescue. "Presently," says Dr. Kane, "we were alongside. An officer, Captain Harstene, hailed a little man in a ragged flannel shirt; 'Is that Dr. Kane?' and with the 'Yes!' that followed, the rigging was manned by our countrymen, and cheers welcomed us back to the social world of love which they represented."

When Dr. Kane's friends had despaired of his return, the American Government equipped an expedition for rescuing, or affording relief to him, and with instructions to give every assistance in their power to Sir John Franklin, should they fall in with his party. The barque "Release," with a crew of twenty-five in number, and commanded by Lieutenant Harstene, and the steam-brig "Arctic," with a crew of twenty-two men, commanded by Lieutenant Simons, and having on board as assistant-surgeon a brother of

began to soften, when he shaped his course to New-London, Connecticut, where he arrived in December 1855. The ship was removed to New York, and purchased for 400,000 dollars by the Government, for the purpose of presenting her to the Queen of England.

When Captain Buddington entered the ship, there was not a living creature on board. "The ropes were as hard and inflexible as chains. The rigging was stiff, and crackled at the touch. The tanks in the hold had burst. The iron-work was rusted. The paint was discoloured with bilge-water, and the top-mast and top-gallant mast were shattered, but the hull was uninjured, and the ship was sound in every vital part. There were three or four feet of water in the hold, but she had not sprung a leak. The cordage was coiled in neat little circles on the deck, after the English fashion; and the sails were so stiffly frozen as to resemble sheets of tin. Several thousand pounds of gunpowder, somewhat deteriorated in quality, were found on board. Some of the scientific instruments were rusted, but others were in good condition.

"In order to restore the ship to the Queen in as complete a state as that in which she was abandoned, everything found on board has been carefully preserved—the books in the captain's library, the pictures in his cabin, and musical instruments belonging to other officers. British flags were substituted for those which had rotted. The ship has been repainted from stem to stern; her sails and much of her rigging are entirely new; and her muskets, swords, telescopes, and nautical instruments, have been put in perfect order.

"When the Queen visited the ship on the 16th December, she saw the captain's cabin in the very state in which it was left, the logs of the different officers in their respective recesses in the bookshelves, and the very tea-kettle standing cold and silent on a fireless stove."

We trust our countrymen will appreciate the good feeling and the good taste of the American Government, in presenting this interesting gift to her Majesty.

* Captain Harstene has just left England, after delivering to the Queen, as a present from the American Government, the ship "Resolute," which they had purchased with this view from Captain Buddington.

This ship which formed one of Sir Edward Belcher's Arctic squadron, was dispatched in May, 1853, in search of Sir John Franklin. Frozen among the icebergs in north lat. 77°, she was abandoned in May, 1854, by her officers and crew, who were obliged to leave all their effects on board. After a rest of sixteen months in the ice, a thaw detached the portion of it in which she was imbedded, and at the mercy of the winds and waves she drifted 1200 miles from her winter home. Captain Buddington, the commander of an American whaler, found her in north lat. 66° 30', and west long. 64°, took possession of her, and remained on board till the ice

Dr. Kane's, left New York early in June, and after a boisterous passage, and collisions with icebergs, they reached Disco Island, on the 5th of July, and Upernavik on the 16th. At Cape Alexander, and Sutherland Island, they searched in vain for traces of their friends, but at Pelham Point Dr. J. Kane and a party found beneath a few stones a vial, with the letter K. on the cork, and a rifle ball with "Dr. Kane 1853," scratched upon it. At Cape Hatherton, and Littleton Island, their search was unsuccessful; but after taking refuge at a projecting point fifteen miles north-west of Cape Alexander, they were startled by human voices, and were afterwards conducted by two Esquimaux to their settlement in a finely sheltered bay, where thirty of them were encamped in seven canvass tents. They found here abundance of articles that belonged to Dr. Kane, and learned that he and Petersen, and seventeen others, with two boats and a sledge, had been there a week after leaving their vessel in the ice, and had gone southward to Upernavik. Notwithstanding the distinctness of this information, Captain Harstene stood over to the entrance of Lancaster Sound, and attempted to reach Beechy Island, but having been beset in the field-ice, and having made nearly the whole circuit of the northern part of Baffin's Bay, he proceeded to Upernavik, and encountered, as we have already seen, Dr. Kane and his party at Disco Island. After coaling, watering, and preparing to accommodate their increased numbers, they set sail on the 18th September, and reached New York on the 11th October, 1855.

In taking a general view of this Expedition and its results, we cannot but admire the activity, energy, and skill displayed by Dr. Kane in the trying circumstances under which he was so frequently placed. With the single exception which we have found it our duty to notice, his attention and kindness to his people and to the Esquimaux, and his cheerful discharge of the most menial duties, when they could not be performed by others, deserve the highest praise. As the leader of an expedition of discovery, his merits were equally conspicuous. His devotion to the cause in which he was embarked, his promptitude of action in availing himself of every opportunity of advancing northward, and his patient endurance of unexampled hardships—of cold, and hunger, and disease,

and fatigue, have not been surpassed in the annals of Arctic discovery.

As the expedition was not fitted out with any special organization for the purposes of scientific research, we are not entitled to expect any results of remarkable novelty or interest. The discovery of the great Humboldt glacier, extending in a meridional direction over nearly a whole degree of latitude—the extension of the East coast of Baffin's Bay to within $8^{\circ} 38'$, and of the West coast to within $7^{\circ} 30'$ of the Pole, cannot fail to be regarded as important additions to the Geography of the Arctic Regions. With regard, however, to the survey of the West coast, we have not been able to discover in Dr. Kane's work how it was made. Dr. Hayes examined it only from Cape Sabine to Cape John Fraser, in latitude $79^{\circ} 43'$, and we presume that the long line of the West coast to the north of this, as far as Mount Edward Parry, has been seen only from the east side of the sound, and determined by triangulations or intersecting bearings.

The meteorological observations possess considerable interest. They were made in Rensselaer Harbor in north latitude $78^{\circ} 37'$, and longitude $70^{\circ} 40'$ west of Greenwich, in the last seven months of 1853, the whole of 1854, and the first four months of 1855. The maximum temperature was $53^{\circ} 9$, and occurred on the 4th of July 1854. The minimum temperature was $68^{\circ} 0$, and occurred on the 5th of February 1854. On the 7th of January 1855, it was $69^{\circ} 2$. The mean temperature of the year 1856 was $-5^{\circ} 01$. By taking the mean of the temperatures of the last seven months of 1853 and those of 1854, and the mean of the first four months of 1855, and the same months in 1854, the following table of mean monthly temperatures was obtained:—

Months.	Temperature of the Air.
January, . . .	$-29^{\circ} 42$
February, . . .	$-27^{\circ} 40$
March, . . .	$-36^{\circ} 03$
April, . . .	$-11^{\circ} 30$
May, . . .	$+13^{\circ} 89$
June, . . .	$+20^{\circ} 23$
July, . . .	$+38^{\circ} 40$
August, . . .	$+31^{\circ} 35$
September, . . .	$+13^{\circ} 48$
October, . . .	$-5^{\circ} 00$
November, . . .	$-23^{\circ} 02$
December, . . .	$-31^{\circ} 86$
Year, . . .	$-3^{\circ} 22$

Spring,	. . .	-11° 48
Autumn,	. . .	- 4 ° 85
Summer,	. . .	+32 .99
Winter,	. . .	-29 ° 56

Mr. Schott of the United States Coast Survey has contributed a map of the isothermal lines for each month of the year from Dr. Kane's observations, and those made at other places, based on Dove's isothermal charts. He ought to have given, what would have been more instructive, the annual-curves.

Although Rensselaer Harbor, where the observations were made, is nearly four degrees farther north than Melville Island, yet its distance from the cold meridian ought to have given it a greater mean temperature. The concavity of the isothermal curves of more southern localities in the same meridian justify us in expecting such a result, and we have no doubt that some sufficient cause, arising either from the spirit-of-wine thermometers, or the method of observing them, may yet be found to account for the high temperature of Rensselaer Harbor. This suspicion is confirmed by the anomalous low temperature of the month of March, 1854, namely -38° , which in the preceeding table is reduced to $-38^{\circ}03$, in consequence of using for the mean temperature $-38^{\circ}07$ of the same month for 1855. In almost every latitude, and in that of Prince Patrick and Melville Islands, March is the first month of spring, and warmer than February, whereas in Dr. Kane's table it is the last and the coldest month of winter, a fact which we can hardly admit, in opposition to the general character of the isothermal curves.

The magnetical observations were made with an unifilar magnetometer belonging to the United States Survey, and a dip circle received from Professor Henry through the kindness of General Sabine. The following observations were made on the variation and dip of the needle :

Variation.

June 16th, 1854, $108^{\circ}21.5'$ west.

Dip.

Mean dip at New York,	$72^{\circ} 57'$
" Fiskernaes,	80 41
" Sukkertoppen,	80 50
" Force Bay,	85 8
" Marshall Bay,	85 26
" Winter Harbor,	84 48

The most important and interesting result of the expedition is the discovery of an open sea at the northern extremity of Smith's Sound, a phenomenon which had long before been rendered probable by the form of the isothermal lines, and by the law of temperature in the meridian which passes through the west of Europe. In Mr. Morton's northern journey, after he had been travelling over a solid area, choked with bergs and frozen fields, he was startled by the growing weakness of the ice. It became so rotten at its surface, and the snow so wet and pulpy, that his dogs, seized with terror, refused to advance. Upon landing on a new coast, and continuing his journey, he found himself on the shores of a channel so open that a fleet of frigates might have navigated it. As he travelled southward it expanded into an "iceless area," the extent of which he estimated at upwards of 4000 square miles. Animal life burst upon them as they went. Flocks of the Brent goose, the eider, the king-duck, and the swallow, indicated a new climate, and as he advanced, the Arctic petrel made its appearance. At Cape Constitution, the termination of his journey, he could not see "a speck of ice," and from an altitude of 480 feet, which commanded a horizon of nearly 40 miles, his ears were gladdened with the novel music of resounding waves, and of a surf dashing over the rocks at his feet and staying his further progress. "This mysterious fluidity," as Dr. Kane observes, "in the midst (or rather at the end) of vast plains of solid ice, was well calculated to arouse emotions of the highest order, and there was not a man among us who did not long for the means of embarking upon its bright and lonely waters."

The discovery of the traces of Sir John Franklin and his party by Dr. Rae have led to a general belief that the whole of them have perished. Such a conclusion is certainly not justified by the facts in our possession, and we are disposed to adopt the more sanguine views of Dr. Kane. "Of the one hundred and thirty-six picked men," he remarks, "of Sir John Franklin in 1846, northern Orkneymen, Greenland whalers, so many young and hardy constitutions, with so much intelligent experience to guide them, I cannot realize that some may not yet be alive, that some small squad or squads, aided or not aided by the

Esquimaux of the expedition, may not have found a hunting-ground, and laid up from summer to summer enough of fuel and food and seal-skins to brave *three or even four more* winters in succession. . . .

My mind never realizes the complete catastrophe—the destruction of all Franklin's crew. I picture them to myself broken into detachments, and my mind fixes itself on one little group of some thirty who have found the open spot of some tidal eddy, and, under the teaching of an Esquimaux, or perhaps one of their own Greenland whalers, have set bravely to work, and trapped the fox, speared the bear, and killed the seal, and walrus, and whale."

But even if these views are extravagant, it is the duty of a great commercial nation like ours to cling to the slightest hope of rescue, and to ascertain the mysterious fate of men who have nobly perished in the service of their country. Science adds her voice to that of humanity, and calls

upon the maritime powers of Europe, and France, in particular, to imitate the noble example of the United States—if not to search for the lost, at least to explore those remarkable regions which have hitherto defied the approach of man. The science of England will never rest till she places her foot on each Pole of the globe, and has established the laws of those physical agencies which have a peculiar development in the Arctic and Antarctic zones.

The Hudson's Bay Company, already distinguished above all other commercial institutions by their exertions in the interests of science and humanity, have equipped an expedition, to start from the Great Slave Lake, in order to visit the locality where Dr. Rae found the relics of Sir John Franklin's party; and we trust that the earnest application of the distinguished members of the Geographical and Royal Societies will induce our own Government to embark in the same noble cause.

From the British Quarterly Review.

THE GREAT OYER OF POISONING.*

THE recent trial of Palmer for murder by poisoning, and the suspicion which attaches to him of having, by the same means, caused the death of several other persons, recalls to mind the wholesale poisonings which, during the latter part of the seven-

teenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, prevailed to such a fearful extent in France and Italy. Not that these wholesale crimes were then first known; for Beckmann shows that they were practiced by the Greeks, the Romans, and the Carthaginians; but only that they were, at the above-mentioned periods, become so notorious, as to have attained for their authors the infamous celebrity which has since attached to them in the annals of crime.

In Italy poisoning had become a trade. Tofana at Palermo and Naples,* and Hironima Spars at Rome,† supplied, "for a

* 1. *The great Oyer of Poisoning; the Trial of the Earl of Somerset for the Poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower of London, and various matters connected therewith, from contemporary MSS.* By ANDREW AMOS, Esq. London: Bentley. 1846.

2. *A complete Collection of the State Trials and Proceedings for High Treason, and other Crimes and Misdemeanors.* Fourth Edition. By F. HARGRAVE, Esq. London: 1776.

3. *The Queen v. Palmer. Verbatim Report of the Trial of William Palmer.* London: J. Allen; and Cockshaw and Yates. 1856.

* In the first half of the eighteenth century.

† In 1659.

consideration," the deadly potions by which Italian ladies got rid of disagreeable husbands. Tofana confessed, previous to her execution, to having caused the death of six hundred persons.* The number of Spara's victims is not mentioned. She, with many of her associates, suffered death for these crimes.

From Italy, the dreadful secret of preparing the poisons travelled into France, where one Exili, a prisoner in the Bastille, communicated it to Saint-Croix, who had made himself remarkable in Paris by his amour with the Marquise de Brinvilliers, a married woman. After a year's imprisonment, Saint-Croix and Exili were both set at liberty. Saint-Croix having perfected himself in this black art, separated from Exili, and initiated the Marquise into its mysteries. This abandoned woman proved an apt scholar, and, under the semblance of charity, and the garb of a nun, she tried, with barbarous coolness, the effects of the poisons by mixing them in the food of the sick whom she nursed at the Hotel-Dieu. Beckmann repeats a satirical saying that was then current in Paris, namely, that "no young physician, in introducing himself into practice, had ever so speedily filled a churchyard as Brinvilliers." Her own father and brother were among her victims; and, if her sister escaped, she was indebted for her life, not to the affection of the Marquise, but to her own caution and suspicions.

Saint-Croix perished accidentally from the fumes of a poison which he was preparing,† and his death led to the discovery of the guilt of the Marquise. In his laboratory was found a small box, to which was attached a written request, dated May 25th, 1672, that the box might be delivered to the Marquise Brinvilliers, or in case of her death, that it should be burned unopened. This writing operated only as a stimulus to curiosity. The box was opened, and found to contain poisons of various kinds, properly labelled, and registers of their effects.‡ Brinvilliers, after an ineffectual attempt to obtain possession of the box, fled from Paris, but was arrested in a convent at Liège, whither

she had been pursued from England. She was convicted, and after confessing her guilt, was beheaded, and then burnt.

A few years later, two women, named respectively Le Vigoureux and Le Voisin, were detected in supplying persons with poisons after the Italian fashion, and were put to death. The frequency of the crime in France led to the institution of a court whose office it was to detect and punish crimes of this nature; but the proceedings of this court became so inquisitorial, that after being in activity about a year it was finally closed.

In all the cases above mentioned, poisoning was carried on systematically; in all of them the actors were principally women; in all but the case of Brinvilliers the infernal trade was carried on from sordid motives, without any personal animosity towards the numerous victims, or even without personal knowledge of them. They supplied poisons with the same indifference as a chemist would make up a prescription for an unknown person. There is yet another point which we cannot contemplate without surprise, namely, the number of persons that, in the cases of Tofana, Spara, Le Vigoureux, and Le Voisin, must have been cognizant of their crimes, and the secrecy which was observed respecting them.

There is a fashion in crime, as in more harmless affairs. One murder by the knife is sure to be followed by several; if a man beat his wife to death, or shoot at his sovereign, others follow his example; one crime, like one wedding, is the precursor of many. At present, poisoning seems to be the favorite mode of disposing of obnoxious individuals. Amid the excitement occasioned by the discovery of Palmer's crimes, Dove availed himself of the information made public regarding strychnine to poison his wife with this powerful drug. And while his trial was still pending, we heard of antimony sold in doses under the expressive name of "quietness," to the laboring women of Bolton, who use it as a quietus for drunken husbands! Has there been a Tofana, a Le Vigoureux, or Le Voisin among the women of Bolton, stimulating them to the commission of these foul acts? It used to be our boast that poisoning was an un-English crime; alas! it can be said so no longer!

Although the criminal annals of England in former times have produced nothing so atrocious as the poisoning systems of Italy

* Beckmann's *History of Inventions*. Title, "Secret Poisoning."

† The glass mask he wore on these occasions falling off, he was suffocated, and found dead in his laboratory.

‡ The poisons were corrosive sublimate, opium, regulus of antimony, and vitriol.

and France, yet there is one dark spot in our history, one mysterious crime in which there were many actors—two of them women—and but one ostensible victim, around which still hangs a veil of obscurity, which the researches of the historian and the archæologist have not yet been able to penetrate. This crime which, in some points of view, partakes of a political aspect, while in others it appears to originate in the private motives and malice of individuals of exalted station, was the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower of London by poison. "In the annals of crime," says Lord Campbell, "there is not a murder more atrocious for premeditation, treachery, ingratitude, and remorselessness than the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury by the Somersets." The ramifications of the crime, coupled with its manifest connection with state secrets that have never yet been revealed, are so intricate—the parties implicated so numerous, and some of them so exalted in station, that the crime against the individual acquires the character of a plot or conspiracy, which derives additional interest from the mystery in which it is still involved.

Robert Carr, afterwards created Lord Rochester, and subsequently Earl of Somerset, who preceded George Villiers in the affections of James I., was introduced accidentally to the notice of the King about the year 1608 or 1609. He was then in his eighteenth or nineteenth year. The circumstances attending his introduction were sufficiently romantic to make an impression upon the susceptible heart of the King. While officiating at a tournament as the esquire of a Scotch nobleman, Carr was thrown from his horse, and broke his leg, almost at the feet of James. The compassion which the good-natured monarch felt for his accident warmed into a more genial sentiment, as he gazed on the handsome countenance and well-developed form of the young Scotchman. He ordered Carr to be taken to the palace, and visited him frequently. Every day the King became more attached to him. At last, Carr's presence became indispensable to the King's happiness; and the penniless Scotch youth, in spite of his defective education, which the King was not slow to discover, rose rapidly to rank, honors, and wealth. Although James himself condescended to give to his favorite lessons in the Latin grammar, Carr proved but a

dull scholar; and whenever his pursuits or employments required literary exertion, he was glad to avail himself of the competent assistance of his friend Sir Thomas Overbury. The friendship between Carr and Overbury subsisted of many years, and their mutual confidence was such that Overbury was admitted by Carr to the most important secrets of the King; he became possessed of the key to the ciphers in which the most confidential communications were written; he opened, read, and took copies of all private despatches belonging to the King; and was employed by Carr to write his love-letters for him. Overbury's assistance was probably of the greatest service to Carr, who, besides his want of education, had the additional defect of speaking broad Scotch.

There was great diversity of temper and disposition in the two friends. Carr, although dull and somewhat obtuse in intellect, was naturally gentle and noble in his disposition; so that, if he had not been led astray by others he might, in the opinion of his contemporaries, have been a good man. Overbury, on the contrary, was a man of talent and energy; he had cultivated literature successfully, as some of his prose compositions, still extant, testify. His worst enemies do not charge him with any vice, or even with leading an irregular life. Sir Francis Bacon, with the duplicity which forms so odious a part in his conduct, as regards the case of Overbury, has given two characters of him. In his speech before the Star Chamber on the trials of Lumsden, Wentworth, and Hollis, where he wished to throw the odium of the murder upon Carr, (then Earl of Somerset,) he says: "The greatest fault that I ever heard of him was that he made his friend his idol!"* When, on the contrary, he wished to furnish the King with an excuse for saving Somerset, he thus writes to James: "Overbury was a man that always carried himself insolently both towards the Queen and towards the late Prince; he was a man that carried Somerset on in courses separate and opposite to Privy Council; he was a man of a nature fit to be an incendiary of a state; full of bitterness and wildness of speech and project; he was thought also lately to govern Somerset, insomuch that in his own letters he vaunted that from him pro-

* *State Trials*, 334.

ceeded Somerset's fortune, credit, and understanding.*

The reigning beauty of the Court at this time was Frances Howard, daughter of the intriguing Countess of Suffolk, who, when only thirteen years of age, had been betrothed to the young Earl of Essex,† her senior by two years only. The young bridegroom was sent abroad after the ceremony for four years. On his return he had the mortification to find that his beautiful bride received him with marked coldness. Frances Howard, although so young, was a woman of strong and unbridled passions; and her residence under the same roof as her mother was not calculated to give her any accurate notions of moral duties and obligations. While still a girl in years, she had become notorious for her irregular and vicious conduct, and prompted, perhaps, by ambition, as well as by inclination, she conceived a criminal passion for the handsome favorite of the King. Carr was at first insensible to her charms. In order to secure his affection, the Countess employed one Mrs. Turner, her *confidante*, a woman of great beauty but dissolute manners, to procure love-philtres and charms from a Dr. Forman. Her wishes were at last crowned with success; Carr was taken in her toils. Overbury was the writer of the letters sent by Carr to the Countess of Essex. The guilty pair resolved upon marriage; but for this it was necessary that the Countess should obtain a divorce from her husband. Overbury was strongly opposed to this scheme. He expressed his disapprobation of it with warmth, and even violence. A coolness between Carr and Overbury was the consequence. The coolness increased to positive animosity, and on the part of the Countess, to hatred against Overbury. A plan was contrived to effect his ruin. The Countess sent for Sir David Wood, who had been heard to threaten to bastinado Sir Thomas Overbury for some offensive words he had addressed to him. She urged him to revenge his wrongs, adding that she also had been grievously injured by Overbury. She concluded by offering him £1000, and

protection from his enemies, if he would murder Overbury as he returned from Sir Charles Wilmot's late at night. But Sir David declined, telling her, bluntly, "He would be loth to go to Tyburn upon a woman's word." In the meantime, Carr and his friends had formed a plot, which was more successful, for removing Overbury. By the representation of Carr, the King was persuaded to nominate Overbury as ambassador to Russia. Sir Thomas was at first willing to accept the office, but, on the artful recommendation of Carr, he was induced to decline it. The King, who is described as "bearing a rooted hatred to Overbury," irritated at his refusal, and, perhaps, at some stinging sarcasms which he is said to have vented on the Court, committed him, as Carr had foreseen, a close prisoner to the Tower for contempt. This occurred on the 23d of April, 1613.

Shortly after Overbury became an inmate of the Tower, Sir William Wade, the Lieutenant, was removed, and Sir Gervas Helwyse* was appointed in his stead, through the instrumentality of the Earl of Northampton, Carr, and Sir Thomas Monson. Sir Gervas, according to the venal spirit of the times, paid £1400, for his place. He was reputed to be one of the "unco" godly, the rigidly righteous, who assumed the appearance of wisdom and honesty, if he did not really deserve the appellation which he attained of "the wise Sir Gervas Helwyse."

As the Earl of Northampton will be frequently mentioned in this article, it may be as well to give a slight sketch of this nobleman.

The Earl of Northampton, the second son of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was the uncle of the Countess. He was a man of talent and learning. It was said of him, that "he was the wisest among the noble, and the noblest among the wise." Honors and riches were showered upon him under King James. As to his character, opinions are divided: there is, however, reason to believe that he connived at the intimacy of Carr (then Lord Rochester) with the Countess, and that he was deeply implicated in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Northamp-

* Memorial touching the course to be had in my Lord of Somerset's Arraignment, addressed to the King by Sir Francis Bacon.—See Bacon's Works.

† He was the son of Robert Devereux, first Earl of Essex, who was beheaded in the reign of Elizabeth. The second Earl afterwards became the leader of the Parliamentary army.

* In the State Trials this name is written Sir Gervas Elwes. We have adopted the form used by the Lieutenant himself.

ton's death in 1614, previous to the discovery of the crime, prevented his being brought to trial.

To resume the narrative. In order to carry out the nefarious designs against Overbury, it was not enough to appoint a new Lieutenant of the Tower, who was in the interest of the enemies of the prisoner; the sub-keeper was also changed, and his place was supplied by one Richard Weston, a creature of the Countess, and formerly servant to Dr. Turner, the husband of the Countess's *confidante*.

On the morning of the 9th of May, Weston received a message from Mrs. Turner, desiring him to come immediately to Whitehall. There he saw the Countess, who told him that "a water" would be sent to him, which he was to give to his prisoner. At the same time, she significantly told him not to drink of it himself. That same evening, Weston's son William, an apprentice to the Countess's haberdasher, brought him a curious little phial, only two inches long, filled with a liquor of bluish color when held in the hand, but of a sickly greenish yellow when held up to the light. He was then just going to give Sir Thomas his supper. On his way he met Sir Gervas, of whom he asked, "whether he would give him that he had or no?" The Lieutenant, neither affecting ignorance nor surprise, induced Weston to explain himself; then, having obtained the information he desired, he "terrified Weston with God's eternal judgment, and did so strike him, as with his hands holden up, he blessed the time that ever he did know 'him,' with other words to that effect."* Sir Gervas, touched with Weston's remorse, held out his hand to him, spoke to him kindly—even drank to him; but strange to say, still left him in charge of Overbury. The next day Weston broke the little flask to pieces, and threw away the deadly liquor which it contained.

To the surprise of the Countess the victim still lived. She sent for Weston, and questioned him. He maintained that he had given the poison. She put into his hand £20, and promised him more when Overbury should be dead. As soon as he was gone she set about devising new schemes.

Soon after, the Countess sent a servant to the Tower with a present to Overbury of some tarts and wine. The following mysterious letter, addressed to Helwysse, accompanied them:

"I was bid to bid you say that these tarts came not from me. I was bid to tell you that you must take heed of the tarts, *because there be letters in them*; and, therefore, neither give your wife nor children of them, but of the wine you may, for there are not *letters* in it; Sir Thomas Monson will come from Court this day, and then we shall have other news."

The Lieutenant, true to his timorous policy, did not give the tarts to Overbury; he carefully put them by, and the black and livid appearance they assumed in a few days made it too manifest what those deadly *letters* were.

After this, other tarts of the same kind were given to Weston by Mrs. Turner, accompanied by a verbal caveat; Weston promised to give them, and every time he saw Mrs. Turner, asseverated that he had done so. In truth, however, he delivered them regularly to Helwysse, who as regularly caused them to be thrown away.

Sir Thomas Overbury's imprisonment, although only for contempt, was so strict, that neither his father, mother, nor his most intimate friends were permitted to see him; neither were his own servants allowed to remain and wait on him, although one of them offered to be shut up with him. Overbury was not even permitted to view his friends from a window, lest he should communicate with them. Once, indeed, his sister's husband, Sir John Lidcote, had access to him, but the interview was jealously watched by the Lieutenant.

Overbury being thus prevented from opposing her wishes, the Countess instituted against her husband, the Earl of Essex, one of the most disgraceful suits which ever appeared in the legal annals of any country. The King sided with the Countess, and wrote a dissertation in her behalf; Abbott, the good Archbishop of Canterbury, was the only one of the ecclesiastical judges who had the courage to oppose cancelling the marriage. The Countess gained her suit, and was pronounced* free to marry whom she would.

In the meantime, Overbury, whose health was declining, wrote repeatedly

* See Helwysse's letter to the King, in the State Paper Office, published by Mr. Amos, *Trial*, &c., p. 166.

* In June, 1613.

from his prison in the Tower to Rochester, requesting him to obtain his liberty, and requesting also that his friends might be allowed to see him. Rochester continued to correspond with him, giving him hopes that he might be set at liberty. The father of Overbury, hearing of his son's illness, petitioned the King that his son might have medical advice. By James's orders, Rochester wrote to Dr. Craig, the King's physician, saying that it was his Majesty's pleasure that he should attend Overbury as long as he required his services. Whether Dr. Craig visited Overbury or not does not appear. It is, however, certain that other physicians of the King namely, Dr. Micham and Sir Théodore de Mayerne,* attended the prisoner. The latter visited him for a considerable time, for his prescriptions, which were subsequently handed to Sir Edward Coke by Pawle de Lobell, the apothecary employed by Mayerne, filled twenty-eight leaves or pieces of paper. Lobell was a Frenchman, who resided in Lime Street near the Tower. His attendance commenced previous to June 25th, and continued probably up to the decease of Overbury, since he saw the body after death, and testified to its emaciated and ulcerated state. Towards the end of August, the doctors in attendance and the Lieutenant of the Tower signed a bulletin in which they stated that their patient was "past all recovery." Was this really so, or was it only a stratagem to prepare men's minds for the death which was so soon to follow? If Overbury was so near his end, why, being only confined for contempt, were not his family permitted to see him.

On the 14th of September, the apothecary, Lobell, was in attendance, and on this occasion a medicament was administered to him by the apothecary's man. Overbury was very ill all night, so much so that Weston remained with him, and removed him to another bed during the night. His servant, Lawrence Davies, is also represented to have passed the night in the room. Early in the morning, Weston went out, as he says, to procure some beer to assuage the burning thirst of the invalid, and when he returned at

seven o'clock he found Overbury dead. Whether Davies was with him or not, does not appear.

The welcome intelligence of the death of Overbury was immediately communicated to Helwysse by Northampton. The manner in which it was received may be guessed by the following letter from the Earl:

"NOBLE LIEUTENANT:

"If the knave's body be foul, bury it presently. I'll stand between you and harm; but if it will abide the view, send for Lidcote, and let him see it, to satisfy the damned crew. When you come to me, bring me this letter again yourself with you, or else burn it.

"NORTHAMPTON."*

Shortly after the death of Overbury, Rochester wrote to the mother of Overbury a letter, in which he blamed himself as the cause of her son's death, since it was on his account that Sir Thomas had fallen into disgrace. "I wish," he writes, "I could redeem him with any ransom; I wish I knew how to repay his faith, and give all you who in him have lost so much satisfaction. You shall find how much I loved your son by my effects, being more willing to do all of you good for his sake than whilst he lived. I will shortly devise with you concerning your son in France, whose expenses I will defray, and ease you of that burthen, and at his return take further time to provide for him; but I think it best that he remain till this tempest is settled."

The apothecary's boy who administered the medicament was quietly sent abroad by Lobell, to prevent disclosures.

Three months passed away; the death of Overbury was forgotten in the preparations then making at the Court for the celebration fêtes, which were to rival those that in the spring had graced the marriage of the Elector of Bohemia with the Princess Elizabeth. On St. Stephen's day, (the 26th of December,) 1613, a magnificent ceremony took place in the Royal Chapel of Whitehall. Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester, now created Earl of Somerset, the King's powerful favorite, led to the altar the beautiful Lady Frances Howard, who, on the anniversary of the same saint, just ten years before, had been given away by the King in marriage

* Mayerne had been physician to Henry the Fourth of France, and after his death, was invited to England by James, who appointed him one of his physicians.

* British Museum, Cotton MSS., Titus, c. vii. for 107 back. See Amos, p. 173.

to Robert Devereux, second of that name, the unhappy young Earl of Essex—a girl of thirteen married to a boy of fifteen. Contemporary historians have remarked that the Countess had the effrontery to appear at the altar in the habit of a virgin, with her beautiful hair hanging loose over her shoulders. The courtly Bishop of Bath and Wells read the beautiful service for the holy ordinance of matrimony. Ten years before he had pronounced over the same bride, as she stood with her hand in that of Essex, the solemn words, "Those whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder;" and now, while Essex was still living, he was called upon to bless the union of the Countess with Somerset.

A sumptuous banquet succeeded; and a masque, written expressly for the occasion, in which the principal ladies of the Court took part, concluded the day. The King defrayed the expense, which had been profuse. He was even so much interested in the festivities, that, in order to direct them, he broke through his custom of "going to bed in the afternoon."

But the festivities did not end here. The courtiers vied with each other in doing honor to the newly-wedded pair. Valuable presents were offered for their acceptance. Even the Chief Justice Coke did not withhold this mark of adulation to the man whom the King delighted to honor. The City of London entertained the Earl and his bride at a splendid banquet; and those who were old enough to enjoy the pageants which followed each other in rapid succession, long remembered the magnificent wedding of the Earl of Somerset with the beautiful Frances Howard.

The marriage of Somerset was the culminating point in his prosperity. It had originated in crime, and might lead to destruction. Somerset knew that it might do so. His spirits sank, his eye lost its brightness, his step its elasticity; he became grave, thoughtful and silent. In the words of a contemporary, "Pensiveness and fulness doe possesse the Earle; his wonted mirth forsakes him, his countenance is cast downe; he takes not that felicitie in companie as he was wont to do: *but still something troubles him.*"

The king soon began to grow weary of the company of a man who ceased to entertain him. Yet the influence of Somerset was not observed to decline, and the

King as yet did not make any efforts to emancipate himself from his control, or to break with his imperious favorite. But the courtiers had no such hesitation; they had no dark secrets to conceal at any price; they saw that the King had conceived a distaste to the society of Somerset, and they determined to supplant him. With this view they cast about for a handsome youth, who should captivate James's affections—now, for the first time since he had set eyes on Carr, disengaged. An opportunity soon offered of accomplishing their purpose.

George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, a youth of one-and-twenty, had returned at this time from the continent, bringing with him the polished and engaging manners which our rude ancestors found occasion to admire in all who visited them from foreign parts. Nature had given him a figure remarkable for symmetry and manly vigor, and he took care to set it off by the most elegant and fashionable apparel. His actions were remarkable for their perfect grace, and his countenance possessed that extraordinary beauty which, from a supposed resemblance in its sweet expression to the portraits of the saint and martyr Stephen, afterwards induced his doting master to call him Steenie.

Villiers was speedily thrown in the way of the King. James no sooner saw him than he felt for him an attachment.

The impression made by Villiers on the King was soon perceived by the courtiers, who were anxiously watching the success of their experiment. They immediately began to ingratiate themselves with the new favorite. On the 23d of April, exactly two years after Overbury was committed to the Tower, Villiers was knighted by the King; a pension of 1000*l.* a-year was granted to him, and he was appointed a gentleman of the bedchamber. The new favorite soon attained that place in the monarch's affections which Robert Carr had once enjoyed, but now had lost for ever.

Somerset perceived, with deep mortification, the success of his rival, and the decline of his own influence in the King's affections, although he still retained a power over the weak mind of his sovereign. His proud spirit could ill brook a rival, and in spite of the conciliatory behavior of Villiers, Somerset did not attempt to conceal the hatred which he

felt towards the new favorite. He rejected with contempt the overtures made by Villiers to serve him, and on one occasion sharply answered him: "I will none of your service, nor shall you have any of my favor. I will, if I can, break your neck, and of that be confident." This haughty answer sealed the fate of Somerset.

At this juncture, Sir Robert Cotton,* the confidential friend of Somerset, perceiving that he had lost the King's affections, and apprehensive of the consequences, prevailed on his friend to secure his safety by obtaining from James a pardon for all offences which he could or might have committed. A pardon sufficiently extensive to cover treason and murder, was actually signed by the King in favor of Somerset, but it was intercepted by his enemies before the seal was affixed, and was thus rendered nugatory.

Towards the middle of July, 1615, it began to be whispered about that Overbury had met with foul play—that he had been poisoned in the Tower. The rumor spread, and at last came to the ears of the King. We have more than one account of the way in which the murder became known at Court. Weldon's narrative, which is confirmed as to the main facts by Wilson, the friend of Essex, and by other writers, harmonizes best with the events connected with this remarkable crime. It is to the following effect.

One day Secretary Wynwood brought to the King a letter, which he had received from Sir Wm. Thrumbull, the resident of Brussels, requesting permission to return, as he had to communicate a most important affair, which had recently come to his knowledge. The Secretary wrote, by the King's direction, to say that the agent could not be spared from his post, and to desire him to send over an express with the news which he had to communicate. Thrumbull declined to adopt this course, stating that it was a matter of such importance and delicacy, that he did not dare commit it to paper. Upon this, James "being," as Sir Anthony Weldon tells us, "of a longing disposition," rather than not know what it was, sent him permission to return. Thrumbull soon came over, and then he informed the

King that one of his servants had told him that an English lad, named Reeve, who had been an apothecary's boy in London, had told them that Sir Thomas Overbury did not, as was commonly supposed, die of a disease, but that he had been poisoned by a medicament, which the boy, under his master's direction, had administered to him. Thrumbull had immediately sent for the boy, whom he examined very closely, and at length induced him to confess the whole truth, in the course of which, things came out which appeared deeply to implicate some personages of exalted rank, one of them being the great Earl of Somerset himself. The King immediately sent off a messenger for Sir Edward Coke, the Lord Chief Justice.

When Coke, or, as Weldon says, all the judges, arrived at Royston, the King flung himself on his knees, and telling them that he had just heard of the murder of Overbury, charged them in the most solemn terms, to investigate the matter without favor, affection, or partiality, concluding thus: "If you shall spare any guilty of this crime, God's curse light on you and your posterity; and if I spare any that are found guilty, God's curse light on me and my posterity for ever!"*

Such of the facts as suited the Court were then laid before Coke, who undertook to sift the matter to the bottom. He was not only gratified at receiving any mark of the King's confidence, but he felt a real pleasure in investigating a subject of intricacy and mystery, and one which promised to afford a field for the display of the acuteness and sagacity for which he was then, and is still so celebrated. He at once commenced operations, following the hints he had received; he examined many witnesses, whose statements soon satisfied him that there had been foul play with Sir Thomas Overbury.

Coke was at one time in some doubt about the instruments of the murder, and he was originally inclined to suspect a person whom he was subsequently led to acquit. This was no other than our old acquaintance, Paul de Lobell. A gentleman named Edward Rider swore that about the commencement of the term, when rumors of the Chief Justice's inquiries began to circulate, he had met Lobell, who assured him that the report that

* Sir Robert Cotton, the celebrated antiquary, was the collector of the valuable library bearing his name, and so rich in MSS., which now forms part of the treasures of the British Museum.

* Weldon.

Overbury had been murdered was untrue, that he had died of a consumption. As to the medicament with which it had been alleged he been poisoned, *that* had been prescribed by Mayerne, the King's doctor, and this Mayerne was the best doctor in England. To this Rider replied that he had heard otherwise in Paris, that he was indeed a braver courtier than a doctor. Rider probably hinted at the State poisonings in France, in which Mayerne is thought to have been implicated. About a week after, he again met Lobell, who was then walking with his wife; he stopped and talked to him. He told him it was too manifest now Overbury was poisoned, and added, that he heard it was done by an apothecary's boy, in Lime-street, who had since run away; upon which his wife, turning to her husband, exclaimed in French: "Oh! *mon mari*, that was William you sent into France." Whereupon the old man, looking upon his wife, his teeth did chatter as if he trembled, "and then Rider asked him if he did send the boy away; he answered it was true he sent the boy to Paris, but the cause of his leaving was that his master (Lobell's son) treated him badly." Notwithstanding these strange circumstances of suspicion, which indeed operated so forcibly on the mind of Coke himself that he would not allow Lobell's examination to be taken on oath, no proceedings were taken against Lobell. Whether Coke was duped by his astute rival, Sir Francis Bacon, who was certainly at the bottom of this dark business, or whether he had received a positive injunction against following that clue, can not now be known. Certain it is that Lobell was allowed to escape unaccused, and nothing which might criminate him was allowed to be made public. The remarkable deposition of Rider was entirely suppressed, and has only been recently discovered in the archives of the State Paper Office.

The Chief Justice was soon satisfied, or professed to be satisfied, as to the instruments of the murder, Weston and Franklin; but when he endeavored to go higher and detect the principals and real authors of the crime, he found himself lost and perplexed. At length, however, by dint of repeated examinations, of threats, and of oburgations, he learnt with amazement and alarm that no less a personage than the Earl of Somerset, the King's favorite, was deeply implicated. The inquiry was now assum-

ing a very dangerous turn, and he determined not to take the responsibility alone. He therefore posted off to the King, and acquainting him with what he had learned, desired that some other persons might be joined in his commission. The King, delighted with the course of the transaction, immediately assented, and nominated the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Steward, and Lord Zouch, for that purpose. With this accession to his dignity, and diminution of individual responsibility, the Chief Justice was quite content, and plunged into the affair with an increased ardor.

Somerset was then at Royston with the King. He was induced to leave him and go up to London. The King parted from him with the most extravagant demonstrations of affection—disgusting in themselves, doubly disgusting when we know, as we do, that they were entirely false and insincere. Sir Anthony Weldon graphically describes the strange scene; he tells us, that when the Earl kissed the King's hand, the King hung about his neck, slobbering his cheeks, saying: "For God's sake, when shall I see thee again? On my soul, I shall neither eat nor sleep till you come again!" The Earl answered that he would return next Monday (this being Friday.) "For God's sake let me see thee then!" returned the monarch; then, as if unable to contain his raptures, exclaimed joyfully: "Shall—shall I indeed?" Then, clasping the Earl in his arms, he lolled about his neck, saying: "For God's sake give thy lady this kiss for me!" He repeated these endearments at the top of the stairs, and, accompanying the Earl down, also at their foot. The Earl was scarcely seated in his coach before the royal hypocrite turned round to his attendants and said: "I shall never see his face more."

It is impossible to describe the ferment excited in the public mind by the disclosures which were necessarily made, and the rumors which were afloat. The excitement occasioned by the discovery of Palmer's crimes is still fresh in our recollection, although the attendant circumstances are by no means parallel. In the one case the criminal was a person in the middle ranks of life, and of very questionable character; in the other, the principal person accused was a nobleman, who was generally supposed to enjoy the unlimited confidence of his sovereign, and an almost absolute power over the kingdom. It was believed

that he was not alone in his guilt; that he had accomplices in all ranks of life. His young Countess, the most beautiful woman in James's Court, and with whose infamy the whole country had rung a few years before, was a participator in his crime. He was associated in iniquity with Court-milliners, apothecaries, discarded medicine-boys. The mode, too, of perpetration of the crime was of a nature that had always been peculiarly hateful to the English people. They hated it because they thought it was a foreign practice—they hated it because they feared it above all other kinds of attack. For if a man were assaulted in the street, he might at least defend himself; and if he were seized on his bed by the midnight assassin, he might still struggle with his murderer. But to be assailed in so insidious and fearful a manner—to take in death with the daily bread necessary for their sustenance—to drink it in a pleasant cup of sack—to be poisoned by a pair of gloves, or by a saddle, or by smelling to a bouquet, was a dreadful idea, which made the stoutest men shudder; which filled their minds with uneasiness and suspicion, and almost made them loathe their repasts. For this reason the English had always regarded "empoisonment" with peculiar abhorrence; it had been declared by Act of Parliament a species of treason, and a singularly painful and lingering death had been provided for its punishment; there were many whose fathers had seen poisoners, men and women, publicly boiled to death in Smithfield, being gradually immersed from their toes, in order to protract their agony. There were circumstances besides, attendant on this affair, of a most mysterious nature; so that, besides envy and alarm, the love of the marvellous and the "curiosity" of the people were stimulated. Moreover, recollections of strange passages within the last few years recurred; the story of the mysterious death of Prince Henry,* the

"sweet babe," as he was called, "who was only shown to this nation, as the land of Canaan was to Moses, to look on, not to enjoy," was revived, together with all the alarming rumors with which it had been connected. The attention of the public took a dangerous and suspicious turn. The public appetite, which, lately so harmless, gloated on tales of Court scandal, now fixed on dark and alarming topics; it recurred to the subject of Popery; it ran over in terror the list of Popish crimes; it reflected on the Gunpowder Plot, and on the murder of Henry IV.; it muttered with horror the names of Ravallac and Catherine de Medici.

While the public mind was in this state of feverish excitement, several important events occurred, which converted the popular alarm into a downright panic. On the 27th of September, the Lady Arabella Stuart, so long and so barbarously confined in the Tower, died. Her death was at once ascribed to poison. Great men had an obvious interest in her death, and the people were now in a temper to believe great men capable of any enormity. On the day of her death, Richard Weston had been first examined. The next day he was interrogated again, and it was rumored that he had then admitted having made an attempt to poison Sir Thomas Overbury. Other arrests now took place. Mrs. Turner, the inventor of yellow starch, which had gained her no favor with some of our Puritan ancestors, was taken up. James Franklin was also committed to custody. They were examined, and made revelations implicating others. A great many persons were now sent for and examined. The Chief Justice was observed to work with tremendous energy; and, indeed, what he had to do was enough to occupy all his time, and to put to the test all his acuteness. For, besides the various and extraordinary statements of the accused, other information poured in upon him from all sides; volunteers came forward, offering all manner of tales to him, raking up numberless half-forgotten circumstances of suspicion, and filling up their half-obliterated outlines with the wild inventions which the prevailing panic had aroused; for the minds of men were not now sufficiently cool to discriminate between reminiscences of facts and the fancies of the imagination, always so vivid in a time of popular excitement.

And now there was a pause; the Chief

* The death of Prince Henry was attributed to poison. There was a post-mortem examination of the body. It seems to be the general opinion that the prince died of a contagious fever; on which account the King and Queen were prevented from seeing him in his last illness. Mayerne attended him; and this physician was in the habit of inserting into his book of prescriptions minute descriptions of the temperament of his patients. One of these books is preserved in the British Museum; and it is a suspicious circumstance, that all the prescriptions relating to Prince Henry have been torn out, yet the same book contains prescriptions for the King, and for the Queen's horse.

Justice ceased his examinations, and went down to Royston to see the King. But the interval was far from being a calm. Information had ceased to transpire. The popular curiosity was no longer satisfied, and therefore grew more stimulated. The silence of Truth left the field open for Rumor. Then it was that the stories about great personages, which at first had only been loose surmises, grew to giant proportions, and prepared the people for the most astounding revelations. At length, on the 18th of October, the populace learned with amazement that Robert Carr, the great and proud Earl of Somerset, had been committed to the custody of the Dean of Westminster. This event wound the public alarm up almost to a frenzy. Weston's trial was fixed for the next day. The interval was a period of anxious excitement. Very few eyes closed that night in London. The citizens mounted guard with great watchfulness, they patrolled the streets, and examined every suspicious object; they set persons to watch the movements of the Papists, who were believed to be at the bottom of the plot. It was commonly reported that Northampton (himself a Papist) and Somerset had conspired with the Spaniard to deliver up the navy, and that part of their scheme was to have poisoned the King and all the Protestants at the christening of the Countess of Somerset's child, of which she was expected shortly to be delivered. The Londoners were alive and vigilant all the night, and in the morning they poured into the Guildhall, where Weston was to be tried.

The Judges took their seats—the Lord Mayor in his robes—the Lord Chief Justice and the other Judges in their scarlet and ermine. As soon as the commission had been read and the grand jury sworn, the Lord Chief Justice addressed them in that solemn and dignified tone for which he was noted. His speech, though disfigured by the quaint affectations of the age, was deeply impressive—at times almost rising into a severe eloquence. It was listened to with breathless attention. Every word was caught up with eagerness. They listened while the Chief Justice—rightly revered as the oracle of English law—told how, of all felonies, murder is the most horrible; of all murders, poisoning the most detestable; and of all poisoning, the *lingering* poisoning. He told them it was an un-English crime, and his audience turned pale when he told

them of the hideous perfection to which that diabolical art had been brought; how there were those who could give a poison which should reserve its deadly influence for one, or two, or three months, or longer—according to the ingredients of which it was composed—and that irresistible and insidious foe might be administered in odors, or transmitted by mere contact. The grand jury, consisting of fourteen persons, then withdrew. In about an hour they returned and delivered in the bill of indictment endorsed *billaverat*. Immediately all eyes were turned to the bar, where the wretched prisoner was brought up. He was a man of about sixty years of age. His forehead was wrinkled with age, his hair sprinkled with gray. His countenance, though not wanting in a certain degree of comeliness, had a stern and grim expression, and was now distorted with terror. His face was deadly pale, his lips quivered, and his knees tottered as he stood at the bar while the indictment was read. It charged him with having murdered Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower of London by administering various poisons—rosalgar,* white arsenic, and mercury sublimatè—on four different occasions. The prisoner was then asked, in the usual form, whether he was guilty of the murder, yea, or no. The poor wretch, instead of answering, became agitated, and in his distress screamed several times, "Lord have mercy on me, Lord have mercy on me." At length he stammered out, "Not guilty." But when asked how he would be tried, instead of answering in the usual form, "By God and my country," he exclaimed that he referred himself to God—he would be tried by God alone. And though the Chief Justice spent an hour in persuading him to put himself upon his country, he could get no other answer out of him than that he referred himself to God. And now his patience was exhausted, so he proceeded to terrify the prisoner with a description of the lingering death which the law punished those who refused to put themselves upon the trial of the law. He repeated all the harrowing details of that dreadful punishment; that he was to be stripped naked and stretched out on the bare ground; that heavy iron weights were to be laid

* Rosalgar, red orpiment, a compound of arsenic and sulphur.

upon him and gradually increased; that he was to receive no food but a morsel of coarse bread one day, and a draught of of water from the nearest sink or puddle the next; and so to linger on as long as nature could linger out, adding that men men had been known to live on in this torment for eight or nine days. Still the prisoner, to the mortification of the Judge and the rage of the populace, resolutely refused to put himself upon the country.

Coke knew well very well that until the principal had been convicted, the accessories could not be tried. He began, therefore, to fear that his prey would escape him, and all his industry and labor prove useless. The audience, too, began to tremble lest their curiosity and love of blood should be unsatisfied by the long-expected disclosures, and their fury broke forth in a low cry of rage and disappointment when Coke told them that, until the principal had been convicted, the accessories could not be put upon their trial. The Chief Justice, therefore, determined to try the effect of a bold, a new, and an illegal proceeding. He said plainly that he knew the prisoner had been tampered with by some great ones—accessories to the fact, friends of the Howards, and then, amid the indecent cheers of his auditors, declared that their curiosity should, nevertheless, be satisfied, and commanded the Queen's Attorney (General?) Sir Lawrence Hyde, to state the case—reading the depositions of the witnesses and the confessions of the prisoner. Sir Lawrence Hyde at once obeyed. He unhesitatingly charged the Earl and Countess of Somerset with being “the principal movers into this unhappy conclusion,” and the audience aghast at his boldness when, raising his voice, he called the Countess a rotten branch, which being lopped off, the noble tree of the Howards would flourish better. Then he proceeded with an orderly narrative of the case—ascribing the motive of the crime to the resentment of the Earl and Countess against Sir Thomas for his opposition to “that adulterate marriage” between them. He described the machinations by which the King had been worked upon to commit Sir Thomas to the Tower—how the prisoner at the bar (who had formerly been the Countess's pander) was now promoted to the office of bravo, and Sir Thomas was kept so close that he scarce had the comfort of the day's brightness, neither was any suffered to visit him,

father, brother, his best friends, were strangers to him from the beginning of his imprisonment unto the end. He then detailed the several attempts made to poison the victim—he moved the audience to tears by reading his sorrowful letters to Somerset entreating his liberty and expostulating with the Earl for allowing his old friend to be thus immured—he told how in his despair he fell sick—how the wicked Countess sent to offer him any delicacies he might fancy—how the sick man answered that he longed for luscious meals—tarts and jellies—which the Countess and Mrs Turner poisoned and sent to him—how at length they gave him that fatal clyster which “caused his soul to leave his poisoned body”—and how his body was denied Christian burial, was then irreverently thrown into a pit digged in a very mean place within the precincts of the Tower. He was followed by Mr. Warre, who had been a fellow-student with Sir Thomas at the Temple, and described with all the warmth of youthful friendship his amiable manners, his wit, and his virtuous conversation and life, concluding with this bold saying: *Pereat unus, ne pereant omnes; pereat peccans, ne pereat respublica*. Then Mr. Fenshaw read the depositions of all the witnesses, after which the Court adjourned until the Monday following.

In spite of his endeavors to satisfy the curiosity of the people, the unconstitutional proceeding of Coke did not altogether give satisfaction; and one Mr. Lumsden had the boldness to write a letter, which he sent by a gentleman of the bedchamber, to be delivered to the King. In this letter he censured freely the conduct of the Chief Justice at the arraignment of Weston. The only result of this letter was his own arrest and subsequent trial and punishment.

On Monday, the 23d of October, Weston was again brought up, when, having been well plied in the interval, he put himself upon his country in due form, and was speedily convicted. Then the Chief Justice delivered another great speech magnifying the horrible nature of the crime—pointing out how marvellously the finger of God had brought the foul matter to light after it had slept two years—and, alluding to the magnitude of the cause, he desired it might hereafter be known as THE GREAT OYER OF POYSONING; after which he passed upon the

prisoner the usual sentence of death. The Court then rose, and the auditory dispersed with loud cheers for the watchful Chief Justice, and loud acclamations of joy for the approaching punishment of the King's tyrannous minions.

They sent the joyful tidings all through the country, and the bells of the City rang merry peals, as if they had heard of a great victory.

It appears that Somerset had deposited the letters written to him by Northampton, Overbury, and others in a cabinet, which he had left in the care of Sir Robert Cotton. Alarmed at the conviction of Weston, Sir Robert knew the nature of his trust, and fearing searches, delivered the cabinet to a friend of his, one Mrs. Farnesforth, or Hornford, who deposited it for safety with a merchant of Cheapside, in whose house she had formerly lodged. On some alarm, Sir Robert sent to Mrs. Farnesforth, and desired her to return the cabinet immediately. The merchant was so surprised at the suddenness of her application, (for it was on a Sunday, during service-time, that she went for the cabinet, on the pretence that it contained papers relating to her jointure,) that, he knowing the rumors that were about, refused to give it up to her unless she would open it in his presence, and satisfy him that there was nothing else there. She would not comply with his wishes. Then said he, "It is a troublesome time; I will go to my Lord Chief Justice, and if he find no other writings than such as concern you, you shall have them again." He went accordingly to Coke's chambers, but Coke was at church. He then went to Lord Zouch's, one of the Commissioners, who would not take upon himself to open the cabinet, but went to St. Paul's, where Coke was gone to hear the sermon; and calling him out, they together opened the cabinet, and found the letters. Neither Northampton, Overbury, nor Somerset were accustomed to date their letters; and the fact that Somerset had been persuaded by Cotton to allow him to place such dates on these papers as might be to the advantage of Somerset, added greatly to the suspicions against the Earl.

Two days after his trial, Weston was taken to Tyburn, there to suffer execution of the sentence pronounced against him. While the hangman was preparing to do his office, several gentlemen, among whom were Sir John Wentworth, Sir

John Hollis, and Lidecote, rode up to him on horseback, and addressed him. They wished him to discharge his conscience and satisfy the world, "whether he did poison Overbury or not?" Weston's reply was: "I die not unworthily; my Lord Chief Justice has my mind under my hand, and he is an honorable and just judge." Sir John Hollis, Wentworth, and Lidecote were, in consequence of this proceeding, placed under arrest. It is remarkable that although so many of Weston's examinations have been preserved, this confession of his guilt is not to be found.

The next trial which took place (on the 7th of November) was that of Anne Turner, who was indicted for aiding and assisting Weston in the murder of Overbury. Mrs. Turner was the widow of a physician, and a woman of great beauty, but indifferent character. She appeared in court with her hat on. But Sir Edward Coke, telling her women must be covered in church, but not when they are arraigned, ordered her to remove it; she then covered her hair with her handkerchief. Since the death of her husband she had been living under the protection of Sir Arthur Manwaring, by whom she had two children. She was the servant of the Countess, to whom she was much attached, and the *confidante* of her guilty passion for Somerset. These two women—the one desirous of gaining the affection of the Earl, the other of preserving that of the father of her children—were in frequent communication with Dr. Forman, who sold love philtres and potions, and who was reported to practice magic arts to inspire persons with love or hatred, according to the wishes of his employers. On the death of Dr. Forman, his widow found letters, by which much was discovered relative to his connexion with the Countess and Mrs. Turner. The anxiety of the Countess that Mrs. Forman should burn these letters, raised suspicion in the mind of the latter. She destroyed some of the letters, but others, addressed to her "sweet father," by his "affectionate, loving daughter, Frances Essex," were privately preserved. These were afterwards produced in court.

Mrs. Turner had been in prison some time before her trial, and did not know that Weston had been executed. When, during the trial, she became aware of this fact, she was greatly depressed. The evidence was read over before the trem-

bling woman, and when it was closed, the Lord Chief Justice, addressing the prisoner, told her she had the seven deadly sins, which he enumerated, and exhorted her to repent, and pray that these seven devils might be cast out. After this exhortation, the jury retired and brought in a verdict of *guilty*. She was sentenced to death, and was executed a few days after her trial. As she was carried in a cart from Newgate to Tyburn, the place of her execution, she scattered money among the people. A morbid curiosity drew crowds to see her die, and many ladies and gentlemen gazed from their own carriages on the spectacle. Mrs. Turner wore on this occasion a ruff stiffened with the yellow starch for which she was famous; from this time the fashion became obsolete. Her hands were bound with a black ribbon, and a black veil concealed her death-struggles.

The trial of Sir Gervas Helwysse took place on the 16th of November. Helwysse, it will be recollected, had been appointed Lieutenant of the Tower shortly after Overbury became a prisoner, on the immediate recommendation of Sir Thomas Monson, but, as it was asserted, by the contrivance of Somerset and Northampton. The correspondence between Northampton and Helwysse proves that the latter was in the interest of the Countess, and that he was fully aware of the plot for detaining Overbury in the Tower. He was accused of aiding and abetting Weston in the murder. His defense has been preserved. He commenced his discourse by a bold but dignified charge against Coke of having tampered with the evidence to the disadvantage of the accused.

He admitted that Weston had told him there was poison in what he was going to give to Overbury, but so far from participating in his guilt, he stated that he pointed out to Weston the heinous nature of the crime. It was urged against him that knowing what Weston intended to do, he should have discharged the man, instead of showing him greater kindness than before. Helwysse stated also that he was not aware that Overbury had actually been poisoned until after the death of the prisoner, when he heard it from Weston. He added, that if he were guilty, the Lord Treasurer, (the Earl of Suffolk, father of the Countess,) was also in the plot, as could be proved by letters—now in the possession of his wife—from Suffolk to

him. These letters were not produced, neither was Suffolk or his intriguing lady examined.

The Chief Justice suffered Helwysse to conclude his defense, when, putting his hand into his bosom, he drew from thence the confession, which he had, until this time, artfully withheld, of Franklin. The name of this man has already been mentioned. "It is not," said Coke, "your deep protestations, nor your appealing to God, that can sway a jury from their evidence, which is not yet answered unto. But to leave you without excuse, and to make the matter as clear as may be, here is the confession of Franklin, saying, this poor man, not knowing that Sir Gervas should come to his trial, this morning he came unto me at five of the clock, and it was told me that he was much troubled in his conscience, and could not rest all that night until he had made his confession; and it is such a one (these were his words) as the eye of England never saw, nor the ear of Christendom never heard." The confession of Franklin was then read. It contained a statement of the plot to murder Overbury, and asserted that Helwysse was cognizant of it. After the reading of the deposition, Helwysse exclaimed, "Lord have mercy upon me!" This exclamation was attributed by Coke and others to the consciousness of his own guilt, and not to the hopelessness of his situation under so unfair a trial. Upon this confession of Franklin, who was shortly to be tried as accessory to the same offense, Helwysse was convicted and sentenced to death. His execution took place on Tower-Hill, on November 20th, and Drs. Whiting and Fenton officiated at his death, and received what is called his confession. In this he stated that he was drawn into the plot by the Earl of Northampton and Sir Thomas Monson, and *none others*.

The next trial was that of James Franklin: it took place on the 27th of November. Franklin was a physician by profession. His personal appearance was by no means prepossessing: he was swarthy, sallow, and crook-backed; and his moral character was such that Mrs. Turner had earnestly entreated that she might not die on the same day as so foul a villain. Coke had not a better opinion of him. He was so thoroughly convinced of his guilt, that in a letter to the King he states that his life is only spared until

he has related all he knows of this nefarious transaction.

Franklin was charged with having supplied the poisons. He was convicted principally upon his own confessions, four of which, of different dates,* are mentioned in the State Trials. It is a remarkable fact, that neither the originals nor any authentic copies of these documents are to be found in any of the public repositories. Franklin was executed shortly after his trial. Franklin's evidence was so contradictory, and his character so bad, that little reliance can be placed on it, where it is unsupported by other evidence. It appears that he divulged that the murder of Overbury was but one of a series of murders which had been planned on a grand scale, and that several persons of high rank, besides the Earl and Countess of Somerset, and the Earl of Northampton, were concerned in the plot.† It was to the discovery of this plot that Coke alluded in his speech on the trial of Sir Thomas Monson, which we shall presently notice. No direct evidence of the existence of this plot has been made public; but it is clear, from the letters of Coke and Bacon to the King Villiers, that they believed in it.‡

The arraignment and trial of Sir Thomas Monson, for the murder of Overbury, took place on the 4th of December. Some of the circumstances attending it were peculiar. On coming to the bar, Monson had requested of the Chief Justice an answer to the questions he had asked of the Lord Treasurer, and also that Sir Robert Cotton might be present at his trial.

Previous to the trial, Coke had, as usual, maintained a close correspondence with the King. In one of his letters to the King, Coke states that he had deferred this trial, not in respect of any innocence he had found in him, but because he was persuaded that Monson could discover secrets worthy and necessary to be known, and because he might in some points prove a good witness against the Countess.

Contrary to the expectation of Coke, who thought he would stand mute, Monson pleaded *not guilty*, and put himself upon God and the country. This rather

disconcerted the plans of the Bench, who had resolved not to proceed with Monson's trial. Coke, therefore, broke up the proceedings abruptly. After praising the justice and lenity of the King, who had suffered Monson to remain in the custody of his (Monson's) own brother-in-law, he alluded to the discovery of some plot which was yet a secret, "which maketh," he said, "our deliverance as great as any that happened to the children of Israel." Then, after commenting shortly on the results of the previous trials, and the penitential deaths of those who had been hung, Coke read a brief note from the Lord Treasurer, (Suffolk,) to the effect that he could neither accuse nor excuse Monson. Some discourse then ensued between Monson and his Judges, they asserting his guilt, and accusing him of Papacy, he maintaining his innocence. Suddenly six yeomen of the guard, richly drest, stepped from a place where they had been privately stationed; advancing to the prisoner, they produced a warrant from the Lord Chancellor and Coke, and led Monson away through the gaping crowd to the Tower of London. As they slowly made their way through the streets, followed by the execrations and curses of the people, the rain fell in torrents. Monson, who was not prepared for this, and had no other protection from the weather than a handsome velvet dress, and was moreover in bad health, suffered so much from this exposed walk through the City, that he narrowly escaped with his life.

We must now return to Somerset, who, on the 18th of October, was committed to the custody of the Dean of Westminster, while the Countess remained a prisoner in her own house and apartments. On the 25th of October Somerset was examined after dinner, and again, on the 28th, before dinner, when such grave matter of suspicion was found against him that he would have been sent to the Tower if he had not still held the seals. On the 2d of November the seals were taken from him, and he was committed to the Tower.

The Countess, meanwhile, was detained in close and almost solitary confinement; no one was allowed to approach her but the servants whose attendance was necessary. Separated from the husband, to attain whose love she had sacrificed so much, and ignorant of his fate; banished from the Court where her beauty had won universal admiration; lonely and disappoint-

* November 12th, 16th, 17th, and 22nd.

† State Paper Office, Dom. Papers, 1615, Nov. 28.

No. 326. Amos, 227, 8, 9.

‡ See also Bacon's expostulation to Sir E. Coke.

ed, she passed the wearisome hours which must intervene before she became a mother, and in sad anticipation of what might be the result of the trial which was hanging over her head, and which was only suspended until her convalescence. On the 9th of December she gave birth to her only child—a daughter. One month was allowed for the recovery of her health, and on the 8th of January she was examined by the commissioners touching the part she had taken in the murder of Overbury. On the 27th of March, 1616,* she was sent to the Tower. When she heard the place of her destination, the wretched, and, perhaps, conscience-stricken woman, passionately entreated that she might not be imprisoned in the room in which Overbury had died.

During this interval the Commissioners had not been idle. Somerset underwent several examinations. Sir Edward Coke and Sir Francis Bacon corresponded privately with the King, and some letters passed between Bacon and Villiers relative to the approaching trial, in which the King was deeply interested. Somerset had acknowledged the share he had taken in procuring the imprisonment of Overbury, but had denied any attempt on his life. He also expressed a decided disinclination to be put upon his trial. Every effort was made, but without success, to induce him to confess. He was told by Coke that four persons had already been attainted and executed for the murder of Overbury; he was also informed that his wife had voluntarily confessed her guilt, and hopes of mercy were held out to him if he would also confess his participation in the crime. Somerset expressed his sorrow that his wife was guilty of so foul a part, but continued to assert his own innocence.

Bacon was then Attorney-General, and while Coke was laboring vigorously at the discovery of the murderers, Bacon's efforts were directed towards satisfying the wishes and anxieties of the King. Like a prudent man, he took care to be on good terms with the reigning favorite—Villiers. The letters written by Bacon to the King and Villiers, on the subject of the approaching trial of Somerset, are deserving of close attention. They manifest

extreme anxiety on the part of the King lest Somerset should make disclosures which James earnestly desired should not be revealed. What was the nature of the secret which the King was solicitous to preserve does not appear. There is, however, no doubt that both Somerset and Overbury were in possession of State secrets in which the King was concerned. Overbury, indeed, had written to Somerset, threatening to reveal certain secrets if Somerset persisted in ill-treating him,* and Somerset acknowledged that he had communicated these secrets to Overbury with the King's concurrence. It was thought that these secrets might relate to Spanish affairs, and suspicions of treasonable practices with Spain were conceived respecting Somerset. Nothing, however, could be proved against him in this direction. The knowledge of the secret had since the death of Overbury, probably been confined to the King and Somerset, unless he had since taken Villiers into his confidence.

The plan of conduct recommended by Bacon was wary and politic. Somerset was to be informed that the evidence against him was strong enough to convict him; while, at the same time, hopes were to be held out of the King's mercy, and efforts were to be made to keep him in good humor and to induce him to submit quietly to his trial—a very unnecessary precaution, one would think, in cases where the prosecutors held sufficient proofs against the accused, unless it was apprehended that he could make unpleasant disclosures in which other persons were implicated. These arrangements were to be kept so private that the sergeants engaged in the case were not to know of them; and, in order to cover them more effectually, some general heads of direction were to be sent to all employed in conducting the prosecution. A memorial was drawn up by Bacon, in which the heads of the charge against Somerset were submitted to the King's consideration. This memorial, with the King's answers, has been preserved.†

It was not enough to engage the professional services of the acute and sagacious Bacon in finding a loophole for the escape of his former favorite; James adopted other and secret means to endeavor to ob-

* This date is assigned by Camden; and as the child was born on the 9th of December, 1615, the birth could not have taken place, as Mr. Amos supposes, in the Tower.

* *State Trials*, p. 357.

† It is published in Bacon's Works, 6, p. 97; and by Amos, p. 443.

tain a confession from Somerset. Secretly, and with the utmost caution, he wrote to the Lieutenant of the Tower (Sir George More) a letter,* which he sent by Walter James, the secretary of Somerset, desiring the Lieutenant to admit James to the presence of his prisoner "with such secrecy as none living may know of it; and after his speaking with him in private, he may be returned back again as secretly."

Not satisfied with this letter, four days after, James again wrote confidentially to the Lieutenant. In this letter, after saying that he "cannot leave off to use all means possible to move Somerset to do that which is both most honorable for the King, and his own best," he adds, "you shall therefore give him assurance in my name, that if he will yet, before his trial, confess clearly unto the Commissioners his guiltiness of this fact, I will not only perform what I promised by my last messenger both towards him and his wife, but I will enlarge it," etc.

Another, letter, without date, and to the same effect, followed this; but the King was disappointed. Somerset would not confess.

In the meantime, preparations had been making for the trial of the Earl and Countess. The Peers selected to try the cause had been summoned as far back as the 27th of April, and the day of the trial had been fixed for the 15th of May; but, on account of the Countess's indisposition, it was subsequently postponed until the 23d, and ultimately until the 24th, on which day the trial of the Countess took place.

Although nearly twelve years had elapsed since the last State trial in Westminster Hall, namely, that of the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot, the ceremonial attending it was in the recollection of many persons then living. The present ceremony was expected to be still more imposing. An Earl and his Countess—the one the favorite of the King, the other a scion of one of the first families in England—were to be tried by their Peers for felony. The excitement of the people had, during the long interval that had elapsed since the trials in the autumn of the minor agents concerned in the murder of Overbury, subsided almost into a feeling of disappointment; and the notion gained

ground that those who were thought to be most culpable would be permitted to escape the punishment due to their crime. The active preparations for the trials awakened the expectations of the people, and the excitement increased as the appointed day drew near. Seats in Westminster Hall were engaged more than a week before the time; four or five pieces was the ordinary price for a seat. One man, a lawyer, gave as much as £10, for the two days, for seats for himself and his wife. The sum of £50 was paid for a corner which would contain a dozen persons. Some, anxious to secure their places, took possession of their seats as early as six o'clock in the morning of the day of trial. Every part of the vast building, except that which was destined for the accommodation of the official personages and the prisoners, was filled with spectators. Every avenue leading to the Hall was crowded with men, women, and children, eager to catch a glimpse of what was passing within, and to ascertain the result of the trial. Business was at a stand; public amusements neglected; even the law-courts were almost deserted; the people themselves being, as Lord Bacon said, more willing to be lookers-on in this business than to follow their own.

The spectacle within was solemn and imposing. At the upper end of the Hall, on an elevated chair of state, and robed in full official costume, sat the good and venerable Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, who, on this occasion, officiated as Lord High Steward. Although in the sixty-sixth year of his age, Ellesmere retained so much of the remarkable personal beauty for which he had always been distinguished, that persons frequently went to the Court of Chancery to enjoy the pleasure of gazing on his handsome face; and happy, says the facetious Fuller, were they who had no other business there. On the right of the Chancellor stood the Usher with the White Rod; on the left, another Usher with the Black Rod; near him, the Garter King-at-Arms and the Seal-bearer. Eight Sergeants-at-arms stood on either side; others were placed behind the Chancellor.

The twenty-one Peers, who constituted the Court of the Lord High Steward, sat on each side, on benches placed on a gallery a little lower than the seat of the Chancellor, and approached by twelve steps. In a row behind the Peers sat the

* Dated 9th May, 1616. *Losely Papers*, (see *Amos*, 471.) published in 1835, by A. T. Kemp, Esq.

† May 13, 1616.

Judges in their scarlet robes and collars of SS. The principal seat was occupied by the most eminent of lawyers, Sir Edward Coke, the Lord Chief Justice of England, that "spirit of a fiery exhalation, as subtle as active."* Well-proportioned in his person, regular in feature, his presence added dignity to the Bench; while his grave and composed manner veiled the impetuosity of his temperament. At the further end sat the King's Counsel, at the head of whom was the great Sir Francis Bacon, then Attorney-General. He was easily distinguishable by his lofty, spacious, and open forehead; by the lines of thought upon his brow; and by his bright and penetrating eye. The Clerk of the Crown and his deputy stood in the midst of the court, the Sergeant-Crier beside him. Close by the Court of Common Pleas a small room or cabin had been built as a place of rest for the prisoners. The Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir George More, stood near.

All being silent, the Garter King-at-Arms rose and delivered the patent to the Lord High Steward, who received and kissed it, then handed it to the Clerk of the Court.

The Sergeant-Crier proclaimed silence in the name of the Lord High Steward. The commission was then read; the indictment handed in; Walter Lee, the Sergeant-at-Arms, returned the precept for summoning the Peers of Frances Countess of Somerset; the Peers answered severally to their names, each standing up as his name was read, with hat off, until the next was called. The Lieutenant of the Tower was ordered to bring in his prisoner. There was a dead silence, broken only by the rustling of garments, as all the spectators turned towards the place where the prisoner was expected to appear. Sir George More led in the subdued and trembling Countess, and placed her at the bar. The usual ceremony of carrying the axe before her had been dispensed with. The Countess appeared dressed in black, with a cypress chaperon on her head; and a cobweb-lawn ruff and cuffs. Although pale from long confinement and agitation, and suffering perhaps from the painful disease which shortened her life, she was still young,† and eminent-

ly beautiful; and the spectators, while they recollected the brilliant fêtes which took place on her marriage with Somerset, and the adulation she had received from all ranks, could not help contrasting the exalted station she had once occupied with her present ignominious position. All present commiserated her unhappy condition. Among the spectators was one who, placed where he could escape observation, fixed his eye sadly tenderly upon her; it was the young Earl of Essex, the boy-husband of her youth, whose affection she had repulsed, whose name she had resigned to assume that of the now-disgraced favorite. Unseen by the Countess, Essex had come to witness the result of the trial of her whom he had so fondly loved, for the murder of her new husband's friend.

"Frances, Countess of Somerset," said the Clerk of the Court, "hold up thy hand."

She held it up until the Lieutenant told her she might put it down. The indictment was then read; and when Weston's name was mentioned, the tears ran down her cheeks, and she hid her face with her fan. When the indictment had been read, the Clerk of the Court again addressed her:

"Frances, Countess of Somerset, what sayest thou? Art thou guilty of this felony and murder? or not guilty?"

The Countess, making an obeisance to the Lord Steward, answered "with a low voice, but wonderfully fearful, "Guilty."

Sir Francis Bacon then rose. In a speech carefully prepared, he addressed the Lord High Steward, gave his own version of the discovery of the murder, panegyricized the King, and contrasting the humility and repentance of the Countess with the persistent denial of those who had been executed, he held out hopes of pardon to the Countess in terms which could scarcely be misunderstood. In fact, a disposition to extenuate was apparent throughout the proceedings of this day. The King's instructions for the investigation of the murder were then read, and commended by Sir Edward

that she was then thirteen; that, in 1613, she was between twenty-two and twenty-three; she must, therefore, have been twenty-six at the time of her trial, and not twenty-one, as Mr. Amos supposes. Essex was two years older. Somerset was nearly the same age as the Countess.

* Wilson, in Kennet.

† It is stated in the Proceedings for the Divorce, that the Countess was married to Essex in 1603, and

Coke and by the Lord High Steward. The Attorney-General then desired that the confession might be recorded, and judgment given against the prisoner.

"Frances, Countess of Somerset," said the Clerk of the Court, "whereas thou hast been indicted, arraigned, and pleaded guilty, as accessory before the fact, of the willful poisoning and murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, what canst thou now say for thyself why judgment of death should not be pronounced against thee?"

The Countess replied, humbly, fearfully, "I can much aggravate, but nothing extenuate my fault; I desire mercy, and that the Lords will intercede for me with the King."

The voice was so low, that the Lord High Steward could not hear her, and the Attorney-General was obliged to repeat her words.

The Usher of the White Staff, bending his knee, presented it to the Lord High Steward, who pronounced sentence of death against the Countess.

The unhappy woman was reconducted by the Lieutenant to the Tower, and the Court broke up; yet, notwithstanding sentence had been passed, it was the general opinion that her life would be spared.

The trial of Somerset was to take place on the following day. The King had addressed to the Lieutenant another private letter, which showed that his anxiety on the subject of the trial was not at all diminished, and that he still apprehended opposition on the part of Somerset.

As yet, the prisoner did not know what day was fixed for the trial; it was considered time to inform him. Late at night, before retiring to rest, he was told by Sir George More to prepare himself. The Earl absolutely refused, saying, they should carry him in his bed; that the King had assured him he would not bring him to trial, neither did he dare to do so. More was so surprised, that although "he was accounted a wise man, yet he was near at his wits end." What follows must be related in the words of Sir Anthony Weldon:—

"Yet away goes Moore to Greenwich, as late as it was (being twelve at night); bounseth at the back-stayres as if mad, to whome came Jo. Loveston, one of the grooms, out of his bed, enquires the reason of that distemper at so late a season. Moore tells him he must speak with the King. Loveston replies, 'He is

quiet,' (which, in the Scottish dialect, is fast asleep). Moore says, "You must awake him." Moore was called in. (The chamber left to the King and Moore). He tells the King those passages, and desired to be directed by the King, for he was gone beyond his owne reason, to heare such bold and undutiful expressions from a faulty subject against a just soveraigne. The King falls into a passion of tears: "On my soule, Moore, I wot not what to do! thou art a wise man, help me in this great straight, and thou shalt find thou dost it for a thankful master," with other sad expressions. Moore leaves the King in that passion, but assures him he will prove the utmost of his wit to serve his Majesty; and was really rewarded with a suit worth to him 1500*l*. (although Annandale, his great friend, did cheat him of one-half; so was there falsehood in friendship).

"Sir George Moore returns to Somerset about three next morning of that day he was to come to triall, enters Somerset's chamber, tells him he had been with the King, found him a most affectionate master unto him, and full of grace in his intentions towards him: 'But (said he) to satisfie justice, you must appeare, although returne instantly againe, without any further proceedings, only you shall know your enemies and their malice, though they shall have no power over you.' With this trick of wit he allayed his fury, and got him quietly, about eight in the morning, to the Hall; yet feared his former bold language might revert againe, and being brought by this trick into the toile, might have more engaged him to fly out into the toile, might have more engaged him to fly out into some strange discovery; for prevention whereof he had two servants placed on each side of him, with a cloak on their arms, giving them withall a peremptory order, if that Somerset did any way fly out on the King, they should instantly hoodwink him with that cloak, take him violently from the bar, and carry him away; for which he would secure them from any danger, and they should not want also a bountifull reward. But the Earle, finding himselfe overreached, recollected a better temper, and went on calmly in his tryall, where he held the company until seven at night. But who had seen the King's restlesse motion all that day, sending to every boat he saw landing at the bridge, cursing all that came without tidings, would have easily judged all was not right, and there had been some grounds for his feares of Somerset's boldnesse; but at last one bringing him word he was condemned, and the passages all was quiet. This is the very relation from Moore's owne mouth, and this he told *verbatim*, in Wanstead Parke, to two gentlemen (of which the author was one), who were both left by him to their owne freedom, without engaging them, even in those times of high distemperatures, unto a faithful secrecie in concealing it; yet, though he failed in his wisdom, they failed not in that worth inherent in every noble spirit, never speaking of it till after the King's death."

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 25th of May, the trial of the Earl of Somerset began. The ceremonial was the same as on the previous day, except that the axe was carried before him.* The Earl appeared in the cloak and George and other insignia of the order of the Garter. His dress was of plain black satin, laid (or trimmed) with two satin laces. His yellow hair was curled, his beard long, his face pale, his eyes sunk in his head. His manner was modest, but firm. The indictment having been read, Somerset pleaded "not guilty," and the trial went on.

The Lord High Steward addressed the prisoner, saying he might speak boldly, and urging him to confess the truth, lest his wilfulness should cause the gates of mercy to be shut upon him.

Somerset's bearing was manly and collected; eye-witnesses speak of his constancy and undaunted carriage all the time of his arraignment. At five o'clock he began his defence. He expressed his confidence in his own cause, which he was come there to defend. He acknowledged that he had consented to the imprisonment of Overbury, but denied being accessory to the murder. "Let not you then," he said, "my noble Peers, rely upon the memorative relation of such a villain as Franklin; neither think it a hard request when I humbly desire you to weigh my protestations, my oath upon my honor and conscience, against the lewd information of so bad a miscreant."

With regard to the pardon he had obtained from the King, and in which the word *murder* was inserted, he explained that this word was included in the general words added by the lawyers, and that he had nothing to do with its insertion.

Towards evening the effect of the scene was heightened by the introduction of a number of lighted torches, rendered necessary by the declining light. The torches, added to the crowd assembled in the Hall and the warmth of the weather, rendered the heat almost unbearable. Many persons left in consequence, or were carried out fainting.

Having concluded his defence, the prisoner, after recommending his case to their Lordships, was withdrawn while the Lords conversed together. On returning to their seats, their names were severally

called by the Sergeant-Crier. Then the Lord High Steward, addressing each of the Lords by name, asked him whether Robert Earl of Somerset was guilty as accessory before the fact of the murder of Overbury, for which he had been arraigned, or not guilty. One and all replied guilty. The verdict might have been anticipated, for most of the nobles summoned belonged to the faction that would rise by the fall of Somerset.* The prisoner was then brought up for judgment, and sentence of death was passed upon him. The edge of the axe was turned towards him. The Lord High Steward then broke his staff; the Court dissolved; and the prisoner was led back to the tower. Thus ended the great oyer of poisoning.

One incident of the trial we must not neglect to mention. The Earl of Essex, who, although present at the trial of the Countess, had kept himself out of sight, had, during the Earl's trial, placed himself in full view of his rival.

Although sentence of death had been recorded against the Earl and Countess, no steps were taken to carry it into execution. They still remained in the Tower. Within two months after the trial the liberty of the Tower was granted to the Earl, and he was seen to walk about with the Garter and George about his neck. The Countess's pardon had already received the royal signature and seal, but her release did not follow immediately.

After an imprisonment in the Tower of five years, the Earl and Countess had permission to retire to the country, but their liberty was circumscribed to the space of three miles around their residence.

In the year 1624, four months before the death of the King, James, forgetting, or at all events disregarding the curse he had denounced upon those who should spare any who were concerned in the murder of Overbury, granted to the Earl and Countess of Somerset a free pardon, and settled upon the Earl £4000 a year in land.

But freedom did not bring happiness to Somerset and his Countess; hatred succeeded to love; bitter quarrels disturbed their lives, and peace and quiet were only attained by the cessation of all intercourse. The Earl and Countess lived several years in the same house without communicating with each other. The Countess died, after long and severe suffering from a cancer, in 1632.

* When a peer was tried for felony, the axe was carried before him; when he was convicted, the edge was turned towards him.

* *Amos*, 357.

In the later years of his life, when wearied with the insolence of Villiers, (then Duke of Buckingham,) from which he had not energy to emancipate himself, King James, feeling the return of his old affection for Somerset, or perhaps attracted towards him by the secret which they shared in common, entered again into confidential correspondence with his disgraced favorite. He even consulted Somerset on matters relating to his rival, Buckingham. Some years ago the fair copy, by a secretary, of a letter written by Somerset, in answer to some communication from the King, was found in a small box containing family papers at Nesbit Hall, the ancient seat of the Carr family. The part of this letter quoted by Mr. Amos proves the confidential intercourse which existed between the sovereign and the writer.

Somerset died in obscurity in 1645, a despised and disappointed man. The only child of the Earl and Countess, who was named Anne after the Queen, was married to the Duke of Bedford, and was the mother of Lord William Russell.

Thus have we brought to a close the narrative of this mysterious crime, availing ourselves of the light shed upon the story by the recent discoveries in the State Paper Office. But, notwithstanding these discoveries, the plot remains shrouded in a double veil of mystery and darkness, which it seems almost in vain to endeavor to penetrate. Foremost among the "historic doubts" which throng the subject, two questions, however, seem to stand forth: Who murdered Overbury? and why was he murdered?

We think there is strong reason to believe that the parties executed for the murder—namely, Helwysse, Weston, Franklin, and Mrs. Turner—how guilty soever in intention—and of their evil intentions there can be little doubt, did not really effect it. We entertain no doubt that the wicked Countess had plotted the prisoner's death; but consider that plot failed, probably through the intervention of Helwysse. Of this intervention she was unaware, and therefore believed herself guilty of the fact, as she certainly was in design. Hence her confession.

Taking this view of the Countess's guilt, we of course believe that Somerset was innocent. It was the opinion of his contemporaries that he was accessory to the imprisonment, but that he was innocent of the murder; that he fell, as he himself expresses it, "rather from want of well-de-

fending than by force of proofs." In this opinion we entirely concur.

Now it appears from the documents published by Mr. Amos, that the immediate cause of Overbury's death was the medication administered by the boy Reeve, under the direction of Paul de Lobell, apothecary of Sir Theodore de Mayerne, the King's French physician, who attended Overbury for some months during his imprisonment, and apparently by the King's orders.

But Lobell had no animosity against his victim. He was therefore employed by others. Who were they?

We must answer this inquiry by another. Who had cause to wish his death?

THE KING, we are told, had conceived a rooted hatred against Overbury. The cause of his hatred we can only conjecture. Overbury had insulted the Queen, but this was an offense that would hardly have stirred James's blood. Was it then, this, that the King desired to get rid of one who was privy to the dark and mysterious secret, the knowledge of which gave Somerset, a few years after, so strange a power over his royal master? We are told that Sir Edward Coke, in the trial of Monson, and in his letters to the King, threw out dark hints respecting some fearful plot of which he thought he had found the clue, "yet was rebuked, and lost his place as Chief Justice for his officiousness." Be this as it may, we think it plain that Somerset was acquainted with some secret, the revelation of which would have consigned James to infamy, as the fear that it might be revealed threw him into the agony of terror so graphically described by Weldon. If so considering the intimacy between Somerset and his Mentor,* it may be taken for granted that Overbury knew it too. Those students of English history who believe that James contrived the destruction of the Gowries, will find no difficulty in believing that he also contrived the destruction of Overbury. It is not necessary to suppose that the King actually instructed Lobell to administer the poison; perhaps he only uttered some such significant wish as that which, uttered by Henry II., caused the murder of Becket.

* "Overbury was known to have great interest and strict friendship with my Lord of Somerset."

... he was a kind of oracle to him; ... the time was when Overbury knew more of the secrets of State than the Council-table did." From the speech of Sir Francis Bacon on the trial of Somerset.
—See the *State Trials*.

From Titan.

PERTHES THE PUBLISHER, AND LITERARY GERMANY.*

THERE was a talk, some fifteen or twenty years ago, that the genius of old "Fatherland" was exhausted. Men, while admitting the splendid achievements of the elder Germans—of the Kants, Fichtes, Goethes, Schillers, and Richters—were in the habit of saying: "But that people are doing little or nothing now." Some spoke as if Goethe were at once the Alpha and the Omega of German literature and poesy. Such talk was partly founded on ignorance, partly on that principle in the human mind which leads men to depreciate the present and to exalt the past, and partly on sympathy with the sceptical spirit which had so strongly characterised the elder German authors. Of late years, more justice has been done in this country to the later fruits of the German mind; fruits which, if inferior to the first products of the tree in brilliancy of hue and piquancy of taste, are much superior in the qualities of solid nourishment and healthful influences.

Yet, ere introducing to our readers the great German publisher, whose shop formed that nucleus of the fine cluster of the later school—of Niebuhrs, Neanders, Krummachers, and Tholucks—we are tempted to look back for a little with deep interest and admiration to the more splendid, although more uncertain and dangerous, lustre of the constellation which preceded it. Certainly, in the history of letters, seldom, if ever, was such a distinguished group assembled as met at Weimar. Brilliant the days of Augustus, when Virgil and Horace met and embraced each other under the shadow of Mæcenas; when Livy and Sallust were contending for the smiles of Clio; and when the wondrous Cicero, philosopher, orator, moral writer, epistolist, litterateur, and the more wondrous Cæsar, soldier, statesman, splendid *roné*, orator, and his-

torian, had newly left the stage: brilliant the days of Queen Elizabeth, when Shakspeare and Jonson drank and punned at the Mermaiden; when Burleigh nodded in the council, his nod, like Jove's,

"The stamp of fate—the fiat of a god;"

when Raleigh strode the deck, like Apollo embarked in the ear of Neptune; when Bacon sat on the woolstack, his brows heavy-laden with wisdom, and his heart overflowing with serpentine wiles; and when Spenser poured his most melting, mellifluous, and unearthly strains, and had flowers and poems thrown into his premature grave: brilliant the days of Queen Anne, when Pope, Gay and Arbuthnot mingled their streams of wit, and when Swift infused his gall, and turned them into Marah-waters of bitterness; when each morning the "Spectators" were shed abroad on the world, like soft and snowy blossoms from a tree in May; when Addison was seated in his coffee-house senate, with Budgell as his shadow, Phillips as his echo, Tickell as his weaker *alias*, and Steele as his (never empty) *butt*: brilliant the days of George III., when, in London, Burke and Johnson talked far above singing; and Goldsmith gaped for wonderment, or got pale in envy; and Boswell hurried away to record the conversation in his journal; and Garrick caught some new oddity in Johnson's manner to help him in his next imitation of the sage; and Reynolds, through snuff-watering eyes, watched the faces of the disputants—their words half heard—for a pictorial purpose; and Beauclerk surveyed the whole company with the coolest and civilest of sneers: and when, in Scotland, Robertson and Blair were bowing to each other their gentle contradictions and soft impeachments across the table; and David Hume was playing his rubber of whist, his ideas and impressions forgotten; and Robert Burns was interposing his sturdy sense,

* Memoirs of Frederick Perthes. From the German of Clement Theodore Perthes. Edinburgh: Constable.

rough wit, and round oaths in the intervals of Dugald Stewart's delicate discriminations, and Alison's fine-spun theories; brilliant the days of George IV., or rather, of the "Prince Regent," when, at the "Round Table," or under the "Lion's Mouth" of the "London Magazine," Hazlitt snarled and stormed; Leigh Hunt fluttered about like a bird, bustling with kindness, and overflowing with *bonhomie* and animal spirit; Shelley screamed out his insane sincerities; Lamb stutted, punned, and hiccuped; and John Scott contributed his Norland sense and Aberdonian accent to the medley; and when with us Wilson poured forth his unpremeditated strains of farce and tragedy, of poetry and fun; Lockhart snapped at every subject, like a hungry and angry dog; Hogg ejaculated coarse confusions of thought and language—a chaos which another and greater mind was to fuse and to round into harmony; MacGinn sang, swore, and quaffed; and De Quincey wound along through all the uproar his own quiet, deep current of philosophical and poetic imaginings, tinged with that soft shade which overlies all his better converse as well as writing, and reminds you of his own favorite words:

"The grace of forest-charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy:"

but more brilliant, perhaps, still than any since the Augustan or Elizabethan age, the assemblage of fine spirits, such as Goethe, Schiller, Novalis, Herder, and a host more, which met in or near Weimar, and have made that region not only classical but enchanted ground. The reason of the superiority of this assemblage, perhaps, lies here: it was a cluster of wizards—of creators, of men of original genius. In many of the brilliant groups we have rapidly pictured, there was much more of talent than of genius. But in Weimar there was a reunion of several of the very first minds of that or any age; and on the whole they contrived to live in tolerable harmony; and their light shines on us thick and cruded as that of the Pleiades.

We are far from being idolaters of Goethe. We consider the excessive worship of him by Carlyle and Lewis as, in the first, a mental, and in the second, a moral, derangement. Goethe, as a man, we not only dislike, but loathe. He had all the faults supposed to be incident to

the genial temperament, without that temperament itself. Byron even seems respectable compared to him. Byron was the slave of passion; Goethe sinned on system. Byron was the creature of impulse; Goethe came calm, if not sober, to the perpetration of seduction, and the patronage of suicide. Byron never seduced a female; Goethe many. Byron drank to drown remorse, and to stop despondency on the edge of despair and madness; Goethe to intensify pleasure, and to nourish pride. Sin soured Byron; it agreed with Goethe's constitution, and he continued healthy, and almost happy, with it. Sin was driving Byron latterly toward Christianity; it drove Goethe to a belief in an immoral and lifeless God. Byron shrank, withered, and died on the poisons he had imbibed; Goethe fattened, flourished, and became an octogenarian on their strength. Byron sinned like an erring man; Goethe like a Pagan god, whose wickedness seem all the more intolerable that they are done with a high hand, from a celestial vantage-ground, and without any human-like result of remorse. Both became satirists; but, while the satire of Byron, in its very bitterness as well as fire, proves that the iron has entered into his soul, that of Goethe is cool, sardonic, and seems to mock, not only the objects of its scorn, but that scorn itself. The one, at the worst, is the smile of a Satan, a being of hot heart, disappointed ambition, and awful regrets; the other we may liken to that of Ahirmanes himself, the fabled aboriginal evil god, who may sneer at, but can hardly be angry at, the evil he has himself made, and which has always seemed to him good.

With these views of Goethe's character we, of course, warmly admire his genius. He united qualities seemingly the most incompatible: Horatian elegance with almost Shaksperian imagination; unbounded command over the regions of the ethereal, with the coolest intellect, and stores of worldly wisdom worthy of Lord Bacon. "No writer," Emerson said once, "has less nonsense in his works than Goethe." No writer at all events has turned his nonsense to better account, handled his filth with a more delicate touch. Some of his looser writings remind you of:

"Garden gods, and not so decent either."

but they are formed with all the elegance

of Canova's sculpture. The story of the "Elective Affinities" is one of intertangled abomination, almost incredible; the characters resemble a knot of foul toads, but few indecorous expressions occur. Many of the scenes are exquisitely beautiful; sentiment of a pure and lofty kind alternates with essential *smut*; and close to the fire-springs of guilty passion lie masses of clear, icy, but true and deep reflection. The "Sorrows of Werter," seem to us a wondrously trashy production, and, were it appearing now, would be classed with inferior French novels. It would now fail in producing a single suicide. Altogether, Goethe's works give us the impression of extreme coldness; and not of the cheerful, bracing cold of snow, but of the deadly cold of the grave, if not rather of that cold which Milton has ventured to represent in the very heart of Pandemonium, where "frozen Alps" nod to "fiery," and where alike fire and frost are everlasting. Intellect and imagination, without heart, principle, or geniality, although with considerable power of simulating sympathy with all three, were, in spite of Lewis, the true constituents of Goethe's genius; and Walsingham, in Sterling's "Onyx-Ring," is his perfect likeness.

Schiller was a man of a different order. Perfected through suffering, hardened by endurance, into a mere mass (intellectually) of muscle, brawn, and bone; an earnest struggler; a man of high Roman nature—with a warm heart, but a Pagan creed—Schiller might seem at first sight still more remote from men, and disconnected from general sympathy, than Goethe. But, amidst all his muscular strength, there were weaknesses and foibles in his constitution, and beneath all his iron hardihood there were softening of humanity which have endeared him to the world. Aspiring, like Goethe, to be only an artist, he did not cease, like him, to be a man. His humanity was originally so abundant, that it survived his early and souring struggles, his long devotion to a somewhat paganized philosophy, and a high but cold ideal of art, and was beating in his heart to the last. His final words were, "Many things are now becoming plain and dear to me." Curious question, what were these things? What light on the dread knots which had long perplexed him, and for which his prose essays show that he had found

only a sorry solution, was darted by the radiance he saw rising through the dark valley and shadow of Death? His experience is not at all peculiar. Who has not seen a strange smile shining on the face of the departing, as if they saw some unearthly splendor, or celestial shape dawning on their eyes, or as if they heard the first bells of that city which hath no need of the sun? And who has not noticed that wondrous calm which, often succeeding the most violent anguish, settles down on the dying man, and seems the rest prepared for the people of God arrived before the time? And what utterances come often from dying persons—eloquence from lips that had been dull before—wisdom from the foolish—genius from the clown—the most glowing sentiments of virtue from the depraved! And how do the good sometimes then surpass themselves; and the departing mother, rising from her couch, and blessing or counselling her children, seems absolutely inspired, and rolls out her words with supernatural force, fluency, and beauty, and the silence that succeeds seems that of a shrine newly deserted by the god! "Oh! just, subtle, wise, and mighty Death!" said Raleigh; but he referred to the revelations which follow; whereas the words may be as appropriately applied to those which precede it. There are sometimes "chariots of fire and horses of fire" seen on this, as well as on that side of the Black River. Not long ago, a person whom we knew, and who had been long ill, starting from a brief trance, told his attendant that he had seen, and continued to see, the gates of heaven opening to receive him. It was singular that while this person a few days after, was committed to the dust, a lark rose directly over the grave, and poured down a strain of thrilling harmony till the funeral was over, when the sound ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

There are often apparent, but seldom any real, disparities between a man's character and his genius. As a man's imagination is, so is he. As a man's works are, so is his life. The strong, many work proclaims the strong man. The effeminate writing stamps the cultivated weakling. The impure conceptions of the book come from the foul fancy of the writer. The satire shows the spirit to be either permanently or temporarily soured. The man halting between two opinions,

or two ideals, or two plans of life in his conduct, halts as much in his works. Milton, the semi-seraph, wrote the semi-seraphic epic; Butler and Swift, the unhappy and disappointed, wrote caricatures and libels; Thomson, the lazy lover of nature, wrote languid but beautiful love-letters to her, and these are his "Seasons;" you see Byron's personal defect crippling or convulsing portions of his poems. Christopher North's uncertain position between the serious and the ludicrous, and his veering political, literary, and religious opinions are visible in his "Noctes." And so, if we have accurately described Schiller's character, we need not describe his genius. He was just his own "Diver," "lean and strong"—fearing no danger and no toil in his search after the beautiful and the true; nay, loving to seek them in the very depths of the Maelstrom, and if perishing in the plunge, perishing with the eye of love and the breathless hush of admiration attesting the profound sympathy with which the attempt was regarded. How different the conduct of those dainty bardings, who (Scottice) *tape* their talents, who brood over their eggs for years, and at length produce their young with a portentous cackle, which only more loudly proclaims that they were but *earocks'* eggs after all! How different this from the earnest although mistaken enthusiasm of a Schiller or a Shelley, all whose poems are soba, and the voice of whose wrestling genius often reminds you of the poet's

"Solitary shriek, the bubbling cry,
Of some strong swimmer in his agony!"

All hail to another true-hearted child of Germany and genius, honest, fearless, strong, and simple-minded Jean Paul! From Perthes' memoir, we gather that he was rather dull and tedious in conversation, but so, too, he often was in writing. Endowed with many faculties—with fancy, imagination, language, learning, strong philosophic tendencies and gifts, humor, too, and wit of a certain kind—he seems either to have wanted naturally, or to have lost, his proper proportion of animal spirits. The Frenchman was quite omitted in his composition. Hence he became too much dependent on artificial stimulus to put his vast mind in motion; and hence his vivacity has

often a labored and fantastic air. But let the great soul within him be once fairly roused, by visions of nature, or by memories of early love, or by anticipations of the future life, and no one can so blend pathos with sublimity, beauty of description with depth of feeling, as Jean Paul. What a picture in his "Fruit, Flower, and Thorn Pieces" that of spring! Read in the depth of winter, it brings into the room the smell of roses and the flutter of flowers. As a white substance spread without before your window gives you, even in summer, the feeling, and almost the chill, of snow, so Jean Paul's descriptions warm you with the breath and cheer you with the joy of spring. His night scenes, too, always take you out with him under the canopy, where he is sure to show you a moon waning in the east, large stars burning by thousands in the zenith, some strange clouds, like angel-wings, stretching athwart the heavens, and a few

"Meteors of the storms,
To plough the deep night with their fiery forms."

Night, indeed, was his element, and has suggested to him imaginations profounder, more genial, more hopeful, if not grander or more original, than the "Night Thoughts" of Young. And of his "Dream in a Churchyard," we need not speak. It were enough itself to make his name immortal—enough, itself, shall we say? to demonstrate a God and a future life. The soul capable of such a vision *must* be from God, and *can* never die. It is a proof also that Jean Paul's *forte* lay in the terribly sublime. He, perhaps, loved the humorous better, but the love is not fully reciprocated. His fun seems in general sadly forced work, and you yawn instead of laugh. It has never at least been naturalized amongst us in Britain; and, compared to that of Sterne, it seems vulgar—to that of Addison, Goldsmith, and Washington Irving, overdone and outrageous—and to that of Christopher North, tedious and unmeaning. Indeed it is in extracts chiefly that "Richter," is likely to survive out of his own country.

But we must tear ourselves away from the *Dii Majorum Gentium* of Germany, after repeating a previous remark, that none of these three, nor of their contemporaries, such as Herder, Novalis, Kant, etc., seem to have had any belief in

Christianity as a special revelation from God, or as a special remedy for an abnormal and imported disease in human nature. It is difficult to define their different shades of opinion, but all worshipped nature as God's only and ultimate revelation, although Goethe worshipped nature principally as beauty—Schiller partly as this, and partly as benevolence, saying, with Shelley, "Love is God," and in one of his poems *toasting* "the Good Spirit"—Kant as inexorable law—Richter as the envelope of a higher life—and Novalis as coming to a climax in man, according to him, the true "Schekinah." Let us now turn to Perthes, whom we regard, apart from his many other admirable qualities, as an index and exponent of the reaction which has taken place in Germany in favor of a modified orthodoxy.

As to Perthes' intellectual qualities, they stood deservedly very high. If hardly himself a man of genius, he had a vivid sympathy, as well with the eccentricities and weaknesses, as with the powers of the men of imaginative gifts. He saw little of the splendid group above described, but he intensely appreciated them, and his opinion of Goethe seems very nearly what has been just expressed. His powers were those of acute discrimination, a degree of strong common sense and practical sagacity not common in a German, and a keen interest and just appreciation of all the varieties and forms of his country's literature. To a sound judgment, and large liberal taste, he added the proper degree of enthusiasm. Such are the principal qualities which we would desiderate in a publisher. That he should be an author, or a philosopher, or a poet himself, is less desirable. We have known some specimens of the poetical publisher, but they did not serve to improve our conception of the class. The *poetical* was far from being the *ideal* publisher. Conceive the ludicrous aspect of an intense-looking personage, with blue eyes, yellow hair, and large lips, selling a boy a half-penny worth of paper across the counter, with an air of huge disdain, and then hurrying away to the back-shop to indite an ode to Glencoe, or an imitation of Wilson's "Noctes!" or a little dapper, round man, with a strong Yorkshire accent, whom calling on to settle an account you can not find, because he is "doing" a few sonnets, wherewith to eclipse, if possi-

ble, his *own* Keats, and to astonish his *own* Sergeant Talfourd. We very much fear that the poetical bookseller who pens a stanza when he should be examining his ledger, is a pretty considerable particular prig, and we never intend to publish with such a one. Perthes was of a very different order. A man of highly cultivated mind, an enthusiast, and a sage, he was not actuated by any vain ambitions. He knew, and he kept his own place. He was not the mere slave of a "Reader;" he did not gather helpless opinions about books out of the discordant clang of coteries, or the cross-firing of reviews, he read and judged for himself, and he felt that, had he become a regular author, it were equivalent to a judge leaving the bench, and taking his place to be tried at the bar. His aim was not merely to estimate the literary merit of books, but to infuse a high cosmopolitan and Christian spirit into the whole business of publishing, and to make of it at once an ideal and a moral thing. Oh! for a whole Paternoster Row of such publishers as Perthes!

The intellectual qualities of this remarkable man were subordinate to his moral. He was a thoroughly earnest, true, affectionate, brave, and noble being; genial, too, and with just the due dash (latterly) of the animal in his composition. Coleridge never drew a juster distinction than that between a good and a *goody* man. As a clever acquaintance, in one of his published lectures, professes himself "entirely unable" to understand the difference indicated by Coleridge, we shall try to make it apparent. A good man, then, we take to be a man whose goodness is unpretentious, and who wears it as a humble, although comely garment, not as a flaunting, scarlet robe, who feels it, too, to be a robe *lent* him by another; a goody man is proud of his small virtues and decorums, thinks them (*as they are*) his own, and seems to ask at every one he meets: "Don't you know me, Mr. So-and-so, the celebrated goody man?" The good man has his faults and errors, and does not seek to disguise them, feeling that the acknowledgment of an error is a pledge of sustained effort to get rid of it—*nay*, is that effort begun; the goody man has reached a sort of stunted perfection: the sun of his virtue is so small that its spots are hardly visible, and the faults he has he dexterously hides under loud-

sounding professions, and a great outcry against the same as they occur in the lives of others. A good man is largely charitable to others, while often sternly condemnatory of himself; a goody man has no approbation or charity to spare, except for himself, for other goody men, and for those rich and great persons who, if not goody men themselves, have a respect for such as are. A good man has nothing particular to distinguish him in his dress, manners, or mode of speech; a goody man, wishing to be observed in every step of his way to heaven, elongates his countenance, and solemnizes his style of talk, till it seems the echo of the earth of the grave dropping in a charnel-house. The good man sometimes does imprudent, or says daring things, which make the world stare, and make the goody man lift up his eyes and whisper: "I always thought men were mistaken in him; he has now shown himself in his true colors." The good man, when he hears of some glaring transgression, sighs, and says: "What a pity!" the goody man gives a sham sigh, too, as he cries: "What a scandal! what a burning shame." The good man is not always *thoroughly* orthodox in his creed, but sometimes "wears his rue with a difference;" the goody man is not always orthodox either, and then he thinks that his proprieties and respectabilities will make up for any amount of heterodoxy. He has peculiar tastes and sentiments: prefers Addison's character to Steele's, and Swift's to both. If an infidel, he prefers Combe and Humé to Rousseau and Shelley. If a believer, he thinks Calvin far superior to Luther, shudders at the death of Archbishop Sharpe, while detesting Claverhouse, and shakes his head whenever you talk to him of Edward Irving. Out of good men have come martyrs, poets of the true breed, anti-slavery agitators, not to speak of apostles and prophets; out of goody men have come noble chairmen of Bible societies, organizers of soup-kitchens, aldermen, lord provosts, presidents of the United States, and doctors of divinity all the world over.

Pertthes did *not* belong to this class. It is indeed refreshing to compare his manly form of religion, where you find virtue without austerity and without ostentation, purity without purism, and orthodoxy without cant, with that which prevails not only among goody men, and among Spur-

geon-going multitudes, but among many truly excellent, but partially enlightened Christians. You see his religion not labelled on his brow, or inscribed on his broad phylacteries, but beating in his heart, living in his walk, beautifying his domestic life, energizing his political and publishing labors, and shedding a certain gentle coloring over all the movements of his intellect and his imagination.

His domestic life was, as all the world knows, signally happy. Caroline Claudius Pertthes is a name ranking with those of the noblest female characters in biography. Possessed of a vigorous mind and varied accomplishments, she was none the less, but all the more, a devoted wife, and every inch a woman. She differed from her husband, but only as the tender tenor differs from the deep base; and while in many things opposite, she thoroughly appreciated and warmly loved his character. She answered in all points to the best definition of a good wife: she was a *leaning prop* to her husband. Beautiful the invisible tie uniting the pair; and between his restless energy and public spirit, and her meekness of wisdom, prudence, and domestic virtues, constituting a unity in variety such as the married life has seldom presented. Such kindred spirits to Pertthes as Arnold and Foster were, like him, most equally yoked, but we have always thought that Foster's lady was too much a duplicate of herself—too learned, and lofty, and gloomy; ever doing well to be angry because her husband was so. The two, in their insulation, inaccessibility, and gloom, remind you of two peaks in the Glencoe ridge withdrawn into their own aerial hermitage, cut off by chasms and streams of snow, as well as by elevation, from the lower world, looking at each other with love, at the sun with admiration, but on the valleys and the men below with contempt, and often wrapped in mists and cloudy thunders. In his second marriage, too, Pertthes was eminently fortunate.

The energy of Pertthes was amazing. The quantity of work of various kinds which he went through indicated at once great versatility, great perseverance, a most buoyant spirit, and a temperament infinitely restless. Conducting a very complicated business, he carried on, too, a varied correspondence; and his letters were not mere business notes, but deep, thoughtful outcomes of his mind on a

thousand topics of the day, besides reading extensively, and taking a bold and frequent part in public affairs. His shop and himself formed together the centre of almost all that was intellectually, and spiritually, and politically, active in Germany. In the course of his career he came in contact with most of the celebrated German authors—with Schleiermacher, that profound Christian Platonist, who, first of modern thinkers, tried to form not a scholastic but an ideal philosophy out of Christianity—with Niebuhr, the all-accomplished, the bloodhound of history, following the faintest marks, and feeling the dimmest scents of truth; wise, also, almost above the wisdom of a man in political sagacity and foresight; although disappointed with society, soured at life, and saying, like David: "All men are liars"—Stendel, with his great grammatical and historical powers—Olshausen, with his versatile and teeming imagination—Krummacker, with his ingenious fancies—Tholuck, with his profound critical learning—and greatest of all, morally, Neander, that "Hebrew of the Hebrews," uniting much of the acuteness and learning of Paul with the glowing love and personal passion for Christ which distinguished John; more truly far, what Emerson calls "Swedenborg," "the last Father of the Church." With these, and many others of the same Christian type, Perthes mingled souls, and interchanged sympathies, as well as published many of their works. Yet he was on terms of good-will, too, if not of friendship, with some of the Rationalistic and Pantheistic School; and many in this country will think that he has spoken too tenderly of Hegel and Strauss.

We regret we have not room to dilate on the views which these volumes open up of the literary life and bookselling *pratique* of Germany: to accompany Perthes on his frequent tours; to describe his shiftings of scene in the checkered course of his professional life; or to glance at his connection with the fluctuating and complex politics of "Faterland." Indeed, we do not regret having little time to speak of the subject mentioned in this last clause, since the only tedious parts of the volumes are those recounting the marches and counter-marches—the diplomatic doubles—the endless reactions and re-reactions, and all the other three-piled confusions which make up the recent political history

of the Continent; yet nothing, perhaps, in all Perthes' story serves to show his powers in a more favorable light than the clearness of vision with which he seems to have seen through all those petty complications, and the strong, steady step with which he pursued his own path through the mazes of political intrigue and popular commotion; through and above all these he moved like a beneficent genius.

His religious career remains to be considered, and opens up by far the most interesting passages in his history. He was naturally a man of strong, sensuous passions, and in the struggle with these he pended for a season solely on what he calls rational will. To this extent, at least, he was then a rationalist, and his motto might have been, "Every man the architect of his own eternity," and that, too, by purely intellectual tools. In this he was encouraged by his admiration of the character and writings of Schiller, whose god was art, and whose worship was self-culture. His connection with Jacobi introduced him to higher views, and he began to "listen to the voice of God speaking to, and in feeling." Latterly he met with some men in Holstein and Münster who seemed to be in harmony with themselves, and he discovered the cause of this to lie in the supremacy of love. From the admission of this he passed to the recognition of Divine love as incarnate in Jesus Christ, and as out-poured in the form of grace through the Holy Spirit. He then, and unalterably, took his "stand on the revealed Word of God, as the only word, the only law which is *above* us, holding the essence of Christianity to lie in 'strength and unity through love,' all given by the grace of God, and received by love." Such views he reached after many struggles and wanderings, and retained to the last. He cared comparatively little for the dogmas of creeds, founding his faith far more on love than on logic. His religion was a cheerful habit worn all the week, not a mere Sunday suit of sables. His confidence in the final triumph of true Christianity never faltered for a moment, and this unlimited trust gave him a great advantage in contemplating the endless oscillations of German theology. He stood calm on an eminence which he had reached by effort and toil, and saw—not with the eye of unquiet sympathy, nor with the exaggerative eye of fear, but with still, hope-

ful glance—those billowy movements of the German mind which De Quincy has compared to the restless sand-clouds of the desert, and which might be more fitly, perhaps, likened to those changeful and capricious poms of varied color—those clouds of purple pursuing gold, and gold melted down in fire, and fire fading into dull grey—which appear in a summer-evening sky, leading their tumultuous dance around the steadfast, though sinking sun. We are not qualified to give more than an imperfect outline of the erratic and fluctuating motions of the German theological mind. In Perthes' early days skepticism was almost universal, taking various forms in various minds. In Fichte, it assumed a stern and stoical shape, amounting almost to sublimity, and animating those eloquent closing chapters of the "Destiny of Man," which remind you of the beautiful shapes of snow-covered trees, or the flowers into which everlasting frost sometimes wreathes itself. In Goethe it was allied first with sentimentalism and unmanly despair at the era of the "Sorrows of Werter," and afterward with the calm prosecution of self-culture, as the "Be all, and the End all" of man. In Schiller it began with a fierce Queen Mablike recalcitration against the evils of society, and subsided latterly into a warmer and more energetic pursuit than Goethe's of a similar ideal. In Jean Paul it veered and fluctuated—he, according to Perthes, longed for truth and a settled creed, and yet spoke of the Redeemer as a mere product of the human imagination. Latterly, the influence of Schleiermacher—the labors of Neander—the revival of mysticism—the sorrow and misery produced by the French domination—and the felt inadequacy of Rationalism or Pantheism to satisfy the human heart, to appease the conscience, or truly to elevate the life, led to a strong, but strongly-resisted, reaction in favor of Christianity. Perthes describes himself as brought to religion by a feeling of his own sinfulness, and of his need of supernatural help and Divine forgiveness; Pantheism, denying the existence, of course deadens the sense, of sin: Rationalism dilutes the idea of its guilt, proposes no adequate punishment for it, and scouts the thought of atonement. But Perthes felt from his own struggles that sin was a dire reality; not a mere pardonable result of bodily temperament, but a deep-seated sore in the

soul—that its most dangerous and invertebrate shape was, not sensualism, but pride—the "condemnation of the devil;" and that nothing but divine power, exerted through the love and death of Christ, could gain a triumph for any man over his spiritual adversaries.

He was resting on this conviction, and doing all in his power to extend it to others, when a remarkable event took place in the history of German literature. This was the publication in 1835 of Strauss's "Life of Jesus." Several infidel publications have at different times formed eras in the history of thought. Such was Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Paine's "Age of Reason," and Godwin's "Political Justice." But none of these produced a tithe of the impression in England or in France which the "Leben Jesu" produced in Germany. It fell like a thunderbolt amidst conflicting armies, and both suffered from the shock. On the one hand, the old school of Rationalism was smitten to the ground; on the other, the scientific theology of Schleiermacher and his followers received a heavy blow and great discouragement. Perthes alone continued calm, and predicted the consequences which have actually followed. He foresaw the complete discomfiture of the rationalistic forces. He foresaw the flood of replies which were to appear on the side of orthodoxy; and that these were not to prove entirely satisfactory. He foresaw that the ultimate effect, nevertheless, of the Straussian criticism was to do good to the Christian cause, and to "show that the only alternative is between Pantheism and the Christian faith, and that this was to be the turning-point for many individuals, perhaps for the whole generation." He asserted strongly, that "Christian philosophy can show only the untruth of objections, not the truth of Christianity itself, and that historical science and criticism can show only the groundlessness of objections against the sacred narrative, not the truth of the narrative in general, and much less the actuality of particular events." "Whoever would make the saving truths of revelation his own, or lead others to them, must start from facts coming under his own immediate knowledge. The depravity of all mankind, our double nature, wrestling, weakness, and death, in every individual, and the ardent longing of the whole man for deliverance

from such evils—these are facts, and they form a basis for faith in the salvation revealed in Scripture.” In other words, as the great necessity of a revelation lies in the inner nature of man, there, too, is hitherto the strongest evidence for its credibility. Perthes, knowing Germany well, predicted that the Straussian sand-pillar would soon pass away, probably in ten years; and the prediction has, we understand, been fulfilled. There is now little belief in Strauss’s theory, whatever respect may be still entertained for his ingenuity, learning, and intellectual powers. New forms of infidelity are arising in Germany, to have their brief day like his, and disappear; and Christianity, we hear, is assuming in many quarters the millennarian form, and on the whole is on the increase.

Perthes was sometimes suspected of undue tenderness for Catholicism; but to this he, like Burke, in a kindred case, was led by an aversion to rationalism; thinking that a bad form of Christianity was better than no revealed religion at all. We are not exactly of this mind, and deem it an unsolved problem which of the two abominable things is the more destructive. Sometimes an ill-prepared medicine is worse than a poison. The solution of such a question may probably depend on how different temperaments are effected by differing degrees and varieties of evil. Probably Popery acts more injuriously than rationalism on the clear cold intellectualist; and rationalism more injuriously than Popery on the mind of imagination. Probably it had been better for such men as Schiller, Shelley, and Byron, had they been Roman Catholics instead of sceptics. Certainly it were better that many of the Jesuits should be open instead of secret scoffers. Perhaps, too, there are states of society and eras in history when the one is more pernicious than the other, and *vice versa*. But the question is complicated, and always refers to a choice of evils; while we are ready to point to enlightened Protestant Christianity as what we deem a more excellent way than either Rationalism, or its *alias* Pantheism, or Popery, and to predict the approaching doom of all three.

Perthes, while strongly, though sanctifiedly, sensuous to the end; while keenly alive to all the innocent pleasures of this life, contemptuous of every shape of anchoritism; and while an ardent admirer of the beautiful and the sublime in nature,

was, at the same time, justly indignant at the doctrines of the rationalists about the sufficiency of the material universe and at their attempts to evolve the secrets of Divine mercy and wisdom by means of chemistry, physics, and botany. His language on this subject is very strong. He quotes with approbation Lalandes’ saying, “I looked into infinite space, but I saw no God.” He adds, “Nature never could have given us a personal God—only the Son has revealed the Father; and had not the Son revealed God, we must have denied him.” Hear again his awful words—awful in themselves, and because his character and Christianity invest them almost with angelic authority: “Throughout the animal world I see a process of mutual destruction, and the natural fate of man is misery and sorrow. Children are ever dying of the poison distilled from parental sins; youth is wasted in vain endeavors; the prime of life is tortured with monotony; and old age bewails a scheme of life, or many schemes of life, not fulfilled. There is no doubt a well-spring of life in man; but *nature will not allow it to become clear*. No one has portrayed the terrors of nature, and the cruelty of its decrees, so as to show that whoever would worship the God of nature must *even fall down and worship the devil*. The goodness of nature is a dream.” This is the secret of Paul’s language when he represents nature “groaning and travailing in pain, and waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God.”

These words may seem too bold; and yet they start thrilling suggestions, which are beginning to take root in some Christian minds, although they have found distinct shape as yet in none, and are as yet chiefly valuable as a reaction and protest against the contemptible cant of our nature worshippers, who ignore that fearful shade which rests on the universe, or would transfer it to Christianity; and who prate about “the Divine meanings” of nature, and its intrinsic divinity. Nature proves a *great* mind, but neither an infinite mind nor a being absolutely good; it leaves both these questions unsettled, or to be settled only by the turn of a die of metaphysical speculation, or in accordance with the testimony of temperament; so true it is that “No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, *he* hath declared him.” That the devil made the material

universe we do not believe; but, in some inscrutable way, he and his agents have interwoven evil with it, with every part of it with which man, at least, comes in contact, so inextricably, that nothing less than a supernatural force can separate the bad from the good. This we believe to be a deduction from the whole spirit and doctrine of revelation. He is the "God of this world," the "Prince of the power of the air," and the "whole world lieth in the Wicked One." And it is impossible, we think, for any man with a heart to contemplate many of the fearful phenomena in the natural and providential worlds, without revolting at the thought that they all proceed from a God. This is not unduly to limit the omnipotence of God. *That, in effect*, although not in theory, is limited by the resistance of man's wicked will already. We only show this resistance *extended* into regions where many think that only *one* mind is working and (horrible blasphemy!) complacently creating conditions and circumstances which render iniquity, injustice, and undeserved suffering inevitable, and, on the showing of nature worshippers, everlasting.

Along with tendencies toward such speculations, rather than such speculations matured in his mind, Perthes united the most cheerful, simple, and practical piety. "Not to love God," he says, "is sin; and to love him constitutes deliverance from sin." A sentiment like this, while suggesting humanity, suggested also a desire to be away from a world where there was so much tending to cloud the character, and cast doubts on the love, of God. But here we note a remarkable difference between his desire for death and that of Foster. Foster was anxious to be delivered from the earth shadows principally because they clouded *himself*; Perthes, because they clouded *God*. Yet Perthes' trust in God was far more instinctive and profound than Foster's, and was so, partly, because he had views as to God's utter disconnection with the evil and misery of the universe, which Foster had little conception of. The last cry of Foster was essentially that of Goethe—"Light, more light;" that of Perthes was for more, "Love and humility." Foster's cry meant, "Give me more light, else I cannot expect to have more love hereafter than I have here." Perthes meant, "I shall take more light gladly, but I expect it to come hereafter, as it has come to me here, through

the channel of love and lowliness. The one was the cry of a man who had learned to love God through light; the other, who had seen God through the atmosphere of love. The wish of Foster was more that of a baffled but hopeful man of genius; the wish of Perthes was more that of a yearning child looking toward the wall of his nursery, warmed by the radiance of the unseen sun, and eagerly expecting more heat and light when his father shall throw open the casement.

Nothing can be lovelier or more impressive than the death-bed of Perthes. A late excellent divine did not gain his ardent wish to die slowly, and "know all about death." Perthes, if he had ever had such a desire, was gratified in it. He tasted the cup slowly. He saw the enemy so long and so near that he ceased to fear him, and lay in a serene state, expecting the conclusive blow. We have heard of, but never seen:

"The bed
Of sin delirious with its dread."

We have seen the spirit in pain, eager to be away, writhing out of its earthly tenelement, and stretching up the hand impatiently toward the coming glory. But there was no impatient haste about Perthes. He lay, even in anguish, calmly confronting and studying the great fact of death, knowing that it was the first and the last opportunity he had of seeing it, just as one passing through a rugged chasm of rocks and gloom darts his eye the more eagerly at it, that scenes of a very different kind, of beauty and summer flowers, are near, and already looming before his imagination. His expressions were full of faith, hope, submission, and love. For instance, he said: "Thanks be to God, my faith is firm, and holds in death, as in life. For his dear Son's sake, God is merciful to me a sinner." His dreams, which had been distressing, became delightful. He often prayed, and repeated hymns aloud. "When he folded his cold hands, and prayed from his inmost soul," writes his daughter, "we too, were constrained to fold our hands and pray; it was all so sublime, so blessed, we felt as though our Lord Jesus Christ were with us in the room. His last audible words were, 'My Redeemer—Lord—forgiveness.' It had now grown dark. When lights were brought in, a great change was visible in his features; every trace of pain was gone,

his eyes shone, his whole aspect was, as it were, transfigured, so that those around him could only think of his bliss, not of their own sorrow. He drew one long, last breath; like a lightning flash, an expression of agony passed over his face, and then his triumph was complete. Immediately after death, a look of peace and joy settled on his face." Thus passed away the meek, yet strong and elastic, spirit of one whom we may call, *par excellence*, the Christian Publisher.

We shall close with a few general remarks, written before we read Perthes, but containing, we are proud to say, some remarkable coincidences with his views.

Many and dark are the dangers which at present encompass Christianity. And yet there are several considerations which tend to alleviate somewhat the gloom. We are not to confound the battlements of Christianity with Christianity itself. These are often in reality the objects of assault, and while we are trembling for the foundations, the external buttresses alone may be in danger. Church establishments, for instance, are, in our judgment, only battlements, and not Christianity. Popery is another old and crazy battlement; its splendor just the ghastly lustre which shone in ancient houses infected with leprosy; it is not Christianity, and the sooner it falls the better. Even our creeds, excellent and, in the main, true as they are; even our ecclesiastical organizations, powerful as they still seem; even our pulpits, great as is the good they still do; even the office of the Ministry, honored, and deservedly honored, as it still is, are not identical with Christianity. Christianity is independent of them; and though they were all ignored to-morrow, she would remain intact—her doctrines, her facts, her text-book, her spirit, her blessed hope, would still survive, for they belong to the Imperishable, the Infinite, and the Divine.

Let us remember the recuperative and elastic vigor of Christianity. It is the child of the tempest, the nursing of the storm. What jeopardies it has surmounted already! It survived the fierce reaction of Paganism against it, produced by the genius and energy of Julian the Apostate. It survived the long night-mare of Popery; at the era of the Reformation, the vigor of Christianity returned, it threw off the accursed load, and breathed free again. Two hundred years later it

encountered the crude science and materialistic philosophy which had been collecting their sweltered venom during the whole eighteenth century, and which at last, through the mouth of the French Revolution, vomited it out, mingled with fire and blood, upon the nations. This tremendous assault, too, Christianity repelled, and came out from the struggle crying: "Some of the artificial ornaments and needless props, which men had lent me, I have dropped; but I have lost nothing of my true virtue, vigor or glory." And if any one tells us that it is now for the first time to lose its elasticity, to be shorn, like Samson, of its giant locks, to become weak as other systems; nay, as some of its adversaries tells us, to be reduced to the mere serf of science, and to grind in the dungeon instead of ruling in the house—we reply, No! Sooner than submit to such a destiny, it shall rather, like Samson, bring down the pillars of the house, and let "Darkness be the burier of the dead." "*Heaven and earth*," said its Founder, "*may pass away, but my words can not pass away.*"

Let us rather rejoice in the present severe sifting of the character, claims, and evidences of Christianity, satisfied that it must issue in good. Let us ever distinguish between things and mere circumstances or words. Christianity is one thing, be it said again, and churches are another. Christianity is one thing, and creeds are another. Christianity is one thing, and even the best of its schemes and the strongest of its external defences are another. And the time may be come when God in his providence is to strike all these crutches, one after the other, away; to stamp age and decrepitude upon them all; to strip, as it were, our religion to its native power and simplicity, and not till it be thus stripped shall it be able, like a strong athlete, to gain the race; and not till it be reduced to its primeval elements will God probably aid the Christian faith in the same extraordinary way in which he aided it at first. We say, fearlessly, let the sifting go on. Things may require to be worse ere they are better. Let intellectual men continue to flock away, as, alas! they are flocking away, from our churches. Let philosophers in their secret conclaves take the untruth of Christianity for granted; let politicians treat it simply as an earthly fact and a matter of mere policy; let misled and unhappy men o

genius rave at it as an "old Jew-lamp that has gone out;" let even friendly critics of the evidences find them only problematical: all this might have been expected, all this had been foretold, all this is rather to be desired, all this never touches the real merits of the Christian case, nor affects the verdict which man's heart and conscience have long ago returned in favor of real Christianity; all this, even while thinning our professed ranks, ought to intensify the zeal, hope, and activity of those that remain; and all this may bring on a crisis, when men in their misery and darkness, sick of mere science and philosophy, shall return to Christianity again, and say to a Saviour whom they had rejected, but who was still waiting at the wayside, with the lamp unquenched in his hand, "Lord, to whom can we go but unto thee? Thou only hast the words of everlasting life."

A friend of Perthes writes him, and he homologates the following sentences: "It is well to study and systematize our faith;" but it is incapable of demonstration by

any theology. Science in theology is no match for Straussism. The *Church will stand* for all that, *but theology will fall.*" Perthes himself says: "It was through the consciousness of sin, in the forms of sensuality and pride that I came to recognize my need of redemption, and the truth of God's revelation in Christ. Whoever disdains this way will wander through speculation and mystic symbolism to Pantheism, if he be intellectual. You say the Church has need of science. I doubt if any one was ever led through science to faith till his very bones and marrow quivered under this question: 'Oh! wretched man that thou art! who shall deliver thee from the body of this death?'"

We close this article by strongly recommending these volumes to every one that sympathizes with the history of the German mind; to all who admire characters where high intellect is surmounted and sanctified by a still loftier moral nature; and to all who delight to study the life and the death of a meek and humble disciple of Jesus Christ.

From the Edinburgh Review.

RIGHTS AND LIABILITIES OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.*

THE Session of 1856 was distinguished by a movement in both Houses of Parliament in favor of the legal rights of married women, which was one of the most important subjects brought before the Legislature; and we trust that the Ses-

sion of 1857 will complete this amendment of the law by a measure alike demanded by justice, good policy, and humanity. The Lord Chancellor having introduced into the House of Lords a Bill for enabling divorces to be pronounced in particular cases by a judicial tribunal, Lord Lyndhurst seized the opportunity to procure the insertion of some clauses, which should secure to wives ill-treated by their husbands certain pecuniary rights, though divorce be not obtainable. In the Lower House, Sir Erskine Perry brought forward certain resolutions for the purpose of contrasting the rigid rules

* 1. *A Review of the Divorce Bill of 1856, with Propositions for an Amendment of the Laws affecting Married Persons.* London: 1857.

2. *A Letter to the Queen on Lord Chancellor Cranworth's Marriage and Divorce Bill.* By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. 3d edition. London: 1855.

3. *MACQUEEN'S Rights and Liabilities of Husband and Wife.* London: 1849.

4. *Die Ehescheidungsfrage vor den Preussischen Kammern.* Berlin: 1855.

of the Common Law with the more liberal provisions of Courts of Equity respecting the rights of married women to the enjoyment of property. As the Divorce Bill was brought down to the House of Commons at too late a period of the Session to allow of its being carried through that House, and as the Government are pledged to introduce a Government measure on the subject, we propose in the present article to examine the state of the law, and the principles of legislation, with reference both to the question of divorce and to the rights of property which it may be expedient to confer on married women.

It is obvious that these two questions are quite distinct: they form entirely separate subjects for legislation, each involving considerations and reasoning peculiar to itself. It would seem, therefore, that the views which Lord Lyndhurst impressed on a Select Committee of the House of Lords, last Session, with respect to the maintenance and position of married women separated from their husbands, should find a place rather in a Bill regulating the property of husband and wife, than in an organic law for divorce. We shall therefore consider the two questions separately.

The Parliamentary proceedings of last Session on this question have been reduced to a convenient form in the useful volume which stands at the head of these observations; and this treatise is a valuable contribution to the discussion of the subject from the long experience, the remarkable sagacity, and excellent sentiments of its author. Mrs. Norton has pleaded the same cause with more than her wonted eloquence, energy, and warmth of feeling in her "Letter to the Queen," which rapidly passed through no less than three editions; and, although we do not entirely concur with these accomplished writers in their estimate of the evils of the existing law, or in all the measures proposed for the amendment of it, we cordially recommend these publications to the consideration of our readers and of the Legislature. The time is past when the law could annihilate, by a fiction, the rights of one half of society, and repudiate the claims of that portion which stands most in need of legal protection. The problem we have to solve is, how to preserve the rights of both parties from violation under the pretext of matrimonial authority, without impairing the

strength and sanctity of that obligation in those more numerous cases in which it is itself the best guardian of mutual happiness and security.

Divorce in the early Christian Church, like the institute of marriage itself, appears to have been governed more by the Roman law than by the precepts of the Fathers or by any supposed injunctions in the Gospel. During the better times of the Commonwealth a Roman husband was only permitted to put away his wife on the grounds of her adultery, of designs by her against his life, or (quantly enough) of her employment of false keys. Subsequently a similar power was given to an injured wife in gross cases of wrong. As each party was thus invested with the right of divorce, it soon followed that mutual consent was deemed sufficient to dissolve the marriage tie without any other cause. The shameful extent to which this liberty was carried, we know from Juvenal and other satirists under the Empire. Justinian was the first of the Christian emperors to impose restrictions on divorce, which he did by abolishing mutual consent as one of the grounds, and by limiting it to certain grave causes. The early Fathers were divided in their views as to the lawfulness of any dissolution of marriage: St. Ambrose, St. Epiphanius, and some of the early councils allowed it in the case of adultery, as the Greek Church does to this day; but St. Augustin was of a different opinion; and his views have prevailed with the Church of Rome, which at the Council of Trent declared the law of the Church to be that marriage was a sacrament and indissoluble.

At the Reformation, the Protestants were unanimous in holding that marriage was not a sacrament, and as they deemed that divorce on just grounds was sanctioned by Scripture, the Popish tenet of indissolubility of marriage was universally rejected. In England at the present day, marriage, no doubt, is indissoluble by law, and hence the necessity of a Private Act of the Legislature to dissolve the knot; but that such was not the doctrine at the Reformation is clearly proved by the proceedings in the Marquess of Northampton's case, and by the *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*, which was compiled by the leading ecclesiastics of the day, under a commission from Henry VIII. In Lord Northampton's case, he divorced his wife in the Ecclesiastical Court *a mensâ et toro*

for adultery, and married again. The question as to the validity of the second marriage being raised before the King's Council, it was referred to a Commission of Delegates, consisting of the Archbishop of Canterbury (Cranmer,) and nine other bishops, who, having taken the opinion of learned civilians, pronounced the marriage to be valid. The *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*, which was chiefly the work of Cranmer, recommended that in cases of adultery, malicious desertion, long absence, or capital enmities, the marriage should be dissolved, with liberty to the injured party to marry again. But as Edward VI. died before the reforms thus proposed in Ecclesiastical Law could be embodied in a statute, the law remained unaltered.

It is not therefore to be wondered at that, as the Ecclesiastical Courts, which retained jurisdiction over questions arising out of the marriage contract, administered the old canon law of Europe, and as High Church views and a tendency towards Rome prevailed so strongly in those tribunals, England should have pursued a different course from other Protestant countries, and should have reverted to the old Popish doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage. Accordingly, in 1601, this was solemnly adjudged to be the law in the Court of the Star Chamber, when, according to the reporter of the decision, the former opinion that a divorce by the Ecclesiastical Court for adultery was a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*, was changed, and adultery was held to be only ground for a divorce *a mensâ et toro*.

From that decision arose the necessity of an appeal to Parliament to dissolve, by the inherent powers of the Legislature, the binding effects of a marriage contract. This course was not resorted to till 1669, when Lord Roos successfully carried a Bill for the purpose through both Houses of Parliament. Similar measures were adopted in the same century by the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Macclesfield; and these three cases, which are all that occurred up to the commencement of 1700, Mr. Macqueen tells us, form the foundation of the modern practice of dissolving marriages by special Act of Parliament.

It appears by returns which have been furnished that about four marriages are thus dissolved annually by Act of Parliament; and the sole causes which are recognised by the Legislature as grounds

for enacting such a *privilegium* are, adultery on the part of the wife, and adultery, accompanied by aggravating circumstances, on the part of the husband.

We may complete this short statement as to the law and practice of obtaining a divorce in England, by adding, that the ordinary course, in conformity with the requisites of the Legislature previous to passing an Act, is, a civil action for damages by the husband against the adulterer in the Common Law Courts, and a suit by the husband against the wife for a divorce *a mensâ et toro* in the Ecclesiastical Court. In the case of an injured wife, the action at law is, of course, not brought. The cost of these different proceedings, and of the prosecution of a Bill through both Houses of Parliament to dissolve the marriage, is usually estimated at a thousand or twelve hundred pounds.

It seems to be admitted on all sides that the present state of the law cannot be allowed to continue. The spectacle of four or five wealthy individuals every year being allowed to obtain relief from a domestic grievance by purchasing, as it were, an Act of Parliament, is so outrageous, so contrary to the boast of equal laws and equal justice, which we all assume our Constitution confers on the community, that directly the question is once distinctly raised, there is obviously no issue, except in the total abolition of divorce, or in a law which shall open the remedy to all classes.

If marriage be considered a mere civil contract independent of any sacramental obligation which religion may superinduce, it would appear to follow from the essential nature of contracts, that it is capable of being dissolved at any time by the will of the contracting parties. Two persons seeking mutual happiness, and believing it to be attainable by embracing the married state, enter into what are called the bonds of matrimony; but if experience proves that they have made a mistake, and that instead of happiness they have produced misery, instead of love, loathing, the argument is plausible that the law ought to allow them to un rivet those chains which they have voluntarily assumed.

But this argument, which appears in all discussions on the Divorce question, was never better answered than by M. de Portalis, in the Conseil d'Etat, under Napoleon I., when the chapter on Divorce in the Code Civil was under review:

"Le mariage, dit-on, est un contrat; oui, dans sa forme extérieure, il est de la même nature que les autres contrats; mais il n'est plus un contrat ordinaire quand on l'envisage en lui-même dans son principe et dans ses effets. Serait-on libre de stipuler un terme à la durée de ce contrat, qui est essentiellement perpétuel, puisqu'il a pour objet de perpétuer l'espèce humaine? Le législateur rougirait d'autoriser expressément une pareille stipulation. . . . Le mariage a encore un autre caractère: il ne subsiste pas pour les époux seuls; il subsiste pour la société, pour les enfans; il établit une famille."

It is clear, therefore, that other grounds must be found for the propriety of divorce than those which apply to the rescinding of an ordinary contract.

The only grounds which can operate upon a legislature, assuming that divorce is not forbidden by any precept of Christianity, are the effects produced upon society and morals by holding the married knot to be indissoluble. Unfortunately it is not easy to obtain any moral gauge by which to determine the operation of divorce on society. Catholic writers inveigh loudly against the ordinary effects of Protestantism in relaxing the sanctity of marriage, and in introducing the most frivolous grounds of divorce. Protestants, on the other hand, point out the depravation of morals in Catholic countries as the inevitable result of an opposite system.

If we refer to statistics, the facts which offer themselves point at no clear conclusion in favor of either view; for while the divorces in Prussia, whose Protestant population is under ten millions, amount on an average to 2,939 per annum, the divorces in Scotland, which is more exclusively Protestant than Prussia, with a population of three millions, only amount to 37 per annum. Again, although the illegitimate children who are born in one Catholic country (Bavaria) amount to 1 in 5, it appears that in those provinces of Prussia where divorce is allowed, that is, in the Protestant provinces, the illegitimate births amount to 1 in 12, whereas in the Rhine provinces, which are exclusively Catholic, such births only amount to 1 in 26.* Catholic Ireland as compared with

Protestant Scotland affords a similar example. Moreover, on comparing the results which facts of this nature present in a Protestant country, which allows of divorce, (Prussia,) in a Protestant country which does not practically allow of divorce (England,) and in a Catholic country where divorce is entirely forbidden, (France,) the moral statist will not find conclusions to support any positive theory.*

On the whole, the correct inference seems to be that the state of morals in a nation is influenced by other causes than the existence or absence of a legal power to divorce.

Clear grounds then being absent by which to determine the propriety of divorce as a civil institution, it is probable that the question will be decided by Protestants more as a matter of feeling than of argument. Public opinion at present appears to be strongly in favor of divorce on the ground of adultery by the wife; Lord Lyndhurst and other champions of the fair sex are for giving equal rights to the women where the husband is the offender; and even the House of Lords, in the Bill which they framed, has extended the categories under which injured wives may claim divorce. But we believe, if the choice lies between the unlimited power of divorce which prevails in many Protestant countries, and the total absence of divorce which practically exists in England, that the instinctive good sense as well as good feeling of the country would be nearly unanimous in favor of the existing state of things.

The different forms which marriage has assumed in different parts of the world—polygamy with one nation, polyandry with another, compared with the institution so thoroughly European, of monogamy—prove conclusively that the union of one man to one woman for life, consi-

* *Number of Illegitimate Births.*—Prussia, 1 in 13.55; England 1 in 15; France, 1 in 13.77; Paris, 1 in 3.79.

On this comparison, the country which allows of divorce would appear to present the worst state of morals of the three; and the unexpected result shown by the French returns seems to prove that English self-complacency on this subject is somewhat exaggerated. On the other hand, if the returns from Bavaria are examined, it will be found that female purity, judged by this test, is far greater in the Protestant provinces where divorce is allowed, than in the Catholic districts where it is not; in the former, illegitimate births being 1 in 12.49, in the latter 1 in 3.81.

* The following table was lately cited in the Prussian Chamber on a discussion of the divorce question:

Illegitimate births.	Divorces per 100,000 souls.
Province of Prussia, 1 in 12.65	93
Posen " 18.79	—
Brandenburgh 10.77	93
Westphalia 24.08	3
Rhine Provinces " 26.87	3

dered merely as a human institution, is the wisest, the most stable foundation for a civilized society that has been framed by the wit of man, or by the sanction of religion. Experience as fully proves that that state of society which encourages great facility of divorce has always been marked by notable depravation of morals. But it seems to admit of equally clear demonstration, that when once the principle of divorce is admitted, it is impossible logically to draw any line by which it shall be restrained within due bounds.

Adultery by the wife appears to most Protestants to be a just ground for putting an end to legal cohabitation. But why? Because it destroys the aim and object of conjugal life, and forbids its ever being accomplished. If this principle is carried out to its consequences, it will be found to embrace innumerable cases. The Bill of the House of Lords specifies five different grounds for divorce.

1. Adultery by the wife.

2. Adultery by the husband, accompanied with cruelty, or (3) with incest, or (4) with bigamy, or (5) with wilful desertion. But Lord Lyndhurst, in Committee, proposed four other cases as just grounds for divorce in favor of the wife; and it seems impossible to hold that in all such cases the aim and object of conjugal life are not equally defeated.* With respect to what appears to us the extremely objectionable ground of divorce, *mutual*

consent, the forcible observations of Lord Stowell cannot be too often repeated:

"When people understand that they *must* live together, except for a very few reasons known to the law, they learn to soften, by mutual accommodation, that yoke which they know they cannot shake off; they become good husbands and wives, from the necessity of remaining husbands and wives; for necessity is a powerful master in teaching the duties which it imposes. If it were once understood that upon mutual disgust married persons might be legally separated, many couples who now pass through the world with mutual comfort might have been, at this moment, living in a state of the most licentious and unreserved immorality."

Yet it cannot be denied that many cases occur in married life to which no such observations are applicable—cases in which *mutual disgust* as completely destroys the object of conjugal life as adultery, and makes cohabitation equally impossible. Cases of incompatibility of temper of such aggravated character occasionally occur as to make it impossible for two persons who can possibly live separate to live together. Unless grounds of general policy intervene (as we think they clearly do) to prevent the dissolution of such ill-assorted unions, it is difficult to resist the general reasoning which demands that the happiness of two individuals should not be sacrificed, and their morality exposed to undue temptation by the unyielding fetters of the law of marriage.

Exactly similar difficulties to those now pressing on the Prussian Legislature arose in the Conseil d'Etat under Napoleon, on the occasion we have alluded to above. The subject was discussed for many days under the Presidency of the First Consul; but although the opinions and feelings of the eminent men who sat in that Council were preponderating against incompatibility of temper and mutual consent as grounds for divorce, they were, nevertheless, admitted into the Code. Napoleon probably assigned the true ground for their admission. "Vouloir n'admettre le divorce que pour cause d'adultère publiquement prouvé c'est le proscrire absolument: car d'un côté, peu d'adultères peuvent être prouvés; de l'autre il est peu d'hommes assez éhontés pour proclamer la turpitude de leur épouse." The provisions of the Civil Code of France, by which divorce was legalized, were however, abrogated in 1816; and we do not be-

*The Allgemeines Landrecht, or Civil Code of Prussia, promulgated by Frederick William II., enumerates seventeen distinct grounds of divorce; the sixteenth and seventeenth of which are: (16,) Great Aversion; (17,) Mutual Consent, where there are no children (*bei kinderlosen Ehen*.)

This word *kinderlos* (childless) has not yet received its final construction in the Prussian Law Courts; and it is still doubtful whether it means, where there are no children, where there never have been children, or where there are no children and there is no hope of having any.

But although the moral evils of facile divorce are clearly perceived and deplored by the governing classes in Prussia; although it is computed that from one-third to one-half of all the divorces in that country are founded on the grounds mentioned in the last paragraph, which, perhaps, may be comprised under the term caprice, yet the difficulties inherent in the subject are such, when a verbal definition of the causes authorizing divorce has to be framed, that although the Government has been carefully considering the subject since 1825, and the Session of 1854 was especially occupied with a Bill framed by Government with the view of remodelling the Law of Divorce, the task has hitherto baffled all the wisdom of Prussian statesmanship.

lieve there is any disposition on the part of the French people to restore them. Other remedies, short of divorce *à vinculo*, are afforded by the French Law.*

The opinion, we believe, is universal amongst the educated classes in French society that it is contrary to good feeling and good taste to expose the frailties of a wife to the publicity of a Court of Justice. When a domestic misfortune of this class occurs, it is deemed wiser and better to bow before it in silence; and the emancipation which a husband may gain by a public *exposé* is thought to be dearly purchased by the injury thereby inflicted upon the children and upon his own character. Unless we are much mistaken, similar views have prevailed among the higher classes in England during the last twenty-five or thirty years. At least, it is only in this manner that we can account for the non-appearance of noble suitors in our Law Courts in that class of actions which, at the commencement of this century, called forth those impassioned addresses of Erskine which are still unrivalled in the forensic eloquence of the English bar.

It may not be unsafe to predict, that if the House of Commons thoroughly investigate the subject of divorce, with the view of introducing it as a legal institution, they will find that various grave questions will arise for solution, such as

* In a recent Report to the Emperor of the French (August 1856) the Minister of Justice states, that in 1853 the number of cases of *Séparation de Corps* submitted to the French Tribunals was 1722; in 1854 the number was 1681. Of these 1681 cases, 1410 were for ill-treatment, 116 for adultery by the wife, 109 for adultery by the husband, 46 for condemnations to infamous punishments. Moreover, in these cases, 1242 separations were granted, 174 were dismissed, and 265 were abandoned on the reconciliation of parties by the Judge. In relating these facts Mr. Macqueen remarks: "The moral spectacle presented by these returns is not depressing, the greatness of the French population being considered. The total number of separations is little more than 1200. Only 225 are for adultery. The others, about 1000, are for outrages, cruelty, and penal misconduct. The question is, Does anything like the half of that number of similar delinquencies occur every year in England? Are they without redress? Is it fit they should continue so?" The number of applications for *séparations de biens* (a distinct proceeding from the *séparations de corps*) was 4293; but of these, 1281 were refused by the Court. The number of married couples existing in France exceeds six millions; consequently, the annual proportion of *séparations de corps* is as 1 in 5000 marriages, and of *séparations de biens* as 1 in 2000.

are not touched by the Bill sent down by the House of Lords last Session. That measure, if it be looked upon merely as a substitution of an efficient legal tribunal for the joint jurisdiction hitherto exercised by Courts of Law, by the Ecclesiastical Courts, and by the House of Lords, undoubtedly removes a great blot in our system. But it is impossible not to perceive that the Bill contains principles of far wider application; that if divorce is really to be made a legal remedy applicable to all classes, local courts of some kind of other must be invested with the jurisdiction; and that the Legislature, before it sanctions the introduction of divorce into our manners as a legal right, available both to poor and rich, must clearly define the principles on which alone it should be allowed.

In the mean time, there are many questions connected with the property of married women which are pressing for solution, and if a satisfactory law could be passed to secure to women their own acquisitions or property bequeathed to them by their friends, it would go far to obviate the necessity of any alteration in our laws with regard to divorce.

In the greater number of cases of misconduct in married life it is not a second marriage that is sought for by the injured party, but relief from the pressure of the marriage law affecting property. An injured husband seeks to throw off the liability to support a worthless wife, a deserted wife seeks to protect her earnings from a profligate husband. Cases of this kind occur every day in society; they form practical substantial grievances capable of being remedied by law, and the attention of the Legislature has been pointedly called to the subject.

It appears that during the last Session upwards of seventy petitions with 24,000 signatures attached have been presented to Parliament, complaining of the law of property as it affects married women; and if such petitions are to be weighed *pondere non numero*, it will be found that the names attached comprise some of the most eminent thinkers of our day, and nearly all the distinguished women who have made the present such a remarkable epoch of female literature.

In truth, it must be admitted that married women have received but scanty justice as to rights of property under the law of England. The codes of France,

Spain, Prussia, Austria, Denmark,—of, we believe, every European nation,—consider a married woman as a citizen capable of holding property and of entering into contracts under certain conditions; they admit the possibility of a husband exerting his marital rights to the prejudice of a wife; and they invest the latter with the legal means of protecting her pecuniary interests. The English law is unique in making the act of marriage a gift of all a woman's personal property to her husband; it is unique in vesting in her husband all subsequent acquisitions and bequests. If we endeavour to ascertain the reason of this divarication of English law from the codes of the other Christian nations of Europe, we shall find that no clearly recognized line of policy has dictated the rule, but that it has grown up partly, perhaps, from accident, partly from the greater portion of our code being judge-made law, and the natural tendency of judges in favor of husbands whose interests were more immediately brought to their notice.

The early English law, like the law of all the Teutonic races, was remarkably just to women, and herein differs greatly from the laws of other early nations in similar states of civilization. The Anglo-Saxon wife took on her husband's death a third part of all her husband's freehold lands, called her dower, and retained unaltered by the act of marriage, her own landed estates. The Anglo-Saxon husband, by way of mutuality, obtained a life-estate in his wife's lands when he survived her, but only in cases where there had been a child born to the marriage. The wife's personal property, it is true, became blended with the personal property of the husband, and was at his sole disposition; but she became entitled at his death to a third part of this common stock, or to one half of it if there were no children. The formula, therefore, in the Church of England's office of matrimony, wherein the husband assures his wife at the altar that he endows her with *all* his worldly goods, was wholly significant and true. This continued to be the theory of the law as to the mutual rights of husband and wife so late as the reign of Charles I. But it became altered in favour of husbands, as Blackstone informs us, "by imperceptible degrees;" the meaning of which is, not that the Legislature adopted any new principle, but that the judges

gradually sanctioned the attempts of husbands to oust their wives of the rights conferred on them by Common Law. Thus, the Courts recognized the validity of wills by which men devised away their whole property, including the widow's share, which in Scotland, Germany, Scandinavia, and in most parts of France, remains to this day her inalienable provision. So also with her claim to dower,—judicial decision denied it to the widow out of the equitable lands of her husband, but the claim of the latter, called his courtesy to the equitable lands of his wife, was recognized. Subsequent decisions and acts of the Legislature have now almost entirely destroyed the rights of widows to any provision at all out of the land of her husband; and we cannot do better than quote the remarks of Mr. Macqueen on the last statute which was passed on this subject, in 1834.

"The widow's dower—on the faith, peradventure, of which she has married—is by this clause put under the absolute power of the husband, to sustain, to abridge, to mutilate, or to destroy. No wife, therefore, can be safe under this law unless she have had a settlement. Whether *that* is a fit rule for an enlightened people to adopt in the most important of all contracts I leave others to discuss; only observing, that if husbands were uniformly wise, just, and generous, the enactment might pass without comment. Looking, however, at the world as it is—remembering that husbands are occasionally apt to be improvident, thoughtless, capricious—that they sometimes even quarrel with their wives, and upon slender grounds—that they are not always free from sinister influences, especially in their languishing and dying moments—and, finally, adverting to the great power which the law gives them in other respects over the wife's property and person—this provision of the Act does seem, upon the whole, one of the most unsatisfactory and inexplicable in modern legislation."

In fact, it may be said that, practically, the widow's right to a life-estate in one-third of her husband's landed property is as completely extinguished as is her right to one-third of her husband's personality.

By the law of England, then, the contract of marriage transfers to the husband the whole of the personal property of the wife; it also vests in him all personal property subsequently acquired by her, either by bequest, by donation, or by her own exertions; it also gives him the administration of her landed estates, and at her death the possession of them for his

life, if there should chance to have been a child born of the marriage. The right of property which the wife acquires by the marriage are a possibility of succeeding to one third of the husband's personal estate, where he dies intestate, and the right of dower in his freehold estates if he neglects to deprive her of it. She also acquires the right to bind her husband for necessities suitable to her position in life, if he omits to supply them, for although the law is said to throw upon the husband the obligation of maintaining his wife, there is no direct mode of enforcing this obligation, except in the case of paupers, where a wife becomes chargeable to the parish.

As the law regulating the right of a wife to bind her husband by her contracts is a matter that comes home "to the business and bosom" of many, we subjoin a *précis* of it, which we gather principally from Mr. Macqueen.

This power is founded on the doctrine of agency, and is similar to that of a partner to bind a firm. Wherever a question arises as to the husband having authorized his wife to contract the debt, the question, as a question of fact, is for the jury to determine. But as jurors are apt to be influenced by discordant views on this subject, sometimes sympathizing with husbands who are linked to extravagant wives, sometimes with a brother tradesman who is prosecuting his claim, it is not to be wondered at if their decisions are somewhat fluctuating. It is to be observed that the tendency of modern juries is to find a verdict in favor of husbands.

The law in this respect was mainly settled by a number of cases brought against an unhappy special pleader, to whom the Law-Reporters generously gave the pseudonym of Benedict. Mrs. Benedict appears to have been most ingenious in obtaining credit from different tradesmen, and each in his turn tried his fortune in the Law Courts by an action against the husband. From these cases it appears, that when a wife is living with her husband, if in the ordinary administration of her household she gives orders for commodities suitable to her position in life, the presumption is, that she has the authority of her husband, and he will be bound. But in such case he may rebut such presumption of law, by showing that the household was already well supplied, and that his wife's orders were unwarranted.

So also in the case of dress. The wife has an implied authority to pledge her husband's credit for articles suitable to her station: he sees the dress or ornaments which she wears, and therefore but little evidence is required to prove his assent to the orders she has given. But if the purchases have been extravagant, far above what is needed by the position of the wedded pair, and has not been recognized or sanctioned by the husband, the jury will then have to decide whether the wife acted with or without the authority of her husband, and in the latter case he is absolved. Thus in a recent case, where the husband was sued for a milliner's bill, amounting to some thousand pounds, for articles furnished to the wife during a single season, the extravagance of the bill alone seems to have justified the jury in presuming that the husband had given no authority to contract such a debt.

When the wife is living separate from the husband a different rule prevails, as then there is no presumption that she has authority to bind him even for the necessities of life. The law requires the wife to cohabit with her husband, and if she leaves his roof and contracts debts, it is for the tradesman who supplies her to ascertain that the separation from her husband is justifiable, and that from her husband's conduct towards her she has a right to pledge his credit. Lord Tenterden, who laid down this law on several occasions, observed:

"When a wife lives with her husband he may in general be taken to be conversant of her contracts. But when they are living separate, it is for the party seeking to charge the husband to make out the proof that he is liable. If a shopkeeper will sell goods to every one that comes, he must take his chance of being paid. It lies on him to make out by full proof his claim against any other person."

The cases in which a husband is liable where a separation has occurred arise, first, when he has deserted his wife; secondly, when he has turned her out of doors, except in cases of her adultery; thirdly, when his misconduct has compelled her to quit his roof; and fourthly, where the separation has been by mutual consent, unless he at the same time provides her with a separate and sufficient maintenance.

Where an officer in India left his wife in England with an annual allowance,

which was regularly paid, the judge held, in an action brought against the husband for goods sold, that this was not to be treated as a case of separation, but that the questions for the jury were, first, whether the goods supplied were necessities, considering the husband's rank in life; secondly, whether the allowance to the wife had been sufficient; and, thirdly, whether it was notorious in the neighborhood that the wife was living in a style beyond her husband's station. The jury found a verdict on all points in favor of the husband.

As examples of the unsystematic manner in which the English law has dealt with the liabilities of a husband for the acts of his wife, it may be stated, that if she prefer articles of the peace against him, he is liable to the attorney for the costs, on the ground of it being his duty to provide necessities for his wife. But he is not so liable if she indicts him for an assault; the judge quaintly remarking, that "it cannot be maintained that an indictment against the husband for assaulting his wife is a necessary."

It has been seen by this statement of the law of England, that it is extremely harsh in its operation on married women, so far as property is concerned; and it must strike an intelligent foreigner with wonder, that in a country like England, in which women are supposed to hold so high a social position, a law of this character should have been allowed to retain its place in our *Corpus Juris*. We think that this point has been well explained by the Law Amendment Society, who have drawn up a careful and instructive report on the Law of Property as it affects married women. They say: "the unreasonableness of the Common Law of England on this head, and its unfitness for the relations of modern civilized life, are so self-evident, that the Legislature would have been called upon long ago to enact more liberal and larger provisions, had not Courts of Equity stepped in to correct the antiquated rules and harshness of Courts of Law."

It is well worthy of remark by the philosophic student of our laws and customs, to note the mode in which, in this instance, Courts of Equity supported by public opinion have usurped the province of the Legislature to repeal provisions of the Common Law. The Common Law, in giving all a woman's personal property to her husband, proceeds on a principle at

all events intelligible and distinct: viz., that as the charges of the marriage are thrown upon the husband, the property also should be placed in his hands. It seems also to have been tacitly recognized, that submission by the wife to her husband, and conjugal harmony, would be best promoted by denying to the wife all rights of separate property.

Now this reasoning may be sound or otherwise, but the course adopted by Courts of Equity which have sanctioned the attempts of private parties to confer separate property on married women, is clearly a violation of the principle of the law. It is also in violation of one of the leading principles of equity—namely, that equity follows the law. At the same time, it must be admitted that the decisions of the various great men occupying the woolsack—from Lord Nottingham downward—we have recognized the propriety of married women enjoying separate property, and being invested with all the rights of ownership, have done much to soften the harshness of the Common Law, to place the women of the upper classes on a par, as to legal rights, with those of continental Europe, and thus far to render the interposition of the Legislature less imperative.

It is not easy to state in a few sentences the expedients which are adopted, or the devices which have received the sanction of Courts of Equity, to mitigate the severity of the Common Law, and to confer on married women the rights of property.

It may be sufficient to say that, by transferring before marriage a woman's personal property to trustees, the sole and exclusive enjoyment of the interest or dividends may be committed to herself. She may, also, in many cases, have as complete disposition of what is called her separate estate as if she were single; and by the law of England, which herein differs from many codes, a single woman enjoys exactly the same rights of property as a man. But in order to protect married women from the influence of their husbands, a clause called the "Non-anticipation Clause," was invented, during the last century, by some skilful conveyancer; and, having received due sanction from Lord Chancellor Thurlow, now finds a place in most ante-nuptial settlements. By this clause a married woman is not allowed, under any emergency, to dispose of the principal of her separate estate.

Again; in order to prevent husbands obtaining possession of legacies and donations made to the wife, Courts of Equity will recognize and protect the property as belonging to the latter, if apt words are used in the will or deed, expressing that the separate use or benefit of the wife is intended by the donor.

It appears from this statement, that no father can secure an independent provision for his daughter; no woman, whatever the amount of her personal estate may be, can rescue it from her future husband, unless an attorney be at hand to frame the requisite provisions which shall evade the grasp of the Common Law. Moreover, a legacy or gift to a married woman, for the express purpose of securing her a sufficient maintenance, can never be safely made without the interposition of men skilled in the law, and the employment of technical phrases.

Two main objections present themselves to this state of things: First, that the palliatives which it allows to a harsh provision of the law are only available to those who are wealthy enough, provident enough, and sufficiently well-informed to have recourse to professional agents. Secondly, that there are many cases, even among the upper classes, where these palliatives have no operation—in the case, for example, of a fortune descending upon a married woman under an intestacy.

With respect to the first objection, it may be observed that it embraces the case of the great majority of the women of England. Lord Lyndhurst remarked in the House of Lords that nine tenths of the marriages celebrated in England are contracted without any settlements at all; and it is evident that this applies not only to the lower classes, but to all those classes engaged in trade, or other callings, who have no fixed capital or property to be so settled. To all who marry without any previous settlement, the Common Law, as we have above stated it, applies in all its harshness. We are enabled to give a few examples of the operation of the law amongst the industrious classes. The first is a letter addressed, during the last Session, to a member of the Legislature; and, from personal inquiries which we have made into the circumstances, we believe that the principal facts may be relied upon.

"I was married at an early age, being not yet sixteen, having lost both my parents many

years before. I became acquainted with my husband, B. T., who was by trade a journeyman printer. From the first week of my married life I commenced working at my needle, as well as performing all the household duties such as our humble state required. My husband continued to work at his business as a printer during three years after we were married: but the nature of his occupation was very precarious, he not holding a permanent situation, and it being the time of the panic. However, with our joint efforts, we had, at the expiration of three years, contrived to save £50, and with that sum took a very small house and shop in — for my business as straw-hat manufacturer, for which we paid rent £25 per annum.

"Very shortly after our removal there, my husband discontinued entirely his trade, and we lived from the proceeds of my business, the nature of the same preventing the possibility of a man being either industriously or actively engaged in it. We there continued some short time. I had been very prosperous in that small way; and at that period, being arrived at the age of twenty-one, I received a small property left me on my mother's side: he, as the law prevents a married woman receiving money without the husband's signature, took possession of it.

"We then removed to larger business premises, situated —; and I can affirm, excepting in cases of indisposition, I never quitted my business, and frequently in the busy season have worked from sixteen to eighteen hours incessantly. From that time forward I continued increasing my business until we took fresh premises in —, for which we paid £210 per annum. I was at that time making money very rapidly, my husband still continuing out of business, and, as necessarily followed, he had the control of my business. I still continued to increase my business largely, making money fast. My husband became extremely selfish and dissipated: having by nature a very weak mind, he formed bad associations, and from them commenced all the misery of myself and family. He was also exceedingly whimsical in his selfishness, indulging himself in everything that money could procure; took lessons in writing, music, had a French master, a riding master, and took lessons in swimming.

"Things went on from bad to worse, until at last it was no common occurrence for him to absent himself for four or five months together, returning only in the daytime to take the proceeds of my business. In the year 18—, my husband was supporting two women in one apartment. I discovered the residence of the relatives of one of them, and finally took her to them, hoping she would be prevented continuing the acquaintance. I also took away at the same time an iron chest containing the title-deeds of the various properties he had acquired by my labors—leases of houses, railway stock, East-India stock, &c. &c.; and I managed, by the kindness of a friend, to keep it secured from him during six months. But at the end of that time, my husband,

finding that he could not get any more dividends, or rents, or money to squander on his paramours, returned to my house, and, after many protestations that all he desired was to live respectably and retrieve his character, and live with me and our children, of whom we had seven living, I listened to his tale and gave him back all his property, or rather mine, without any conditions.

"This was on a Friday; and on the Sunday following, whilst I and my children were at church, my husband absented himself, having taken with him his personal property, leaving me with my children perfectly destitute; and from that day to the present time we have never seen him. He then converted all the property into money, and left me penniless, having sold the lease of the house in which I had carried on business.

"As the law allows a married woman no position, I was compelled to live upon the charity of my friends until my sons should attain the age of twenty-one. We then, through the continued kindness of friends, obtained the lease of another house, where I with my daughters carry on a small business for our daily subsistence—being a servant to my son, as the law allows a married woman nothing in her own right. But, being gifted (for a woman) with great business capabilities, I continue to subsist; although, after toiling for twenty-nine years, as natural consequences I find my strength and energies considerably impaired.

"Still I shall not consider what I have suffered in vain, if this my simple case could be of the smallest utility in alleviating the sufferings of my countrywomen."

A case mentioned by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords is a type of a very numerous class under the present law. An industrious woman in Belgravia having been deserted by her husband, set up in business as a lady's shoemaker, and met with great success; but after three years' attention to her trade, the husband, discovering that there was something to be got, suddenly made his appearance, swept off the furniture and the stock-in-trade, collected the outstanding debts, and again disappeared with his paramour. Again and again this operation has been performed; and only the other day a crowd was collected at a shop in the Pantechmicon to witness the acts of a husband (who, we are happy to think, is not an Englishman) asserting his rights of property under English law.

Here is another case of the same class detailed in a letter by a lady:

"I was in Paris in 184-, on a visit to Dr. and Mrs. B., who took me to a milliner, Madame M—, in the Rue Castiglione. She was an

American from one of the Carolinas, and, being very clever, and engaging in her manners, she was a great favorite with English visitors. Her husband was a great profligate, and lived separate from her, but he was encouraged to come to her tea-table on Sunday evening, when she paid him a weekly sum for his expenses. Some English ladies of rank promised Madame M. good patronage if she settled in London, and in an evil hour for her prospects she determined to do so. She was very successful, and very careful; but her husband found out her abode, and, to her horror and surprise, collected all her monies due, seized everything she possessed, and, turned adrift in the world, she returned to just and equitable France. 'Oh! Madame R.," she exclaimed to me before she went, "how can you live in such a country as this?"

If we descend lower in the social scale, we shall find innumerable cases of the tyranny and injustice which the law now allows a husband to exercise over his wife's acquisitions. The husband, in the following instance, ought to have been sent to the treadmill; but, according to law, he was only doing what he would with his own:

"A respectable woman named —, having been many years in service, had saved a considerable sum of money, when she was sought in marriage by a man of suitable age and plausible manners, and their wedding shortly took place. She had given her "bank book" to her husband, but on the very day of the wedding he said to her, "I have not such good health as I used to have, and do not feel equal to supporting a wife; therefore I think you had better go back to service." The woman, as might be supposed, in a state of indignation, replied, "Very well, I will go back to service immediately, but give me back my bank-book." "Why," replied he, "as I don't feel able to work just now, I require the money, but you can go as soon as you like." So she turned away too heart-broken to speak, left the vagabond, who had gone through the marriage ceremony as the only legal means of obtaining her money, and, returning to service, has never seen him since. I had all this from her own lips."

We will mention another case which illustrates the rights of the husband to dispose of *his* property by will:

"A lady whose husband had been unsuccessful in business established herself as a milliner in Manchester. After some years of toil she realized sufficient for the family to live upon comfortably; the husband having done nothing meanwhile. They lived for some time in easy circumstances after she gave up business, and then the husband died, bequeathing all his wife's earnings to his own illegitimate children. At

the age of sixty-two she was compelled, in order to gain her bread, to return to business."

The following incident in one of these melancholy histories of domestic treachery is thus related by the solicitor of the parties:

"A young lady, *of age*, eloped from the house of her parents with a military officer. She was possessed of a considerable fortune, consisting of stock, standing in her own name, in the public funds. I was immediately called upon by her mother, a lady of rank, and together we arrived at the church, in time. The marriage had not been celebrated. But no legal opposition could be offered. The marriage was therefore postponed for four-and-twenty hours only—being all the respite that could be obtained—on the understanding that consent would not be withheld, and that the lady's portion should be settled. In the short interval articles for a settlement to be subsequently made were prepared. Neither time nor opportunity was afforded for the preparation of an actual settlement, with the appointment of trustees, and transfer of the stock. The articles were executed in the vestry, and were attested by the officiating clergyman. There was a solemnity in the transaction of the affair which inspired me with some confidence in the bridegroom. But reflection, induced by habits of business, led me, unknown to the parties, to place a *distringas* on the lady's stock. Notwithstanding the execution of the articles, and although the draft of a settlement was framed and approved, and trustees nominated, the husband and his solicitor, on the suggestion of the latter, prepared with evidence of the marriage, identity, etc., went to the Bank of England, for the purpose of selling the wife's stock, without her knowledge, in exercise of the marital rights of the husband. They were prevented by the *distringas*. The stock was saved and settled, in spite of marital rights. The solicitor of the husband was to have received £500 for his *professional* advice and assistance in this nefarious plot."

It may be said, and we believe with justice, that the cases we have been citing are exceptional. In the great majority of cases, good sense, good feeling, deference to public opinion, undoubtedly operate upon husbands to prevent their exerting the powers given them by law to selfish purposes. But the question naturally arises, Why should the law in such exceptional cases give the husband powers so easily to be abused?

From the statements we have made as to the law, we think that few will be disposed to deny that some change is required. It is not consistent with justice that a man should acquire a large fortune

with his wife, and be allowed by law to bequeath it the day after his marriage to his illegitimate children. It is not consistent with justice that a man, whose misconduct has been such as to compel his wife to quit his roof, should be enabled by law to retain the whole of her property, and appropriate all her subsequent acquisitions. It is not consistent with justice that when a wife is enabled to earn a large income, the husband by law should have the power of squandering it without any means open to the wife of securing the least provision for herself and children.

No one, we think, will deny that cases such as these are scandals to our law, and if they are rectified and provided for in other codes, why are they not so by the law of England? The first principle of a sound marriage-law seems to be, that parties should have the power of making whatever antenuptial settlement of their property they choose, but in the absence of special agreement between husband and wife, there are only two satisfactory modes of regulating the enjoyment of property during the married state; either each party should retain his own property, with joint and several liability for the charges arising out of wedlock, or the property should be thrown into a common stock, the administration being left to the husband, and the right of the survivor to share in the common stock being secured by law. The first is the method adopted by the Roman law, the second is founded on the principle of community of goods, the *communio bonorum* of the civilians, and prevails in a very large proportion of marriages in France.

There is much to be said in favor of the sole administration of the common stock being given to the husband: it accords with the principle of our law, it is consonant with the views inculcated by our religion as to the due subordination of women, it is adapted to an active and improving state of society, in which the easy transferability of property is one of the main conditions of progress. But between giving the husband the administration of the wife's property, and giving him the entire property, there is an immense chasm. The reasons for the first are to be found in the propriety of placing the funds of the marriage in the hands of that party on whom the liability for the charges of marriage rests by law—in the avoid-

ance of causes of discord, which separate pecuniary interests might engender—in the simplification of transactions respecting property; but all these reasons disappear when marriage is dissolved, and also when cohabitation has ceased, either by mutual consent or by desertion.

Under the law of France and many other States of the Continent, where the principle of community of goods exists, it is open to the wife at any time to get her own property and acquisitions secured to her, in case the husband should be a spendthrift or dissolute, and her share in the common stock is as clearly defined as that of the husband. But although the provision in the English code which gives a woman's personal property absolutely to her husband is tinged with injustice, and although, as we have seen, it does not accord with the original principles of our law, still great legislative difficulties present themselves if it is desired to confine the husband's rights over such property to mere administration; to apply, in fact, the same law to the wife's personal estate as to her landed estate.

Where the *communio bonorum* exists, as in the Scotch and French law, the exigencies of society require that the husband should have power to make absolute title to such personal property of his wife as is under his control; and the only mode in which the wife is recompensed is by allowing her to stand as a creditor against his estate, and by her right to succeed absolutely to a share in the common stock. If a similar provision were introduced into the English law it would, from the immense fortunes consisting of personal property which are to be found in this country, frequently give wives, who had been perhaps penniless, so large a claim on the personal estates of their husbands, as to shock all ordinary notions of justice. The simplicity of the arrangement by which the woman's personal property becomes the property of the husband, coupled with the fact that the women of England, in comparison with the men, are generally very slenderly endowed, evidently form the causes which maintain the present system, and which tend to perpetuate it.

If an institution, however, in the present day is felt to be unjust; if practical evils are found to flow from it, daily experience proves that it must be grappled with, and some remedy attempted. We

have a strong conviction that the English law with respect to married women, anomalous as we have shown it to be, is not founded on sound principles, and that justice to one half of the community demands that sounder legislation should be adopted. It is often said, that if we wish to ascertain the tendency of our Anglo-Saxon institutions, we should observe what is going on in the United States of America, and there we find, in the present instance, that in the great majority of States which have adopted the English law they have introduced amendments to give married women the benefits of separate property.

The Americans have preferred the principle of the Roman law to that which prevails in France and Germany; and most of the States of the Union have embodied, in one form or another, the views of the Legislature of New York. The following clause, from an Act passed in 1850, by the State of California, is a specimen of their latest legislation on the subject:

"All property, both personal and real, of the wife, owned by her before marriage, and that acquired afterwards by gift, bequest, devise, or descent, shall be her separate property; and all property, both real and personal, owned by the husband before marriage, and that acquired by him afterwards by gift, bequest, devise, or descent, shall be his separate property."

Between these two modes of giving protection to married women, we think the preference is due to that which allows of their holding separate property, and which is already reorganised by Courts of Equity. If the principle of our law is to be maintained, that marriage is to operate by way of gift to the husband of all the wife's personal property, justice to the latter requires that she should have a vested right in the common stock thus increased by her goods; and this vested right we see that the codes of all nations who recognize community of goods confer upon her. Where there is an equal partibility of an inheritance, as in France, between both sexes, this provision seems capable of just application; but to give a vested interest to the wife and her relatives in the husband's personality, hardly seems suited to the state of things in England. Moreover, a vested interest in the common property is of little value to the married woman unless it can be asserted in cases of ill-treatment, profligacy, and desertion. In all such cases the wife ought to be able

to obtain the protection of a court of law, so as to secure her in the possession of her own property, her own acquisitions and earnings. This remedy is open in continental states, where a system of local courts is established; but England, with its centralized establishments, and very imperfect development of local tribunals, is scarcely ripe for it. Even graver objections, we think, are to be found in the encouragement which thus would be offered to married couples to resort to legal tribunals on any pecuniary difference arising. That law, *ceteris paribus*, will always be found the wisest which executes itself; and we may be sure that if a husband can only be coerced into a just line of conduct by the intervention of a law court, innumerable instances will occur where the wife will shrink from resorting to the remedy.

On the other hand, the provision, which secures to each party in the married state his own property and acquisitions, recommends itself by its extreme simplicity. A law which gives a woman's property and earnings to her husband is artificial and at variance with the received doctrines on which the theory of property is based. The earnings of a woman may be as great and as independent of all external assistance as those of the husband—why should not the same law regulate the enjoyment of such property? In such a state of things it would be requisite that the law should throw upon the wife the responsibilities of property, and liability to the charges of the married state. The anomalous, and in many cases unjust, liability of the husband for debts contracted by his wife before marriage, which necessarily arises now that a wife's whole property is given to the husband, would disappear. But these would be beneficial changes in the law which would operate directly in favoring providence and morality; and by increasing the responsibilities, would elevate the social position, of women.

The argument which is usually advanced in favor of the existing law, is that it would breed discord in families if the wife were allowed by law a separate pecuniary interest. We think there are two complete answers to this objection. First, in the great majority of cases, where harmony and the clear recognition of mutual

interests at present prevail, and which, for the honor of our nature, we rejoice to think is the normal state of marriage, the same springs of action which lead husbands to devote their property to the common objects of the marriage, would act, and probably with far greater force, on wives having property of their own. In those cases where harmony does not exist, where the separate interest of each party comes to be considered, it is only right that the wife should be protected by law in her interests as well as the husband.

The second answer is perhaps more conclusive, because it is drawn from a wide experience. It has not been found that the giving rights of property to the married women of France and Germany has produced domestic discord. Or if this example be set aside, we may refer to what takes place in the upper classes of our own society—that is to say, amongst those with whom education, large experience, and the power of carrying their views into effect, have most influence. No well-advised man in England who gives ten thousand pounds with his daughter chooses that the law should make a present of it to the husband, or is deterred from settling pin-money upon her by the fear that the separate interest thus created will produce dissension. We see by the marriage settlement of the Duchess of Norfolk, so long ago as 1684, that the practice of giving separate incomes to women of rank was then in full force, and from that day to this the practice has gone on increasing of securing an independence to married women. We may assume, therefore, that society has pronounced in its most thoughtful and provident circles in favor of a separate interest in married women, to be called forth whenever occasion requires it. The question for the Legislature at the present day is, whether the law should not frame equally provident provisions for those who have been too thoughtless, too helpless, too ignorant, or wholly unable to make them for themselves. Such is the great office of the law in all other relations of life, and in none is its beneficial operation so much required as in that institution which affects the peasant in his cottage equally with the sovereign on her throne.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE THREE NUMBERS.

THE annals of the police of all countries present the darkest pictures. Take any civilized government—and the greater the civilization the greater the crime—examine its records, not forgetting those of dreadful acts which, though known to the authorities, have escaped the punishment of human laws; read, and shudder. No one can long hold office which brings him face to face with crime, without coming to the painful conclusion, however unwillingly, that there is nothing possible that man—ay, or woman either—will not do. If a passion be once permitted to take a firm hold of the human mind, there is no gulf, however deep, into which that passion's slave may not be dragged.

It has been said of the police of our noble and brave allies, that its officers are better informed than even those who sit in the confessional. For the guilty, whether of vice, baseness, or crime, do not tell their own story—which very few relate without adding, almost unconsciously, some favorable coloring—but have it told for them by agents of every rank of life, who are ever on the watch, and seem to have the receipt of fern-seed, and walk invisible. The French police was, and is, seldom at fault. Under some of its chiefs it seemed omniscient. The universal knowledge and precision of the police at Paris, under the lieutenancy of M. de Sartines, were exemplified by a story that made some impression at the time. A provincial magistrate of experience and talent, who was dining with the lieutenant, expressed his doubts as to the efficiency of the system, and declared his conviction that the machinery was far from being so complete as M. de Sartines believed it to be. His host assured him that he was mistaken; but, warmed by the good wine, he roundly asserted that he would be in the capital without the knowledge of M. de Sartines. The controversy ended by the guest backing his opinion with a wager, which M. de Sartines accepted; and the magistrate departed, saying, as he took

leave of his host, that he was as sure of the louis which were staked as if he had them in his purse. "We shall see," said M. de Sartines.

The magistrate left the city soon afterward, and remained for some time in the country. He then took every precaution, disguised himself, and arrived alone, late at night, at an obscure hotel in the outskirts of Paris. After taking a slight refreshment he went to bed. Next morning, before he rose, he received from M. de Sartines a dinner-invitation for that day.

But though the guilty seldom escaped, instances were not wanting of perpetrators of the most atrocious crimes eluding the grasp of the police, to whom they were sometimes, though very rarely, unknown, till after they were beyond the reach of any human tribunal. One of these rare instances we shall now narrate.

In the year 1807, a working shoemaker, named Picaud, lived at Paris. On a Sunday, and dressed in his best holiday suit, the young and very nearly handsome bachelor presented himself to a small coffee-house keeper, his equal in rank and age, but richer, and unfavorably known for his envy of all who prospered around him.

Matthieu Loupian, like Picaud, was born at Nismes, like him had come to try his fortune in the great city, and had set up his establishment near the Place Saint-Opportune, where he had very good custom. He was a widower, and had two children—somehow or other few Frenchmen have more—left to him by his deceased wife. Three of his neighbors and friends, all from the Département du Gard, were with him.

"What's all this?" said the master of the house. "Eh, Picaud! How fine you are; one would declare that you were going to dance *las treilhas*!"*

"I am going to do better, my Loupian, I am going to be married."

"And whom have you chosen to plant

* A popular dance in Lower Languedoc.

the matrimonial appendages on your head?" said one of the auditors, named Allut.

"Not the second daughter of your mother-in-law, for in that family they do it so clumsily that yours have broken through your hat."

The rest looked, and beheld a considerable solution of the continuation of the front of the crown of the hat of Allut. The laugh was loud and long, and with the gay shoemaker. Truth wounds, and Allut did not laugh.

"Joking apart," said Loupian, "who is your intended, Picaud?"

"La de Vigouroux."

"What! The rich Margaret?"

"The same."

"But she has a hundred thousand francs," cried Loupian.

"I will pay her in love and happiness; and I invite you all, gentlemen, to the mass, which will be said at St. Leu, and to the dance afterwards, which will take place at the *Bosquets de Vénus, rue aux Ours*."

The four friends could hardly mutter their thanks, so confounded were they by the good fortune of their comrade.

"When are you to be married?" inquired Loupian.

"Next Tuesday."

"Tuesday?"

"Yes, I count upon you all—am going to the Mayoralty, and thence to the house of M. le Curé!" and away hurried Picaud. Those whom he had left looked after him, and then at each other.

"Is he lucky, this droll?"

"He is a sorcerer."

"Such a beautiful, such a rich girl!"

"To be married to a cobbler!"

"And Tuesday is to be the marriage day."

"Yes, three days hence."

"I'll lay you a wager," said Loupian, with a black look, "that I will retard the fête."

"Why, what will you do?"

"Oh! a bit of sport."

"What, pray?"

"A charming pleasantry. The commissaire is coming this way. I'll tell him that I suspect Picaud of being an agent of the English: you understand. Upon this they will send for him, and interrogate him. He will be in a fright, and for eight days at least the marriage must wait."

"Loupian," said Allut, "this is beyond

a joke: it is a bad game. You don't know Picaud—if he finds you out, he is capable of revenging himself severely.

"Bah! bah!" said the others; "one must have some amusement in the Carnival."

"As you please; but I warn you that I have nothing to do with it: every one to his taste."

"Oh!" replied Loupian, sharply, "I don't wonder at thy head ornaments; thou art a capon."

"I am an honest man; thou art an envious one. I shall live peaceably; thou wilt die wretchedly. Good night."

With this, Allut turned on his heel; and so soon as he was gone the trio encouraged each other not to abandon so pleasant an idea; and Loupian, the inventor of the proposition, promised his friends to make them laugh *à ventre débouffonné*. Two hours afterwards the commissary of police, before whom Loupian had let his tongue run, did his duty like a vigilant officer. Out of the prattle of the *cafetier* he composed a superb report in true commissary style, and handed it in to his superior. The fatal note was taken to the Duc de Rovigo; it coincided with the revelations of movements in La Vendée. No doubt Picaud was the go-between between the south and the west. He must be a person of importance, and his assumed trade only served as a mask to the gentleman of Languedoc. In short, in the night between Sunday and Monday, the unhappy Picaud was apprehended in his chamber with such mystery that no one saw him depart, but from that day all trace of him was completely lost. His relations, his friends, could not obtain any tidings of him, and at last ceased to inquire about him.

"Time rolls its ceaseless course;" 1814 arrives; the Imperial Government falls; and from the castle of Fenestrelle descends, about the 15th of April, a man, bowed by suffering and age-stricken, more by despair than by time. In seven years, one who knew him and looked upon him might say that he had lived half a century. But no one will know him; for he does not recognize himself when, for the first time since his incarceration, he views himself in a looking-glass at the wretched inn of Fenestrelle.

This man, who in his prison went by the name of Joseph Lucher, had served,

more like a son than a servant, a rich Milanese ecclesiastic, who, indignant at the conduct of his relatives, who had abandoned him in his affliction, in the hope that it would soon do its work, and leave them in possession of his great fortune, had not trusted them with the credits which he possessed in the Bank of Hamburg, nor with those which he had placed in the Bank of England. Moreover, he had disposed of the chief portion of his domains to one of the great dignitaries of Italy, and the annual rent was payable to a banker in Amsterdam, who was charged to transmit the money to the wealthy prisoner.

This noble Italian, who died on the 4th January, 1814, had made the poor Joseph Lucher the sole heir to about seven million francs of property, besides imparting to him the secret of a hidden treasure of about twelve hundred thousand francs in diamonds, and of at least three millions in specie, in the form of Milanese ducats, Venetian florins, Spanish pieces of eight, French louis, and English guineas.

Joseph Lucher, liberated at last, travelled rapidly towards Turin, and soon arrived at Milan. He acted with caution and prudence, and at the end of a few days found himself in possession of the treasure which he had come to seek, with the addition of antique gems and admirable cameos, all of the highest value.

From Milan, Joseph Lucher went to Amsterdam, Hamburg, and London in succession, and during this journey collected wealth sufficient for the coffers of a king. Moreover, Lucher, instructed by his master and benefactor with regard to the secret springs of speculation, knew so well how to dispose of his property that, after reserving his diamonds and a million, he created an income of six hundred thousand francs, payable partly by the Bank of England, partly by the German Bank, the Bank of France, and that of Italy.

This done he turned his face toward Paris, where he arrived on the 15th of February, 1815, eight years, day for day, after the disappearance of the unfortunate Picaut.

Joseph Lucher, on the morning after his arrival at Paris, as he was without any following—without even a valet—caused himself to be taken to a *maison de santé*. On the return of Napoleon, Lucher was still sick, and so continued during the detention of the Emperor in the Isle of Elba.

As long as Napoleon remained in France, the sick man postponed his convalescence; but when the second Restoration seemed definitely to have consolidated the monarchy—which appears to be as impossible in France as a republic—and to have firmly established Louis XVIII., the *habitué* of the *maison de santé* quitted it, and bent his steps to the *quartier Saint-Opportune*.

There he heard of the disappearance—in the month of February, 1807—of an honest young shoemaker, about to be most advantageously married; but that a *pleasantry* of three of his friends had marred his good fortune, and that the poor fellow had either fled or been carried off. Finally, that no one knew what had become of him—that his intended lamented him for two years—and then, fatigued with weeping, married the *cafetier*, Loupian, who having by this marriage added greatly to his property, now possessed on the Boulevards one of the best frequented *cafés* in Paris.

Joseph Lucher heard this story with no further show of interest than what might be expected from such a narrative; but he inquired, naturally enough, what were the names of those pleasant people who were said to have caused the misfortune of the young shoemaker. His informants had forgotten the names of these persons.

"Nevertheless," added one of those whom the new-comer interrogated, "there is a certain Antoine Allut who boasted in my presence that he knew those of whom you speak."

"I knew a man named Allut, in Italy; he was a native of Nismes."

"He of whom we are talking is also a native of Nismes."

"This Allut lent me a hundred crowns, and begged me to repay them, as soon as it was convenient, to his cousin Antoine."

"You can send the sum to him at Nismes, for he has retired there."

Next morning a *chaise de poste*, preceded by a courier, who paid triple guides, flew rather than rolled on the road to Lyons. From Lyons, the carriage followed the Rhone by the Marseilles road, and quitted it at the bridge of the Holy Ghost. There an Italian abbé descended from the carriage for the first time since the commencement of the journey. He hired a small vehicle, went down to Nismes, and alighted at the well-known Hôtel du Luxembourg, and at once inquired of

the people what had become of Antoine Allut? This name, nearly as common in that country as "Smith" is in ours, is there borne by many families differing in rank, fortune, and religion; and some time elapsed before the individual who was the object of the visit of the Abbé Baldini was ascertained. At last the abbé found his man, was formally introduced, and, after certain preliminaries, informed Antoine that, being imprisoned at the Château de l'Œuf, at Naples, for a political offense, he, the abbé, had become acquainted with an excellent companion, whose, death, which took place in 1811, he deeply regretted.

"At this time," said the Abbé, he was a bachelor of some thirty years of age; and he expired, still lamenting his country for ever lost to him, but pardoning those of whom he had just right to complain. He was a native of Nîmes; his name was Picaud."

Allut could not suppress a cry. The abbé regarded him with an astonished look.

"You knew, then, this Picaud?" said he to Allut.

"He was one of my good friends. Poor fellow! and he died far from his country, and in misery! But do you know the cause of his arrest?"

"He did not know it himself, and he attested his ignorance with such oaths that I cannot doubt that he knew it not."

Allut sighed heavily. The abbé continued:

"As long as he lived one sole idea occupied his mind. He would, he said, give up his hopes of heaven to any one who would name the author or authors of his arrest. This fixed idea inspired Picaud with the thought which found expression in the singular testamentary disposition which he made. But first, I ought to tell you that in the prison Picaud had rendered remarkable services to an Englishman, a prisoner, as he was, who at his death left Picaud a diamond worth at least fifty thousand francs."

"He was lucky," interrupted Allut. "Fifty thousand francs! It is a fortune!"

"When Picaud," continued the abbé, "found himself on his death-bed, he caused me to be summoned, and said to me: 'My end will be tranquil, if you promise to accomplish my wishes—will you promise me?'"

"I swear," said I, "to do so, persuaded that you will exact nothing contrary to honor and religion."

"Nothing contrary to either," said he; "hear me, and you will judge for yourself. I never could discover the names of those who have plunged me in this place of torment; but I have had a revelation. A voice from heaven has declared to me that one of my compatriots, Antoine Allut, of Nîmes, knows who denounced me. Go to him when your liberty shall be restored, and present him, on my behalf, with the diamond which I possess by the beneficence of Sir Herbert Newton; but I add one condition—it is, that on receiving the diamond from you, he will confide to you the names of those whom I regard as my assassins. When he shall have named them, you will return to Naples, and having inscribed their names on a plate of lead, you must place the plate in my tomb. Here are four thousand sequins for my burial in a church, and in a separate vault; here, too, are sixteen hundred sequins more for the expenses of your journey to Nîmes—all this I possess from the beneficence of my dear master, Sir Herbert Newton. Touched by pity, I solemnly swore to execute his wishes faithfully. He placed in my hands the diamond and the money, and died in peace. Prisoner though I was, I caused his desire to be fulfilled. He reposes at Naples, in the church of the Holy Ghost; and as soon as my liberty was restored to me, I came to France to acquit myself with fidelity of the engagement into which I had entered with your poor compatriot. Here am I, and here is the diamond."

As he uttered the last words, the Abbé Baldini waved his hand, and from his middle finger sparkled a solitaire, whose water, size, and brilliancy announced its value. He had certainly not exaggerated when he spoke of this admirable stone being worth fifty thousand francs, for if sold in a good market it would have brought at least from eighty to ninety thousand francs. Antoine Allut contemplated the brilliant with the eyes of a falcon; a cold sweat stood upon his brow, his mouth was frightfully contracted; and as he made a gesture of rejection, the shudder which agitated his body showed what a combat between avarice and prudence raged in his heart.

At this moment his wife entered, with a visage that bore the unmistakable traces of recent and violent chagrin. She traversed the chamber with rapidity, and

stopping short before her husband, who was still overwhelmed by the discourse of the Italian abbé.

"My man," said she, "you had better go hide yourself; and I may as well never show my face in the town again. Your brother and sister will crush us with the insolence of their fortune; know that they have just received by the diligence a wind-fall of twenty thousand francs."

"Twenty thousand francs!" repeated her husband, in consternation; "and whence?"

"It is quite a history. Your brother, a year ago, saved from drowning a Dane who had come to see the Comte de Rantzaui, at Avignon. The stranger, after thanking him, departed, and now this noble acknowledgment arrives all in the shape of beautiful louis d'or. Wont they be intolerable? Wont they look down upon us and crush us, your younger brother, my younger sister. Oh! I shall certainly die of grief!"

"And more especially, madame, at the moment when monsieur, your husband, refuses a legacy of fifty thousand francs at least, which a dying friend has left him," added the abbé.

"What! does he refuse fifty thousand francs?" cried the wife, with such a look and gesture as subdued or guilty husbands only can appreciate.

"So, at least, it seems to me," said the abbé, quietly; and he recommenced the recital of the story which he had already told, not without displaying the ring, which, nevertheless, quitted not his finger.

It would have required a different character from that possessed by Antoine Allut to defend himself against the terrible assault which attacked him. Envious of others, like too many small and little-minded people, and also like too many great ones, the prosperity of his brother seemed to him an outrage on his poverty. His wife immediately ran to fetch a neighboring jeweller, who, having examined the stone, declared that he would give for it sixty-three thousand seven hundred and forty-nine francs eleven centimes, provided that they would take in deduction a charming *ferme ornée* producing an income of two thousand nine hundred and ninety francs, and which, to settle the affair, he would part with to them at a valuation of fifty-five thousand francs.

The man and his wife appeared to be absolutely crazy with joy; and Madame

Allut, especially, could not contain herself. She committed a thousand extravagances, and could not resist embracing the abbé, who submitted to the operation with as good a grace as he could command. As for Antoine Allut, carried away by the unexpected flood of prosperity, he at once acknowledged that he knew and would declare the names required—not, however, without a cold fit of hesitation and a secret feeling of terror. But his wife was there—and at his dictation the abbé wrote the following names—GERVAIS CHAUBARD, GUILHEM SOLARI, MATTHIEU LOUPIAN.

The ring was now handed to Allut, and, upon the terms proposed, became the property of the jeweller, who settled the business upon the spot; and four months afterwards, to the eternal despair of Allut and his wife, sold the gem to a Turkish merchant for a hundred and two thousand francs.

Of all the malignant passions, revenge alone involves pleasurable sensations, short-lived and dearly and purchased as they are. Envy, anger, hatred, and the rest, are all accompanied by pain; but it has passed into a proverb that revenge is sweet.

Difference of price in the mercantile world, especially if it be sudden, often occasions strange changes. One speculator rises upon the ruin of another. He who yesterday revelled in pomp and luxury becomes a pauper to-day. He who is unknown and despised one week—especially in bubble-time—shines a millionaire in the next. In the case before us, the difference caused a murder, and the ruin of Allut and his wife. The jeweller was found in his garden, stabbed to the heart, and when, on suspicion arising, Allut and wife were sought for, they were nowhere to be found. Time wore on: the murderers of the jeweller were never brought to justice, and the last that was heard of Allut and his wife was that they were living in wretchedness in Greece.

An aged lady one day presented herself at the Café Loupian, and asked for the proprietor, to whom she confided that her family was deeply indebted for eminent services to a poor man ruined by the events of 1814, but so disinterested that he would receive no recompense, and only wished to enter as *garçon* into an establishment where he would be kindly treated. His name, she said, was Pro-

spère; he was no longer young, and seemed some fifty years old; and if M. Loupian would take him, she would give to his master one hundred francs a month without the knowledge of the *garçon*.

Loupian accepted the offer. Shortly afterwards a sufficiently ugly and ill-dressed man presented himself. Madame Loupian looked hard at him, and it seemed to her for an instant that she had seen this man somewhere before; but upon looking again she could recall no remembrance, and, busied with her affairs, soon forgot the momentary impression.

The two natives of Nîmes regularly frequented this café. One day one of them did not make his appearance, and jokes passed at his absence. The next day came and passed, still he came not. Where could he be? What could he be doing? Guilhem Solari undertook to find out the cause of his absence. Guilhem returned to the café about nine o'clock in the evening, pale as death, and could scarcely find words to relate that, on the *Pont des Arts*, at five o'clock on the previous morning, the body of the unfortunate Gervais Chaubard had been found, pierced by a poniard. The weapon remained in the wound, and on the handle were engraved the words—NUMBER ONE.

Conjectures were abundant enough: but still all was conjecture. The police moved heaven and earth, but the guilty person contrived to evade all their investigations. Some time after the shocking event, a pointer, a superb dog, belonging to the proprietor of the café, was poisoned, and a young waiter declared that he had seen a customer throw biscuits to the poor beast. This young man gave a description of the suspected customer, who proved to be Loupian's enemy, and who, to annoy him, was in the habit of coming to the café, where Loupian was, in a degree, under the customer's command. An action was brought against the malicious customer, but he satisfactorily proved his innocence by an *alibi*. He was a supernumerary courier, employed by the post-office, and on the day in question he was proved to be at Strasburg. A fortnight afterward, Madame Loupian's favorite parrakeet went the way of the poor dog: the bird had been poisoned by bitter almonds and parsley. Naturally enough searching inquiry was recommenced; but without result.

Loupian, by his former marriage, had a

daughter, in whose eyes shone her sixteenth summer, and who was beautiful as an angel. A dashing personage saw and loved, and expended extravagant sums to gain to his interest the waiter of the café and the charming girl's *bonne*. By these means he obtained several interviews with the beauty, and the generous gallant so well plied his suit that the young lady, before she was aware, found herself in the way of becoming a mother before she was a wife. Sinking with shame, she yet had the good sense to avow to her parents the situation in which she found herself by listening to the winning tongue of one whom she represented as a marquis and a millionaire. Her parents were in despair at first; but they took heart, sought, and obtained an interview with *monsieur*. He did not attempt to deny the paternity; but, on the contrary, expressed his determination to marry their daughter, not without acknowledging his wealth, showing his family tree, and the titles to his estates. The joy and gratitude of the Loupians may be imagined. The marriage took place, and the bridegroom, who appeared anxious to repair the mischief he had done by the splendor and publicity of the ceremony, ordered for the evening a magnificent repast of one hundred and fifty covers at the *Cadran-Bleu*.

At the hour appointed the guests were assembled: but where was the marquis? Each regarded his neighbor with mute surprise—when a letter arrived. It announced that, in obedience to the commands of the King, the marquis had repaired to the château. He apologized for his absence, begged that the company would dine without waiting for him, and informed them that he would take his place by the side of his wife at ten o'clock. Accordingly they went to dinner, but without the amiable bridegroom. The bride did not look pleased, though the guests felicitated her on the enviable position of her husband. The dinner was eaten; and at the dessert a waiter placed under the plate of each guest a letter. All expected an agreeable surprise—a surprise they had. The letters informed them that the husband was a convict escaped from the galleys, and that he had fled.

Fancy the frightful consternation of this wretched family. It appeared like a hideous dream, nor could they realize the situation. Four days after this heavy blow, they went to spend their Sunday in

the country, with the view of mitigating their grief by change of scene and amusement. During their absence an apartment immediately below the café was set on fire in nine several places. Under pretence of giving assistance, a mob of wretches absolutely gutted the place. The flames raged, and ceased not till the whole house was consumed. Loupian was completely ruined—all his money, credits, and furniture were destroyed or stolen, and nothing remained but a small property belonging to his wife.

Trite, but most true, is the saying, that prosperity makes friends and adversity tries them. The Loupian was not long in discovering the quality of those who had sworn to them eternal friendship. All their friends abandoned them: one alone was found faithful among the faithless—the old waiter Prospère. He would not quit them; he declared that, as he had shared in their prosperity, he would participate in their adversity. He was admired and lauded as a rare example of fidelity and goodness. A new but very modest café was established, *rue St. Antoine*. Thither Solari still repaired. One evening he was seized, on his return home, with excruciating pains; a physician was sent for. He declared that the patient was poisoned; and, notwithstanding every effort, the unfortunate man died in terrible convulsions.

Twelve hours afterward, when, according to custom, the bier was exposed under the entrance of the house where Solari had lodged, a paper was found attached to the black mort-cloth that covered the coffin. On this paper were inscribed the words—NUMBER TWO.

Besides the daughter, whose destiny had been so unfortunate, Loupian had a son. This youth, beset by men of bad character, struggled at first against their temptations, but the allurements of abandoned women did what the unaided example of the vicious of the other sex had failed to do, and he gave himself up to debauchery. One night his companions proposed a frolic; the fun was to consist in breaking into a liqueur store, carrying off a dozen bottles, drinking the contents, and paying next day. Eugene Loupian, already half intoxicated, clapped his hands at this proposal. The door of the store was prized open, the bottles were chosen, and each of the hopeful band had pocketed two, when the police, who had re-

ceived information from a traitor in the camp, pounced upon the six culprits, who were tried, and the ruinous sentence awarded by the law for *vol de nuit avec effraction*, was pronounced upon them. Royal pity saved the misguided young man from the infamy of the galleys, in spite of the incredible efforts and interest made by some unseen enemy to turn aside the clemency of the Sovereign; but Loupian's son had to undergo an imprisonment of twenty years.

This catastrophe all but completed the ruin and disaster of the Loupian. The wife, she who had been the cynosure of the quarter as *la belle et riche Marguerite*, died of grief, and without children. The remains of the fortune which she had brought passed from her husband's family, and Loupian and his daughter remained without any resources. Then the honest waiter, who had his savings, came forward and offered them to the young woman—but at what price? Suffice it to say, that the wretched daughter, sunk in the extremity of misery, and in the hope of saving her father, accepted the shameful conditions, and became the mistress of Prospère.

Loupian could hardly be said to exist. His misfortunes had shaken his reason. He wandered about sad and solitary. One evening, while he was walking in a sombre alley in the garden of the Tuilleries, a man in a mask suddenly presented himself before the distracted wanderer.

"Loupian," said he, "dost thou remember 1807?"

"Why?"

"Knowest thou the crime which thou didst then commit?"

"A crime!"

"An infamous crime! Out of envy, thou didst consign thy friend Picaud to a dungeon—dost thou remember?"

"Ah! God has severely punished me for it."

"Not so—but Picaud himself! He, to sate his revenge, stabbed Chaubard on the Pont des Arts. He poisoned Solari. He gave thy daughter a convict for a husband. He laid the snare into which thy son fell. His hand even condescended to destroy the dog of which thou wert so fond, and the parakeet on which thy wife doated. His hand set fire to thy house. He summoned the robbers to the spoil. He caused thy wife to die of grief—and thy daughter is his concubine. Yes—inn

thy servant Prospère know Picaud—but only at the moment when he plants his NUMBER THREE!”

With the last words came a stab, so well aimed at the heart of the victim, and driven so home, that Loupian had only to utter a feeble cry before he fell dead.

This last act of vengeance accomplished, Picaud turned to leave the garden, when a hand of iron, seizing him by the neck, hurled him to the earth beside the corpse, and before he could recover from his surprise, a man bound him hand and foot, gagged him completely, and then wrapping him up in his own cloak, carried him hurriedly away.

The rage, the astonishment of Picaud, thus gagged and borne along on the shoulders of a giant, as his carrier seemed to him, may be imagined. Onwards, still onwards. Surely he could not have fallen into the power of the police. . . . A gendarme, if he had been alone, would not have taken these extraordinary precautions, even if he had suspected that accomplices were near. One summons would have sufficed to bring the sentinels in the neighborhood to his aid. . . . Was it, then, a robber who thus bore him away? But what a singular robber!—it could hardly be a piece of pleasantry. These thoughts passed rapidly and doubtfully through the perturbed mind of Picaud; but the only conclusion that the assassin could at last satisfactorily realize was, that he had been watched, and had fallen into an ambush.

When the man upon whose shoulders he was thus borne stopped, Picaud calculated that his bearer had walked rapidly nearly half-an-hour. Enveloped in the cloak, he himself had seen none of the places on his route. When he was freed from his wrapper and the gag, he found himself laid on a truckle bed. The air was thick, and heavy, and stagnant, as if from long confinement, and as he cast his baleful eyes fearfully round him, he perceived that he was in a cavern, belonging apparently to an abandoned quarry or mine. It was furnished in some sort; there was a stove, the smoke of which found its way upwards through some crannies; an iron lamp threw a fitful and melancholy gleam around, and its lurid light fell full upon a figure standing erect and with folded arms in front of Picaud. It was the man who had brought him there.

The murky state of the place, the agi-

tation which shook the body and soul of Picaud, the change which ten years of misery and despair bring upon the human face, forbade the assassin of Loupian to recognize the individual, who appeared to him like a phantom. He examined with fascinated stare, and in fearful silence, the withering features and flashing eyes that glared upon him, waiting in agonizing expectation for a word—one word—that might tell him his fate. Ten minutes (which seemed to Picaud hours) passed before either of these men exchanged a syllable.

“Well, Picaud,” said the other. “What name would you prefer now? Shall it be that which you received from your father, that which you took when you were let out of Fenestrelle—will you be the Abbé Baldini, or the waiter Prospère? Or, will your ingenuity furnish a fifth? To thee, vengeance doubtless is mere sport. But no; thou shrinkest. Ay, dost thou begin to perceive that thou hast given thyself up to a furious mania, at which thou—thou thyself, wouldst have shuddered, if thou hadst not sold thyself to the demon? Ay, thou art right—thou hast sacrificed the last ten years of thy life in pursuing three wretched men whom thou mightest have spared. Thou canst shudder now. Thou *hast* committed horrible, most horrible crimes. Thou art lost for ever—and thou hast dragged me into the abyss!”

“Thee—thee! Who art thou?”

“I am thy accomplice—a wretch who, for gold, sold to thee the life of my friends. Thy gold hath been fatal to me. The cupidity lighted up by thee in my soul has never been extinguished. The thirst of riches made me furious and guilty. I KILLED THE MAN WHO CHEATED ME. I fled with my wife. She died in exile, and I, I was arrested, judged—no matter for what—and condemned to the galleys. I underwent exposure, the scourge, and the brand. I know the weight of the chain and the bullet. At last, having escaped in *my* turn, it was my will to find and punish this Abbé Baldini, who so well finds and punishes others. I hastened to Naples. He was not known there. I sought for the tomb of Picaud, and I learned that Picaud lived. How did I know this? Neither thou nor the Pope shall force that secret from me. Immediately I set forth in pursuit of this pretended corpse; but when I had found him, two assassinations had

already signalized his vengeance. The children of Loupian were ruined; his house burned; his fortune destroyed. This very evening I was going to that unfortunate to tell him all; but again thou hast been beforehand with me, the demon gave thee the precedence, and Loupian had fallen under thy blow before God, who conducted me, permitted me to snatch thy last victim from death. What does it signify after all? I HAVE THEE! In my turn I can render unto thee the evil thou hast done unto me. I have been able to prove to thee that the men of our country have as good arms as they have memories. I AM ANTOINE ALLUT!"

Picaud answered not. He took a deep breath, as if for the purpose of raising an outcry, but if he had any such intention, it was immediately frustrated by Allut, who again gagged him. As he lay, strange thoughts passed through his soul. Sustained up to this moment by the intoxication of vengeance, he had in a great degree forgotten his immense fortune, and all the pleasures which it would command. But his revenge was now fed full; now it was time to think of living the life of the rich; and now he had fallen into the hands of a man as implacable as himself. These reflections shot through his brain with the rapidity of a galvanic spark; and, in an agony of rage, he convulsively bit the gag which Antoine had replaced.

"Nevertheless," thought he, "rich as I am, cannot I with fair words, and, in any case, by making a real sacrifice, get rid of my enemy? I have given more than one hundred thousand francs to learn the names of my victims, cannot I give as much, or twice as much, to escape from the peril in which I am?"

But HE to whom vengeance belongeth permitted the thick mist of avarice to obscure the brightness of this thought. The possessor of sixteen millions, at least, shrank from giving up the sum which might be demanded. The love of gold, omnipotent in his miserly soul, stifled even the love of life and the voice of the flesh, which cried for ransom at any price. Gold became his flesh, his blood, his whole existence.

Oh! thought he in his secret soul, "the poorer I make myself to be, the sooner shall I get out of this hole. No one knows what I possess. I will feign to be on the verge of mendicity; he will let me go for a few crowns; and, once out of his hands,

it will not be long before he falls into mine!"

Allut, who had watched him with the eye of a basilisk, an eye that, as it glittered malignantly, seemed to divine what was passing in the miser's mind, now slowly advanced towards him, removed the gag, and again restored his mouth to liberty.

"Where am I?" said he.

"What is that to thee? Thou art in a place where thou mayest look in vain for help or mercy. Thou art mine—mine only, understandest thou, and the slave of my will and of my caprice."

Picaud smiled disdainfully, but his friend said no more. He left him on a mattress where he had laid him, without untying him. Picaud remained silent, but he writhed so as nearly to break the cords which bound him. Allut, without a word, walked up to him, passed around his loins a wide and thick iron belt, and fixed it by three chains to three massive rings driven into the wall. This done, he sat down to his supper of chicken in savory jelly, cold veal, and a Bayonne ham, an Arles sausage, a loaf of the whitest bread, a piece of Gruyère cheese, and a large flask of Chambertin, which, when the cork was drawn, perfumed the cavern.

Allut went on leisurely eating; and as Picaud found that he offered him nothing from the well-spread table—

"I am hungry," said Picaud.

"What wilt thou pay for the bread and water that I shall give thee?"

"I have no money."

"Thou hast sixteen millions."

"Thou dreamest," cried Picaud with a shudder.

"And thou—dream that thou eatest."

Allut quietly finished his supper. He then rose and departed, nor did he return all night. About seven o'clock in the morning he again entered, and prepared a most appetizing breakfast.

The sight and smell of the food redoubled in Picaud the tortures of hunger. "Give me something to eat," cried he.

"What wilt thou pay for the bread and water that I shall give thee?"

"Nothing."

"Very well! We shall see who will be tired first."

Allut sat down and deliberately finished his breakfast. He then rose and went out.

At three in the afternoon he returned. Eight-and-twenty hours had now passed since Picaud had taken any nourishment.

He implored his jailer for mercy, and offered him twenty sous for a pound of bread.

"Listen," said Allut, "these are my conditions. I will give thee two meals a day, and thou shalt pay me for each five-and-twenty thousand francs."

Picaud howled, and writhed upon his mattress; the other remained impassible.

"That is my last word. Choose, take thy time. Thou hadst no mercy for thy friends; and it is my will to have no pity for thee." And again he sat at meat; and again when he had finished, he rose and left the cavern.

The wretched prisoner passed the rest of the day and the following night in the agonies of hunger and despair; his moral anguish was complete; in his heart was hell. His mental and physical sufferings were so overwhelming that he was seized by *tetanus* in its most spasmodic form. Soon afterward, his reason was affected; and the ray of intellect that animated his brain was all but quenched under the tide of extreme and contending passions and bodily suffering. Human organization can only support a certain amount of torture; and the pitiless Allut, when he returned on the following morning, soon discovered that he had pushed his torments beyond the power of man's endurance. The form that lay before him had become an inert machine, still sensible, indeed, of bodily pain, but incapable of resisting, or even of averting it. He saw at once that Picaud was too far gone for him to hope to extract a reasonable word from the exhausted sufferer.

Despair now seized Allut in his turn. Picaud would die without affording any means by which his jailer could appropriate the immense fortune of his victim. Stung to the very soul, Allut lost all self-command. His breast and head resounded with the repeated blows of his own clenched hand, and in his agony he was on the point of dashing his skull against the rugged sides of the cavern, when he perceived, or thought he perceived, a diabolical smile on the livid face of Picaud, and a glance at once malignant and triumphant darting from his glazing eye. Turning his rage on his prisoner, he rushed on him like a wild beast, nor quitted his prey till he left—what had been a man, but was now a lifeless, mangled mass.

The murderer then went forth into the murky night.

Not long afterward he passed into England. There he lived in obscurity and poverty, and there a mortal sickness seized him in 1828. He felt that the hand of death was upon him, and sent for a Roman Catholic priest. Awakened by the exhortations of his spiritual adviser to a sense of his condition, he confessed to the horror-stricken ecclesiastic his dreadful crimes, the details of which he dictated; and when the frightful history was written, signed it at the foot of each page, and died reconciled with God, according to the rites of his religion. After his death, the Abbé P—— forwarded to Paris the document wherein the facts narrated were recorded, accompanied by the following letter:

"Monsieur le Préfet:

"I have the honor to send you the narrative of a great but repentant criminal. He thought, and I agreed with him in that thought, that it might be useful to you to know the series of abominable acts of which this wretched man was cognizant, and in many of which he was both agent and patient. By following the indications furnished by the annexed plan, the subterranean cavern where the remains of the miserable and guilty Picaud lie mouldering may be found.

"God pardons. Men in their pride and hatred pardon not: they seek vengeance, and vengeance crushes them.

"Antoine Allut declared that he sought in vain for any instrument, voucher, or memorandum which might be produced where the funds of his last victim were said to be placed. Before he left Paris, he said he penetrated by night into the secret apartments of Picaud; but found neither register, title, nor document. Below you will find the description and locality of the two lodgings which Picaud occupied at Paris under feigned names, as stated by Allut.

"Even on the bed of death, and with the full knowledge that he never would quit it alive, Antoine Allut, notwithstanding my urgent entreaties, would not tell me by what means he obtained information of those facts in his narrative of which he was not personally cognizant, or who had told him of the crimes and fortunes of Picaud. Only one hour before his death, he said to me. '*Mon Père*, no man's faith can be more lively than mine, for I have seen and spoken with a soul separated from its body.'

"When he said this, there was nothing to indicate that he was suffering under delirium. He appeared to be simply making a confession of his faith, and to be in the full possession of his mental faculties."

The letter terminated with a few words improving the occasion, and the usual compliments; but it was said that the sa-

gacious préfet, albeit a sufficiently good Catholic, dropped a few words significative of his thought that Allut might have picked up the stirring events that marked Picaut's misfortunes and crimes without the aid of a disembodied spirit.

France furnishes to many examples of frightful crimes committed by escaped and liberated *forçats*, and if any of our humanitarians would wish to know the consequences of the criminal stay-at-home system, even with such a lynx-eyed police as that possessed by our neighbors, let him

turn to the vivid word-pictures in a novel,* founded mainly on fact. Deeply and dreadfully interesting as it is, the murder of one of the principal characters, and the most startling of the incidents, are no mere emanations from the brain of the novelist, but terrible realities, giving the dark story as good a title as *The Bride of Lammermoor* to the character of an "ower true tale."

* *L'Idiot*. XAVIER DE MONTÉPIN. Paris; ALEX. ANDRÉ CADOT, Editeur, 37, Rue Serpente. 1856.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE RED-COURT FARM.

I.

ON a certain part of the English coast, lying sufficiently contiguous to France for the convenience of smuggling, and rising high above the sea, was a bleak plateau of land. It was a dizzy task to walk close to its edge, and look down over the cliff to the beach below. A small beach, in the form of a half-moon, accessible only from the sea, and, at low water, by a very narrow path round the left projection of rock. Beyond this narrow path lay the village—if the few poor fishermen's huts deserved the name. Some were erected on the low grass-land, and some up the cliffs, not there so perpendicular. The Half-moon was never under water, for the tide did not reach it, though it had used to, years ago. Rude steps shelved down from it to a lower beach which met the sea. Standing on the plateau overhead, with your back to the sea and looking inland, the eye fell upon a cultivated dell, where rose a large red-brick house, called Red-Court Farm. It was built on the site of an ancient castle, part of whose ruins lay still around.

To the left of this house (but to your right hand as you stood looking) might be seen the church; and, beyond that, some five minutes' walk, lay a handful of gentlemen's houses. On the plateau itself, not a long way from its edge, rose an old circular wall, breast high, with a narrow door or opening. It was called the Round Tower, and was supposed to have been the watch-tower in former times.

The name of the family living at the Red Court was Thornycroft. Mr. Thornycroft rented and farmed the land around, about three hundred acres. He was a county magistrate, and rode in to the five-mile-off town, Jutpoint, when the whim took him, and sat upon the bench. Never was there a pleasanter companion than he, and the other magistrates chuckled when they got an invitation to the Red-Court dinners, for they loved the hearty welcome and the jolly cheer. Three sons had Mr. Thornycroft; two of them fine towering men like himself. Richard, the eldest, was dark, stern, and resolute, but he would unbend to courtesy over his wine; and Isaac, the second, was of elegant form,

bland features, and fair complexion. The third was Cyril. He was only of middle height, his health less robust than that of his brothers, and he was less given to outdoor pursuits. They were all engaged in agriculture. "A thriving farm the Red-Court must be," quoth the neighbors, "for the old man to keep all his three sons upon it."

Only gentlemen had hitherto visited at the Red-Court, for Mrs. Thornycroft was dead, and the daughter, the youngest of the family, was at school near London. She rarely visited her home: a house without a mistress was not the place for a young girl, Mr. Thornycroft was wont to say. But now that she had attained her nineteenth year, she came home to live: a lady-like, agreeable girl, with Cyril's love for reading, Isaac's fair skin and handsome features, and Richard's resolute eye and lip. She assumed her post as mistress of the house with a spirit of determination which said she meant to maintain it, and soon the servants whispered about, that Miss Thornycroft and her brothers had already had some words together, for both sides wanted the mastery. She wished regulation in the house, and they set all regulation at defiance, especially in the matter of coming in to meals. One day in January, Richard went striding out of the house to find his father. The Justice was in the grounds with a gun.

"This girl's turning the house upside down," he began. "We shall not be able to keep her at home."

"What girl? Do you mean Mary Anne?"

"There's nobody else I should mean," returned the young man, who was not remarkable for courtesy of speech, even to his father. "I'd pretty soon shell out any body else who came spoiling sport. She has gone and invited some fellow and his sister down to stop. We can't have prying spies here."

"Don't fly in a flurry, Dick. I'll go and speak to her. Here, take the gun."

"What is all this, Mary Anne?" demanded Justice Thornycroft, when he reached his daughter. "Richard says you have been inviting people here."

"So I have, papa. Susan Hunter and her brother. She was one of my school-fellows, and often stops the holidays at school. I should like her to come for a week before they are over."

"They cannot come."

"Not if Richard's whims are to be studied," returned Miss Thornycroft, angrily. "Do you wish me to live on in this house for ever, papa, without a soul to speak to, save my brothers and the servants? And cordial companions *they* are," added the young lady, alluding to the former, "out, out, out, as they are, night-after night! I should like to know where it is they go to. I'll find out."

Mr. Thornycroft started. "Daughter!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper, "hold your peace about where your brothers go to, what is it to you? Are you a firebrand come amongst us? Write, and put off these intruders you have been inviting; and, if you wish to remain under my roof, shut your eyes and ears to all that does not concern you."

He left the room as he spoke, and Mary Anne looked after him. "Shut my eyes and ears!—that I never will. I can see how it is: papa has lived so long under Richard's finger and thumb, that he gives way to his slightest whim. I don't think they are well-conducted, these brothers of mine; and papa winks at it—at least Richard and Isaac. They frequent low company and public houses, as I believe: where else can they go to in an evening without dressing, and stop away for hours? Last night they went out in their velveteen jackets, and gaiters all mud. Richard thinks if we had visitors he must remain in, and be attentive to himself, so he has set his face against their coming. But I will show Richard that I have a will of my own, and as good a right to exercise it as he."

The two eldest sons of Justice Thornycroft certainly did appear to be rather loose young men, and their dog-cart, a favorite vehicle of theirs, might be heard going out or coming in at all hours of the night. But they were much liked in the neighborhood for all that, were social with their equals, and generous to the fishermen and their families.

Miss Thornycroft did not write to stop her guests, and on the following Monday one of them arrived, Mr. Hunter. His sister had gone to her parents' house in the north. Miss Thornycroft was walking toward the village, and saw him alight from the railway omnibus, which stopped at the Mermaid. She knew him directly, though she was at some distance; knew him by his coat, if by nothing else. It was a remarkable coat of white cloth,

trimmed with dark fur. He was a slender young man, not tall, about the size and figure of her brother Cyril, his profession that of land-surveyor and engineer. Miss Thornycroft had met him frequently at a house where she used to visit in London, and the two managed to fall in love with each other; but he had said nothing, for he was not rich enough to think of marrying at present. The house was thunder-struck when he arrived that afternoon, and Mary Anne introduced him. Richard, stern and haughty, vouchsafed no greeting, but the old gentleman was bound in courtesy to welcome him. It was well, perhaps, that some friends dined that evening at the Red-Court: it smoothed matters.

Young Hunter proved himself an agreeable companion; and as the days went on, even Richard fell into civility. He was an active, free-mannered young fellow, this Robert Hunter, and soon made himself at home, not only in the Red-Court, but in the village. He made excursions in the railway omnibus to Jutpoint; he explored the cliffs; he went into the fishermen's huts, and out in their boats: every soul soon knew Robert Hunter, and especially his coat, which had become a marvel of admiration in Coastdown. Miss Thornycroft was his frequent companion, and they walked forth together unrestrained. One day—it was on the Monday, just a week after his arrival—they had strolled on to the plateau, and were standing on its edge, looking at the vessels as they passed along the calm sea, when a gentleman came up to them and shook hands. He was well known to Mary Anne, and Mr. Hunter had met him at the Red-Court at that first evening's dinner-party. His name was Kyne, and he was stationed at Coastdown as superintendent of the coast-guard.

"I was telling Miss Thornycroft," began young Hunter, "that this place looks as suitable for smuggling as any I ever had the luck to see. Have you much trouble, Mr. Supervisor?"

"No," replied the officer, "but I am in hopes of it. We know," he added, sinking his voice—"we have positive information that smuggling, to a great extent, is carried on here, but never, in spite of our precautions, have we succeeded in dropping on the wretches. I don't speak of paltry packets of tobacco and sausage-skins of brandy, which the fishermen manage to stow about their ribs, but of more serious cargoes. I would stake my life that

somewhere about this place there lies hidden a ton load of lace, rich as any that ever flourished at the court of St. James's."

"Where can it be hidden?" asked Mary Anne.

"I wish I could tell you where, Miss Thornycroft. I have walked repeatedly about that place underneath"—pointing down at the Half-moon beach—"from the time the tide went off the narrow path to it till it came in again, puzzling over it, and peering with every eye I had."

"Peering!" echoed Robert Hunter.

"We have heard, in the old days of smuggling, of caves, hiding-places, being concealed in the rocks," said the supervisor. "I cannot get it out of my head that there's something of the sort here; in these modern days."

"It would be charming to discover it," laughed the young lady; "but I fear it is too romantic to be possible."

"The cave, or the finding it, Mary Anne?" asked her lover.

"The cave, of course. If such a thing were there, I should think there would be little difficulty in finding it."

"I have found it difficult," observed Mr. Kyne. "We had information a short time back," he continued, again dropping his voice, which had been raised in the heat of conversation, "that a boat-load of something—my belief is, it's lace—was waiting to come in. Every night for a fortnight, in the dark age of the moon, did I haunt this naked plateau, on the watch, my men being within call. A very agreeable task it was, lying *perdu* on its edge, with my cold face just extended beyond!"

"And what was the result?" eagerly asked young Hunter, who was growing excited with the narrative.

"Nothing was the result. I never saw the ghost of a smuggler or a boat approach the place. And the very first night I was off the watch, I have reason to believe the job was done."

"Which night was that?" inquired Miss Thornycroft.

"This day week, when I was dining at the Red-Court. I had told my men to be on the look-out; but I had certainly told them in a careless sort of way, for the moon was bright again, and who was to suspect that they would risk it on a bright night? They are bold sinners."

"How was it that your men were so negligent?" inquired Mr. Hunter.

"There's the devil of it—I beg your pardon, young lady; wrong words slip out inadvertently when one's vexed. My careless orders made the men careless, and they sat boozing at the Mermaid. Young Mr. Thornycroft, it seems, happened to go in, saw them sitting there with some of his farm-laborers, and, in a generous fit, ordered them to call for what drink they liked. They had red eyes and shaky hands the next morning."

"How stupid of my brother!" exclaimed Mary Anne. "Was it Richard or Isaac?"

"I don't know. But all your family are too liberal; their purse is longer than their discretion. It is not the first time, by many, they have treated my fellows. I wish they would not do so."

"It must have been Richard," mused Mary Anne. "Isaac was away somewhere all that day, and I don't believe he came in till the following morning. And I remember that when you came into the drawing-room to tea, Robert, you said Richard had left the dining-room. He must have gone to the Mermaid then. You did not honor my tea-table, Mr. Kyne."

"No, Miss Thornycroft, I stayed with your father, and the rest, in the dining-room. We had our pipes there."

"Do they run the boat in here?" inquired Mr. Hunter, looking down upon the strip of beach.

"They run the boat there—as I believe. In short, there's little doubt about it. You see there's nowhere else that they can run it to. There's no possibility of such a thing higher up, beyond that point to the right, and it would be nearly as impossible for them to land a cargo of contraband goods beyond the left point, in the face of all the villagers."

There was a silence. All three were looking below at the scrap of beach, over the sharp edges of the jutting rocks. Mary Anne broke it.

"But where could they stow a cargo, in here? There is certainly no opening, or place for concealment, in those hard, bare rocks, or it would have been discovered long ago. Another thing—allow for a moment that they do get a cargo stowed away somewhere in the rocks, how are they to get it out again? There would be equal danger of discovery."

"So there would," replied Mr. Kyne. "I have thought of all these things myself till my head is muddled."

"Did you ever read Cooper's novels, Mr. Kyne?" demanded Miss Thornycroft.

"Some of them would give you a deal of insight into this sort of transactions."

"No," replied the officer, with an amused look. "I prefer to get my insight from practice. I am pretty sharp-sighted. It is my own idea alone, that they bring their cargo in here, and I shan't relinquish it till I have proof positive, one way or the other."

"I should like to go down there and have a look at these rocks," said Mr. Hunter. "My profession has taken me much amidst rocks and land. Perhaps my experience could assist you."

"Let us walk there now," exclaimed the supervisor, seizing at the idea. "If not taking you out of your way, Miss Thornycroft."

"Oh! I should be delighted," was the young lady's reply. "I call it quite an adventure. Some fine moonlight night I shall come and watch over the cliff myself."

"They don't do their work on a moonlight night. At least, he hastened to correct himself, with a somewhat crestfallen expression, "not usually. But after what happened this day week, I shall mistrust a light night as much as a dark one."

"Are you sure," inquired Miss Thornycroft, as they walked along, "that a cargo was really landed that night?"

"I am not sure; but I have cause to suspect it."

"It must be an adventurous life," she remarked, "having its charms, no doubt."

"They had better not get caught," was the officer's rejoinder, delivered with professional gusto; "they would not find it so charming then."

"I thought the days of smuggling were over," observed Mr. Hunter: "except the more legitimate way of doing it through the very eyes and nose of the Custom House. Did you know anything, personally, of the great custom-house frauds, as they were called, when so many officers and merchants were implicated, some years ago?"

"I did. I held a subordinate post in the London office then, and was in the thick of the discoveries."

"You were not one of the implicated?" jestingly demanded Mr. Hunter.

"Why, no. Or you would not see me here now. I was not sufficiently high in the service for it."

"Or else you might have been?"

"That's a home question," laughed Mr. Kyne. "I really cannot answer for what might have been. My betters were tempted to be."

"There!" exclaimed Mary Anne, "you acknowledge that you custom-house gentlemen are not proof against temptation, and yet you boast of looking so sharply after these wretched fishermen!"

"If the game is carried on here as I suspect, Miss Thornycroft, it is not wretched fishermen who have to do with it; except, perhaps, as subordinates."

It was a short walk, as they made their way down to the village, and thence to the narrow path winding round the projection of rock. The tide was out, so they shelved round it with dry feet, and ascended to the half-moon beach. They paced about from one end of the place to the other, looking and talking. Nothing was to be seen; nothing; no opening, or sign of opening. The young engineer had an umbrella in his hand, and he struck the rocks repeatedly: in one part in particular, it was just the middle of the Half-moon, he struck and struck, and returned to strike again.

"What do you find?" inquired Mr. Kyne.

"Not much. Only it sounds hollow just here."

They looked again: they stooped down and looked; they stood upon a loose stone and raised themselves to look; they pushed and struck at the part with all their might and main. No, nothing came of it.

"Did you ever see a more convenient spot for working the game?" cried the supervisor. "Look at those embedded stones down there, rising from the grass: the very things to moor a boat to."

"Who do you suspect does this contraband business?" inquired Robert Hunter.

"My suspicions don't fall particularly upon any one. There are no parties in the neighborhood whom one could suspect, except the boatmen, and if the trade is pushed in the extensive way I think, they are not the guilty men. A week ago, as I tell you, they ran one cargo; I know they did; and may I be shot this moment, if they are not ready to run another! That's a paying game, I hope."

"How do you ascertain this?"

"By two or three things. One of them, which I have no objection to mention, is that a certain queer craft is fond of cruising about here. Whenever I catch sight

of her ugly sides, I know it bodes no good for her Majesty's revenue. She carries plausible colors, the huzzy, and has, I doubt not, a double bottom, false as her colors. I saw her stern, shooting off at daybreak this morning, and should like to have had the hauling over of her."

"Can you not?"

"No. She is apparently on legitimate business. And once, when it was done, nothing came of it. She happened, by ill luck, to be really empty, or the officers were not skilful enough to unearth the fox."

They left the Half-moon. Mr. Kyne quitted them, and Miss Thornycroft and her lover returned to the plateau again, and stood on its edge as before.

"This is in the middle, about as we were standing underneath; and your house, as you see, lies off in a straight line," remarked Mr. Hunter. "It is a good thing your family live there, Mary Anne."

"Why?"

"Because if any suspicious persons inhabited it, I should say that house might have something to do with the mystery. There can be little doubt, from what the officer says, that smuggled goods are landed and stowed away in these rocks, though the ingress is hidden from the uninitiated. Should this be really the case, depend upon it there is some passage, some communication in these rocks to an egress inland."

"But what has that to do with our house?" inquired Mary Anne, wonderingly.

"These old castles, lying contiguous to the coast, are sure to have subterranean passages underneath, leading to the sea. Many an escape has been made that way in time of war, and many an ill-fated prisoner has been so conducted to the waves, and put out of sight for ever. Were I your father, I would institute a search. He might come upon the hoarding-place of the smugglers."

"But the smugglers cannot get to their caverns and passages through our house!"

"Of course not. There must be some other opening. How I should like to drop upon the lads."

When they reached home, they found the family in the dining-room, all but Isaac. Mr. Thornycroft had his spectacles on, writing, Richard was doing something to a gun, and Cyril lay almost at length in

an easy-chair reading. Mary Anne and Mr. Hunter spoke up, full of excitement.

"Such an adventure! Papa, did you know we have smugglers on the coast here?"

"Have you ever explored underneath your house, sir, under the old ruins of the castle? There may be a chain of subterranean passages and vaults from here to the sea."

"Not common smugglers, papa, the poor tobacco and brandy sailors, but people in an extensive way: boat-loads of lace they land."

"I'd lay any money—I'll lay a crown with you, Mr. Richard, if you'll take it—that there's oftentimes a rare booty there. Perhaps there may be at this very moment."

The words had been poured forth so rapidly both by Mary Anne and Mr. Hunter, that it would seem their hearers were powerless to interrupt them. Yet the effect produced was great. Cyril started upright, and let his book drop on his knees; the old gentleman pushed his glasses to the top of his brow, an ashy paleness giving place to his healthy, rosy color; while Richard, more demonstrative, dashed the gun on the carpet, and broke into an ugly oath. The Justice was the first to speak.

"What absurd treason are you talking now? You are mad, Mary Anne."

"It is not treason at all, sir," replied Mr. Hunter, regarding Richard with surprise. "It is a pretty well ascertained fact that contraband goods are landed and housed in the rocks at the Half-moon. It will be loyalty instead of treason if we can contrive to lay a trap to catch the traitors."

"I'll be——"

"Be quiet, Richard," authoritatively exclaimed young Cyril, interrupting his brother's intemperate speech. "Where did you pick up this cock-and-bull story?" he quietly asked, turning to Robert Hunter. "What has given rise to it?"

"We got it from the supervisor, Mr. Cyril. He has suspected that this station was favored by smugglers, and now he is sure of it. One cargo they landed a few days ago, and there's another dodging off the coast, waiting to come in. He'll drop upon that."

"It is a made-up lie!" foamed Richard. "The fellow talks so to show his zeal. I'll tell him so."

"Well, lie or no lie, you need not fly in a passion over it," said Mary Anne. "It is not our affair."

"Then, if it is not our affair, what business have you interfering in it?" retorted Richard. "Interpose your authority, father, and forbid her to concern herself with men's work. No woman would do it who retains any sense of shame."

"Miss Thornycroft has done nothing unbecoming a lady!" exclaimed Mr. Hunter, in a tone of wonder, "you forget that you are speaking to your sister, Mr. Richard. What can you mean?"

"Oh! he means nothing," said Mary Anne, "only he lets his temper get the better of his tongue. One would think, Richard, you had something to do with the smugglers, by your flying out in this way. And, indeed, it *was* partly your fault that they got their last cargo in."

"Explain yourself," calmly replied Cyril to his sister, pushing his arm before Richard's mouth.

"It was the night of the dinner-party, this day week," proceeded Mary Anne. "Mr. Kyne was here; the only night he had been off the watch for a fortnight, he says. But he left orders with his men to look out, and Richard got treating them at the Mermaid till they were tipsy, and they never looked. So the coast was clear, and the smugglers got their goods in."

"Ah, ha!" said Cyril, "new brooms sweep clean. Mr. Supervisor is a fresh hand down here, so he thinks he must trumpet his fame as a keen officer—that he may be all the more negligent by-and-by, you know—and he gets up this nice little mare's nest. None but a stranger, as you are, Mr. Hunter, could have given ear to it."

"I have given both ear and belief," replied the young man, firmly; "and I have offered Mr. Kyne my engineering experience to help him to trace out the secret in the rocks."

"You have!" uttered Justice Thornycroft.

"To be sure I have, sir. I have been with him now, on the Half-moon, sounding them, but I had only an umbrella, and that was of little use. We are going to-morrow better prepared. It strikes me the mystery lies right in the middle. It sounds hollow there. I will do all I can to help him, that the fellows may be brought to punishment."

"Sir!" cried the old gentleman in a

voice of thunder, rising, and sternly confronting Robert Hunter, "I forbid it. Do you understand? *I forbid it.* None under my roof shall take act or part in this."

"But justice demands it," replied young Hunter, after a pause. "It behoves all loyal subjects of her Majesty to aid in discovering the offenders; especially you, sir, a sworn magistrate."

"It behoves me to protect the poor fishermen who look to me for protection, who have looked to me for it for years; ay, and received it," was the agitated reply, "better than it behoves you, sir, to presume to teach me my duty! Richard leave me to speak. I tell you, sir, I do not believe this concocted story. I am the chief of the place, sir, and I will not believe it. The coast-guard and the fishermen are at variance; always have been; and I will not allow the poor fellows to be traduced and put upon, treated as if they were thieves and rogues. Neither I nor mine shall take part in it; no, nor any man who is under my roof eating the bread of friendliness. I hope you hear me, sir."

"If it were one of my own brothers who did so I would shoot him dead," said Richard, with a meaning touch at his gun. "So I warn him."

"And commit murder?" echoed Mr. Hunter.

"It would not be murder, sir," cried old Mr. Thornycroft, "it would be justifiable homicide. When I was a young man, a friend abused my father's hospitality. I challenged him. We went out with our seconds, and he fell dead. That was not murder."

"But, papa," interposed Mary Anne, "in—"

"To your room, Miss Thornycroft! To your room for the day, I say!" screamed out her father, pushing her along; "would *you* beard my authority? Things are coming to a pretty pass!"

Mary Anne, confused and terrified, hastened from the room. Richard strode from it also: then, Cyril, as if a sudden thought struck him, darted after his brother, and called to him.

"What now?" sulkily inquired Richard, halting in the hall.

"Be cautious," whispered Cyril. "Do nothing. They can't find out."

"And the fool talking of going again to sound the rocks!"

"Let him go. If the square stone sounds as hollow as his head, what then? They can make nothing of it. No discovery can be made from the outside, Dick; you know it *can not*; and we'll take care they don't get in. Your temper and my father's are enough to ruin us all; to set this fellow's suspicions on to us. You should have treated it derisively, as I did."

Richard flung away, swearing. He had not gone far when he met Isaac.

"Ikey, we are blown on."

"What?"

"We are blown on, I say."

"How? Who has done it?"

"That cursed Hunter. He and Kyne have been putting their heads together, and, by all that's true, they have hit it hard. They have got a suspicion of the rocks; been sounding the square rock and found it hollow. Kyne has scented the cargo that's waiting off now."

The corners of Isaac Thornycroft's mouth fell considerably. "We must get that in," he exclaimed. "It is double the usual value."

"I wish Hunter and the gauger were both hanging from the cliffs together!" added Richard, as he strode onward. "I'm on my way to tell Tomlett, and see what's to be done."

Robert Hunter was confounded by the reception his news had met with. The behavior of Justice Thornycroft and his eldest son appeared to him perfectly unaccountable, but his suspicions were not awakened in the direction of truth. After what had passed, he deemed that he was bound not to go again sounding the rocks. He made an excuse to the supervisor, and in his intercourse with Mary Anne he never reapproached the subject. His visit drew near its termination, and he fixed Sunday evening for his departure, having occasion to be in London on the next day.

Sunday came, and in the afternoon they went over to Jutpoint, in the omnibus, to afternoon service at St. Andrew's; the Justice, Cyril, Mr. Hunter, Miss Thornycroft, and a young lady who was spending the day with her. They had all attended service in the morning at the little parish church. As they came out of St. Andrew's, many acquaintance stopped to greet them, and Mr. Thornycroft and Cyril laid hands on two or three, and conveyed them back to dinner. At home they found Richard with a friend of his, and at six o'clock, just as they were sitting down,

Isaac came in, arm-in-arm with Mr. Kyne, so that there were ten at dinner, besides the two ladies. The housekeeping at the Red Court was rarely unprepared for these improprio guests, as this day's dinner proved: after-circumstances caused its items to be discussed out of doors, as, indeed, was every trifling detail connected with that eventful night. There was soup, a fine cod-fish, a round of beef, a large roast turkey, and a tongue, some other side-dish, which, as it appeared nobody touched, a plum-pudding, sweet dishes and macaroni. All this, cooked and served in the best manner, with various vegetables, rich and plentiful sauces, strong ale, and the best of wines. A merry party were they, and no wonder that they sat late round the table, where spirits and cigars had replaced the dessert and wine, Mary Anne and her guest having retired.

It had been Mr. Kyne's intention to retire at eight o'clock, precisely, (he emphasized the word to himself,) and go on the watch; or, at any rate; see that a subordinate was there. But the best of officers are but mortal: Mr. Kyne felt very jolly where he was; and, as Cyril Thornycroft whispered him, the smuggling lads were safe not to attempt any bother on a Sunday night, they would be jollifying for themselves. So the officer sat down, paying his respects to the brandy-and-water, and getting rather dizzy about the eyes.

As it happened, the subordinate was on the watch, close to the bleak edge of the cold plateau, wishing himself anywhere else, disbelieving all about the smugglers, and bemoaning his hard fate in being planted there, in the frost, for so many hours on the stretch. Tomlett, the fishing-boat master, came up and accosted him.

"Cold work, my man."

"It just is that!" was the surly answer.

"But it's a bright night, as bright as ever I saw one, with the moon not up; so you run no danger of pitching over, through a false step in the dark. There's consolation in that."

"Ugh!" grunted the shivering officer, as if the fact afforded little consolation to him.

"What on earth's the use of your airing yourself here?" went on Tomlett. "You coast-guard fellows have got the biggest swallows! As if any smugglers would attempt the coast to-night! My belief is—and I am pretty well used to the

place, and have got eyes on all sides of me—that this suspicion of Master Kyne's is all moonshine and empty herring-barrels. I could nearly take my oath of it."

"So could I," said the man.

"Let us go on to the Mermaid, and have a glass. I'll stand it. Johnson and Simms, and a lot more, are there."

"I wish I dare," cried the aggravated subordinate; "but Kyne will be up presently."

"No he won't. He is round old Thornycroft's fire, in a cloud of smoke and drink. There's a dinner-party at the Red Court, and Kyne and the young Thornycrofts, especially Mr. Dick, are half-seas over."

"Are you sure of this?"

"I'll swear it if you wish me; I have just come from there. I went down to try and get speech of the Justice about that boat loss: it comes on at Jutpoint to-morrow, and he is to be on the bench. But it was no go: they are all fixed in that dining-room till twelve o'clock to-night, and then they'll reel off to bed with their boots on."

So the Mermaid very speedily received an addition to its company. But when Mr. Tomlett had seen the other settled, he quitted him.

About the same hour, Richard and Isaac Thornycroft withdrew, one by one, and unperceived, from their father's dining-room Mr. Tomlett's account of Richard's state of brain was an exaggeration: however freely others might have indulged, he and Isaac had remained sober. From the door of the Mermaid, Mr. Tomlett steered his course to the Red Court, tearing over the intervening ground as if he had been flying from a mad bull. Richard stood in the shade of the old ruin, looking out for him.

"It's all right, sir," he panted when he approached; "I have got the fellow in. We must lose no time."

"Very well," whispered Richard. "Find Ben, and come down."

"Do you think *he's* safe, sir?" questioned Mr. Tomlett, jerking his head in the direction of the dining-room windows.

"Couldn't be safer," responded Richard. "I drugged his last glass of wine, and now he is going in at the brandy."

As Mr. Tomlett turned away, Isaac Thornycroft came up with a lighted lantern under his coat. His brother spoke in a low tone.

"It's all right Isaac. Come along down, and then I'll be back and on to the plateau."

It is useless to attempt to describe in detail what now followed, since the limited space allotted for this article will not allow it. It is sufficient to say that the two brothers descended to the subterranean passage—for a passage there was, and a vault at the end of it. A trap-door in a certain corner of the old ruins disclosed a flight of steps which was the entrance to the passage. The door was invisible to the eye, and, besides, was always covered with straw, and by an old cart which, apparently, was never moved from its place. The brothers moved it now, pushed away the straw, and went down, their lantern lighting the damp sides of the narrow passage. They traversed it to the end, and there, unwinding a chain, a square portion of the rock, loose from the rest, was *pulled in*, and then turned aside by means of a pivot, thus affording an ingress sufficiently large for the packages of smuggled goods, which, as the officer surmised, chiefly consisted of valuable lace.

Richard helped Isaac to move the rock, and then returned along the passage to make his way to the plateau; one of them always standing there on the watch for intruders, with his descending signal in case of need. It was marvellous how lucky they had hitherto been! Half-way up the passage, Richard encountered Tomlett and the assistant called Ben, on their way to join Isaac; both tried and true men. Isaac meanwhile, by the help of a pole, had hoisted a flaring light outside, holding it there for a few minutes. It was the signal for the boats to put off from that especial vessel which was the object of Mr. Kyne's abhorrence. No fear that it would be disregarded.

And now we must return to Robert Hunter. The omnibus left the Mermaid every night at half-past eight o'clock to convey passengers to the railway at Jutpoint, a train for London passing through that place at midnight. Robert Hunter had fixed to take his departure by it, but it happened that he, like the supervisor, was loth to tear himself away from the company and the good cheer, and he let the hour slip by. Alas! that it should have been so! for the terrible events that followed would never otherwise have taken place. When he took out his watch, he found it wanted but a quarter to nine.

"By Jove! I have missed the omnibus!" he exclaimed to Cyril, next to whom he sat.

"Never mind. The night is fair. You can walk it."

So thought Robert Hunter. He was heated with wine, not certainly to intoxication, but quite sufficiently so to render the prospect of a walk not disagreeable. In a few minutes he got up to be going, quietly said farewell to Mr. Thornycroft and to Cyril, and then discovered that Richard and Isaac were not in the room.

"You must wish them good-by for me," he said to Cyril.

"Oh! I'll do that," answered the young man.

Coffee was on the table in the drawing-room, and Miss Thornycroft poured him out a cup. He drank it standing.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" she asked. "As you have missed the omnibus, you are not tied for time. You may walk it easily in an hour and a half."

"I do not care to be on the road late, Mary Anne. What with your tales of smugglers, and other lawless fellows, I would rather be at Jutpoint than half-way to it, when it gets toward midnight." The fact was, that of physical bravery Robert Hunter possessed but a small share.

"What about your portmanteau?" inquired Mary Anne.

"It must come after me to-morrow. One of your men will take it to the Mermaid for the early omnibus. The direction is on it."

He shook hands with the young lady who sat there, and Mary Anne went out with him. As he passed through the hall, he took his remarkable coat from the peg, and flung it over his arm.

"Why don't you put it on?" asked Miss Thornycroft.

"Not yet. I am hot. By-and-by, when the cool air strikes to me."

They stood just outside the door, in the shade of the walls, and he wound his arms around her for a last embrace. *A last!* "God bless you, Mary Anne!" he whispered: "the time will come when we need not part."

She stood looking after him, the outline of his retreating form being visible in the starlight. "Why, what in the world—he has taken his way straight on for the plateau, instead of turning off to the village! she mentally exclaimed. "Perhaps he is going to take a night-view over the sea."

However, Miss Thornycroft found it cold, standing there, and she returned indoors. As she passed the kitchen door,

she looked in, and spoke to the upper servant.

"Sinnett, Mr. Hunter's portmanteau must go by the early omnibus. See that one of the men takes it to the Mermaid in time."

"Very well, miss," was the answer. And it may be here mentioned, that the order was obeyed.

It is quite useless to speculate, now, *why* Robert Hunter went on to the plateau. Some power must have impelled him: these things, bearing great events, in their train, do not occur by chance. Certain it is, that he did walk there, to its very edge, and looked down underneath. And then—was he dreaming?—was his brain treacherous, causing him to see things that were not? There, half-way down the rocks, shone a great light, a flickering, flaring, blazing light, as of a torch! and Robert Hunter rubbed his eyes and slapped his chest, and pinched his arms, to make sure he was *not* in a dream of wine.

He stood staring at it, his eyes and mouth open; stared at it till by some mysterious process it steadily lowered itself, and disappeared inside the rocks. Light—not of the torch—flashed upon him.

"It is the smugglers!" he burst forth, and the cold night air carried the words over the sea. That must be their signal for the booty to approach. Then there *is* an opening in the rocks! I'll hasten and give word to Kyne."

Flying along the plateau, and down towards the Red Court, he had nearly reached it when he encountered Richard Thornycroft, who seemed to be flying along with equal speed towards the plateau. Hunter seized his arm.

"Richard! Mr. Richard! the smugglers are at work! I have dropped upon them. Their signal has been hoisted beyond the rocks."

"What!" roared Richard.

"It is true as that we are breathing here," continued Hunter. "I went on to the plateau, and I saw their light; a flaming torch as big as your head. They are preparing to run the goods. I'm off to fetch Kyne."

He would have resumed his way with the last words, but Richard caught him. The slight form of Robert Hunter whirled round in his powerful grasp.

"Do you see this?" he hoarsely raved,

his face wearing an awfully livid expression in the starlight. It is well loaded."

Robert Hunter did see it. It was the bright end of a pistol barrel, pointed close to his head. He recoiled; as far as he could; but the grasp was tight upon him.

"Down upon your knees," panted Richard, "down, I say. Now; swear by your hopes of heaven, that what you have detected shall not pass your lips; shall be as if you had not seen it."

"I swear," answered Robert Hunter. "I believe I guess how it is. I will be silent for Mary Anne's sake. I swear it."

"Now and hereafter?"

"Now and hereafter."

"Swear also that you will not betray it to my sister—that you will not enter the Red Court to see her. Swear it I say."

"I swear," repeated Hunter.

"Then get up, and go your way. Your path for departure lies *there*!"—and Richard pointed to the road past the village. "But first hear me swear that if you lurk here unnecessarily, I will put this bullet through you. Cyril! see him off. He was turning traitor."

Cyril Thornycroft had come stealing up at the moment. They had not seen him till he was close upon them; his movements and steps were always quiet and stealthy. Richard, as if in some hurried pressure, darted off toward the ruins, and Cyril, as he walked away by the side of Hunter, according to his brother's command, inquired what it meant.

"I was not turning traitor: your brother lies: would I turn traitor to a house whose hospitality I have been accepting? I saw accidentally, a light exhibited from the Half-moon rocks, and I guessed what it meant. I guess more now than I will repeat: but the secret shall be safe with me."

"Safe now and after your departure?"

"Safe always. I have sworn it."

"I am sorry this should have happened," said Cyril, somewhat appeased. "You had better lose no time in getting beyond the village. We have some rough men in the secret, and if they saw you here after this, I cannot answer for what might happen: they are more determined than even Richard. Let me advise you—at any rate for the present—not to hold further communication with our house, including my sister. Your visit here has not been pleasant, or productive of plea-

sant results: let us forget, for *the present*, I say, that there is such a name as Robert Hunter."

"I have promised all that. I was to have written to my sister on my arrival in town: will you explain to her the reason why I do not?"

"I thought you and my sister did not correspond," hastily interrupted Cyril.

"Neither do we. It was only to notify my safe arrival."

"I will explain sufficient to satisfy her."

A few minutes longer they walked together. Cyril went with him past the turning to the village, and saw him on the high road to Jutpoint. They then shook hands and parted. Cyril stood and looked after him.

"He's fairly off now, and I hope we shan't see the color of him for twelve months to come. Mary Anne might have chosen better." And with the last words, Cyril turned, and walked with a brisk step back again.

Richard had darted into the ruins as we

have said. He was completely upset by what had occurred, and he went flying along the subterranean passage to give a warning to Isaac, and assist in hoisting *two* lights, which the smugglers would understand as the signal *not* to advance. He had nearly reached the end of the passage, when his alarm began to subside, and the thought occurred to him: "Why stop the boats?" If Hunter has cleared himself off, as there is no doubt he has, where is the danger?" He thought, Richard Thornycroft did think, that Hunter would not play false. So he determined to let things go on, and turned back again without warning Isaac.

What mattered it that the guilty cargo was safely run? One was lying outside on the Half-moon, while they housed it, with his battered face turned up to the sky—one whose departed soul had been worth all the cargoes in the world. The body was bruised, and crushed, and *murdered*—the body of Robert Hunter.

How did it come there?

From Fraser's Magazine.

LIFE IN ITS SIMPLER FORMS.*

The problem of Life has exercised an irresistible fascination over the minds of philosophers in all ages, since philosophy began to see that there *was* a problem involved in that familiar phenomenon; and from the day when philosophy opened its eyes to the fact, and began to ask, What then, is this Life we all imagine ourselves familiar with? no one has been able to give a satisfactory answer; no one has been able to isolate the cardinal and

central phenomenon from those manifold phenomena which encompass it; no one has been able to place a discerning finger on the mainspring of the wondrous mechanism, and say, This it is which moves the whole.

There have been, indeed, at all periods, metaphysicians and metaphysiologists who with an easy grace have cut the knot they were powerless to loosen, and fancied they solved the problem by the assumption of a Vital Force. Unhappily this solution is more facile than satisfactory. It substitutes a phrase for an explanation; and although phrases serve to build systems, they do not enlarge knowledge.

* *Handbook of Zoology.* By J. Van der Hoeven. Vol. 1., Invertebrate Animals. Translated from the second Dutch edition by the Rev. W. Clark, M.D. London: Longman and Co. 1856.

Wiser thinkers have long seen the nullity of the phrase, which only expresses, in other words, the undeniable truth that Life is Life: a truth undeniable, indeed, but not fructifying. If we ask, "What, then is the Vital Force?" the answer can only be a confession of hopeless ignorance.

Contrasted with these metaphysiologists, we find other inquirers fancying they had found firm ground on a clear and comprehensive formula, which said, "Life is the result of organization." To make this intelligible they compared the organism to a watch, which ceases to indicate the hours when the mainspring is broken. In a last analysis, this explanation will be found nearly as remote from the truth as the more metaphysical conception of a Vital Force; but although we believe it to be far from a solution, we hold it to be an attempt made on a safer method: it is a generalization from the facts of Life, which, if premature and incomplete, has at all events the merit of not introducing new and inappreciable entities, such as Vital Force. It is a definite statement, and as such can be definitely tested. We can meet its advocates on the definite ground of fact, and can say to them: "This Life which you call the *result* of organization, is manifested in many beings which have *no* organization; and in *all* living beings in their earliest, forms, Life *precedes* the organization." To this they would have no answer, unless they chose to violate language, and insist that a cell, or a mass of cells, has its complement of "organs." The watch will not go till the whole mechanism is completed; then, its organization being finished, it fulfills its office; but the animal mechanism lives during the whole process of completion; its organs gradually appear, gradually form themselves from a liquid blastema which is vital; and so far from Life being the result of this completed mechanism, the mechanism can only be completed under the influence of Life; unless the blastema be organizable no organs are developed; unless Life be already present, organization is impossible. So little below the surface does the analogy of the watch extend!

Nor is this all. Many living beings are, as we said, without any "organs" whatever. All the single-celled plants, and the many single-celled animals, come under this head. And if a doubt be raised as to

the propriety of admitting the so-called unicellular animals to be really single-celled—or cells at all, there can be little question that they are without "organs." But escaping from this discussion, let us content ourselves with the *Amœba*, a microscopic mass of jelly found at the bottom of ponds, which, having nothing to be called an "organ," having no definite shape, not even apparently a liminary membrane, is nevertheless an animal which eats, grows, moves, propagates, and dies. One of two things: either the *Amœba* has no Life, in spite of what we see; or Life cannot be "the result of organization" in any ordinary interpretation of that phrase. We are thus forced to dismiss the notion of a Vital Force, as a metaphysiological phrase; and the watch and organization hypothesis as unable to withstand confrontation with fact. What, then, remains? To sit down in acquiescent ignorance of what Life is, for the present at least; and doing this, accept it as an ultimate fact, to be studied in its manifold forms. We are utterly ignorant of the nature of Gravitation; but we have learned to appreciate some of the laws of its operation. We know nothing of Chemical Force; but we are daily registering the facts of combination. Let us, then, cease to vex with noisy questions the imperturbable reserve of Nature, and be content to watch her processes with reverent patience. Instead of trying to discover the mystery of Life, let us try to understand the various phenomena of Life.

No sooner have we taken such a course than the necessity for understanding the structure and functions of the lower animals rises before us as of primary importance. The study of the Invertebrata, over and above its special interest as a source of curious knowledge, becomes suddenly dignified with surpassing interest, as a source of knowledge which can alone enable us to grasp the laws of Life. It presents every problem in simpler and simpler forms. Nature shows us, to use Cuvier's language,* "*dans les différentes classes d'animaux presque toutes les combinaisons possibles d'organes; elle nous les montre réunis, deux à deux, trois à trois, et dans toutes les proportions; il n'en est, pour ainsi dire, aucun dont elle n'ait privé quelque classe ou quelque genre; et*

* *Leçons d'Anat. Comp. An. VIII. L. p. v.*

il suffit de bien examiner les effets produits par ces réunions, et ceux qui résultent de ces privations, pour en déduire des conclusions très-vraisemblables sur la nature et l'usage de chaque organe, et de chaque forme d'organe." Throughout this astonishing variety we perceive that certain general phenomena are invariable. Animated beings differ in every imaginable peculiarity of form, size, and structure, but they all agree in three cardinal points, which consequently may be said to characterize Life: they assimilate, they propagate, and they die.* This is the Life which presides over every variety, and isolates animate from inanimate nature. However plants and animals may be distinguished among each other, they are all distinguished from minerals by this triple phenomenon—assimilation, reproduction, and death. The same elements are common to the animate and inanimate kingdoms: many forms are common to both; but no mineral assimilates—that is to say, grows by the intussusception of foreign material, which it converts into its own substance; no mineral propagates other minerals from its own substance; no mineral dies, as the inevitable termination of a cycle of internal changes.

Have we not here something like the requisite characteristic by which Life can always be, if not understood, at least *defined* and set apart from all other phenomena? Is not this threefold form of activity the sole mark by which we can distinguish a moving animate from a moving inanimate being? With such a characteristic our researches may often be lighted to more definite issues. Believing Life to be constant—believing that in every animated being, whether plant or animal, we shall assuredly find the triple phenomenon of assimilation, reproduction, and decay, our efforts may be directed towards ascertaining by what means and under what conditions these vital phenomena manifest themselves most perfectly—in other words, what are the structures or organs, and external conditions subservient to these ends; and thus, instead of fruitlessly perplexing ourselves with the endeavor to penetrate the mystery of Life, we may fruitfully occupy ourselves

in detecting the laws of its manifestation. It may then appear that there was a certain truth obscurely expressed in that formula, of Life being the result of organization; a truth which requires to be expressed, however, in a modified form—namely, "the complexity of vital manifestations depends on the complexity of the organism." An *Amoeba* assimilates, moves, feels, propagates, and dies; a highly-organized mammal manifests the same general phenomena, but manifests them in infinitely more complex forms, and this greater complexity is due to the greater complexity of its organism; for organs are nothing but the instruments which subserve the ends of Life. This difference between the simple and general phenomena of Life depends on the difference between the simple structure of the *Amoeba* and the complex structure of the mammal. When the *Amoeba* moves, it elongates a small portion of its jelly-like body, and converts it into a temporary leg, which is withdrawn again into the general mass, and for movements so simple as those of this animal, such a temporary organ suffices; but for the infinitely more complex and special movements of the mammal, which has to traverse distances in a few seconds such as the *Amoeba* could not traverse in a lifetime, a special organ, very complex in structure, is required; and it is owing to this superior complexity of structure that the superiority of power is attained. Hence although we recognize in both the *Amoeba* and the mammal the same vital phenomenon—the unknown "Life"—we also recognize great differences in the complexity of its manifestations, owing to the differences in the organizations. The sun-dial and the repeater both serve to mark the sun's altitude; but the sun-dial is useless in the night; the repeater is true to its purpose under all circumstances: it tells the minutes as well as the hours; it strikes the hour in the darkness of night, when our eyes would peer in vain over its face; and its superiority over the sun-dial it owes to the superior complexity of its structure.

There was one word in the last paragraph which probably excited the reader's surprise; indeed, few readers would hear of an *Amoeba* "feeling," without at once charitably supposing the writer had been inadvertent in his language. Nevertheless, we wrote the word deliberately, in-

* By way of anticipation we may here note that the statement in the text is not affected by the fact that some individuals, such as neuter bees, do not propagate. It would, however, lead us too far to discuss the point.

tending to explain it, and soften its sharp angles of paradox, in a separate paragraph; using it, in fact, as a text for a little digression. The word "feeling" is, unfortunately, vague; but that is no fault of ours; nor should we have escaped the vagueness if, instead of saying "the *Amœba* feels," we had said "the *Amœba* is sentient." There is no more necessity for here understanding by "feeling" what is understood by it in the higher animals, than there is for understanding by assimilation, reproduction, motion, etc., when applied to the *Amœba*, the same phenomena, or anything closely resembling the complex phenomena these words indicate in the higher animals. We say a polype digests; but by digestion is not meant the elaborate and complicated process indicated when we speak of a mammal digesting. In like manner, when we say the polype feels we ought not to be interpreted as implying a notion of "feeling," such as we speak of in mammals. The special differences resulting from specialized complexity of structure ought properly to receive special designations; but, unhappily for science, such designations are not in use, and we are forced to apply terms of great generality to indicate a vast variety of different phenomena. Are we, however entitled to speak of the *Amœba* as sentient, even in a general way? Assuredly we are, if fixing in our minds the conception of Sensibility as a general property of animal organisms, we derive from it all the infinite varieties of feeling known to us, and consider them as the special manifestations of the general property. If there is a Life common to all organisms, if there is a fundamental property of assimilation discernable in all, though manifested in each under some special form, so likewise is there a common Sensibility, which, manifested in each under different aspects, is nevertheless to be considered as identical in all. To deny this would force us to adopt Descartes' conclusion that animals are machines; and as this conclusion has long ago been given up, we are led by analogy to believe that all animals feel, for do we not see most of them exhibiting the evidences of feeling similar to those we ourselves exhibit? and in descending the animal scale we observe a decreasing complexity without ever discerning an absolute cessation of the phenomena. Where, indeed, could we draw the line? The argument from

analogy is our only argument. That reveals to us the identity of animal nature persisting throughout an infinite variety of forms; and it has been displayed by Spallanzani with so much felicity, that we quote his remarks, partly because his interesting *Tracts on Natural History*, from which we borrow them, are by no means common in libraries, and partly because the remarks themselves will be welcome to our readers:

"The existence of an immaterial and sentient principle in animals rests on the analogy between their organization and operations compared with the organization and operations of man. Many who have had recourse to this kind of analogy, through profound metaphysicians, have not been naturalists enough to examine it as it ought to be. Surely they have not taken the animal progression in its full extent, nor descended to a just and rigorous analysis, which would have demonstrated the inefficacy of analogical reasoning in many links of the animal chain. Without any intention of combating their laudable ideas, let us take a view of them; and first of the animal organisation. It cannot be denied, that the mechanical structure of numberless animals corresponds entirely, or in the greater part, with that of man. Not to name the oran-outang, so similar to us as differing only in the privation of reason, quadrupeds and birds in this respect, could not approach nearer to the human species. The same organs for digestion, respiration, circulation, secretion; the same ramifications of nerves from the spinal marrow, the origin of this from the brain, and the similarity of its consistence; the same meandering of veins and arteries, producing innumerable rivers and rivulets through the whole body, conveying life and nutriment everywhere. No difference is perceptible in the action of the muscles, ligaments, teguments, cartilages, or tendons: the same variety in the nature, the motions, and offices of the bones. Some long, some bent, some curved into an arch. The hardness vies with that of stone in some: in others, the pliancy is equal to cartilage. Some are hollow and filled with marrow; others solid and massy throughout. Certain bones consist of a single piece, while various parts connected together form others. Lastly, all these animals have the same number of senses, and the organs of them situated in the same parts of the body, and constructed as ours. But it has pleased nature to diversify the figure of these animated machines; sometimes arming them with tusks, horns, nails, or claws: sometimes clothing them with scales, adorning them with feathers, or covering them with a hard hide; diminishing the anterior part of some into a pointed beak, a slender snout, or a long and monstrous trunk; or enlarging it to form a hideous head, frightful to behold, or exciting pleasure by its resemblance to our own. This ingenious creatrix has formed the body of

some so as to convey an idea of lightness and grace; while others display a slothful inactivity; one is contracted within itself, and apparently only of a single piece; another extended beyond all bounds; and a third most exactly proportioned. In a word, there are as many varieties among birds and quadrupeds as their forms are different from that of man, yet in every one is there the narrowest resemblance in the essential part of organization.

"Analogical reasoning applied to these two races of animals cannot be stronger or more convincing; but how is it weakened by descending the animal scale to fishes, reptiles, insects, and at last is totally lost. Let us attend a moment to the structure of insects. Not only do the bones, blood, heart, and other viscera disappear, but we cannot discover either veins or arteries. A longitudinal vessel from one extremity to the other is seen, in which flows a liquid generally transparent. Although the nervous system is maintained entire, there is no brain, at least nothing properly so: and their respiratory organs much more resemble those of plants than those of the larger animals. Descending the animal scale still lower, every semblance of organs is lost, and the whole body of the animal is reduced to the most simple structure imaginable. Many polypi are but an elongated sacculus covered with tubercles: many aquatic animals are simply of a membranaceous or vascular texture. Many marine zoophytes are only a kind of jelly. The organization of these animals has not the smallest relation to that of man; plants themselves may be said to resemble him more, because we find sap-vessels, utricles, and tracheæ in them.

"The degradation in the organic structure of animals is also visible in their operations. These, in many species, nearly approach to those of man. Such are the operations of quadrupeds in general; but more especially of the elephant, ape, and beaver. Those of birds, likewise, bear much analogy to ours: their ingenuity in constructing nests; the diversity of note to express the various affections of hatred, fear, pleasure, and pain; the provident sagacity of many, in changing their climate according to the change of seasons; the facility of instructing birds of prey for the chase: all are qualities proving what I advance. But this analogy exists no more, when we come to fishes, reptiles, and insects. It is true, that among the last are many distinguished by their operations: whether considered by their anxiety for self-preservation, pursuing what is useful and avoiding what is noxious; whether we consider their mutual anxiety for propagating the species, or singular solicitude for their young, placing them in suitable situations, and providing them with food until they need maternal assistance no longer. We all know the ingenuity of bees, the sagacity of the leaf-moth, (*tignuola delle foglie*), the industry of the ant-lion and spider, the ferocity of the hornet, or the ingenious cruelty of ichneumons. But the operations of numberless other animals are reduced simply to seizing and swallowing their prey, as the arm-polypus; or to

open and shut their shells, as many testacea; or imbibing nutriment by an immense number of mouths on the surface of the body, as many marine animal plants."

In traversing this descending scale from man to the polype, it is impossible to say where the sentient property ceases. Many physiologists, indeed, confuse the question by attributing the phenomena observed in the lower animals to "irritability;" but the different word does not make the fact different; and call the fact by what name you please, there is no line of demarcation to be drawn, except the many lines which indicate special differences. Aristotle, after a survey of the structures of animals, profoundly declared that they manifest traces of that soul which becomes evident and eminent in man: *ἐνέστι γὰρ ἐν τοῖς πλείστοις καὶ τῶν ἄλλων ζῶων ἰχνη τῶν περὶ τὴν ψυχὴν τρόπων ὅπερ ἐπὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἔχει φανερωτέρας τὰς διαφοράς*.* He adds, that they differ from man in degree, not in kind, in having less of soul, not in utter privation of soul. It is true that Aristotle does not mean quite the same thing by "soul" which is indicated in the modern use of the word; he with more philosophical accuracy employs it to designate the whole sentient faculty—the common substratum of all psychological phenomena whatever. If we were to speak of the soul of a polype we should outrage language, because by "soul" moderns mean something exclusive and special, not the general phenomenon of Sensibility. Using "soul" in this restricted sense, we should be guilty of an absurdity in attributing it to the polype; but we are guided by rigorous analogy in attributing Sensibility to the polype: and we may therefore say the polype "feels," and if the polype, then also the *Amœba*, the lowest of all living creatures known to us.

But we must not extend this digression. Our purpose here is to show the advantage of studying Life in its simpler forms, if Life is to be understood in its more complex forms; and so sooner do we apprehend the fact that the lower animals present all the capital phenomena of Life under simpler forms and conditions, than we at once recognize the study as indispensable. Nevertheless, such a conception is of quite recent date. Comparative anatomy has been more or less studied from

* *Hist. Animal*, 3, c. 1.

the days of Aristotle downward; but it has been studied either from mere curiosity, or because, human anatomy being interdicted, the anatomy of animals was the only available source of instruction. Not until the last few years have the lower animals occupied much attention; not until quite recently have they been studied with the philosophic purpose of gathering from them answers to the more difficult problems of Biology. Hunter was ridiculed by his professional brethren; and some of the sons of those laughers are among the most studious of his followers. Men like Swammerdam, Bonnet, Lyonnet, Reaumur, Trembley, and Spallanzani, devoted patient days to the minute labor of investigating the structure and functions of insects and polypes; but even these great workers were moved by curiosity rather than by biological philosophy. The marvels of organization fascinated them. They saw in these marvels new and surprising proofs of creative wisdom, and were content with such discoveries. Swammerdam, indeed, declares that the organization of these inferior creatures is more wonderful than that of man*—an exaggeration natural and excusable in one who had given his life to the dissection of what in those days of imperfect classification were called "insects." Ray, Paley, and other natural theologians have also sought for arguments in these marvels. But in none of these writers is there a glimmering of the conception now familiar to all students of Biology—namely, that in these simpler forms we must seek the materials for a true elucidation of vital phenomena.

The history of this conception would be well worth tracing, but it demands an erudition to which we can make no pretense. The story would open with Aristotle, who, in his *History of Animals*, displays an astounding knowledge of anatomical details, but a complete absence of philosophic method. That he was better acquainted with the structure of animals than any man before Cuvier, will be evident to the impartial student. Many of the discoveries of modern zoologists are now ascertained to have been clearly known to him; and it is certain, even from his very errors, that the abundant

details he has assembled were for the most part directly observed by him. In the first four books* he gathers together facts which, if systematically arranged, would form a treatise of Comparative Anatomy; and in the fifth, sixth, and seventh books he assembles the facts of Generation. But throughout the work we miss any object beyond that of conveying anatomical and zoological details. Naturally enough his successors were inspired with no higher purpose. In the prosecution of human anatomy, animals were often dissected; and many important discoveries have their origin in such dissections—for instance, the lymphatic vessels discovered by Aselli in the dog. But even the growing tendency to seek for illustration in the structure of animals was greatly retarded by the authority of Boerhaave—who, by the way, was the editor, and the very perverse arranger of Swammerdam's *Biblia Naturæ*. His arguments against comparative anatomy were based on his mechanical theory of the animal organism; for no sooner was this organism conceived as a *mechanism*, than the differences in size, weight, and position of the various organs would necessarily so far affect every question as to render comparative anatomy useless. Vicq d'Azyr and Goethe were the first to perceive the biological value of the comparative method, and since then Lamarck, Cuvier, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Blumenbach, Meckel, Hunter, Oken—not to mention living names—have erected comparative anatomy and philosophic zoology into sciences of daily increasing importance and popularity.

It is but a little while since Lamarck laid the basis of philosophic zoology—since Geoffroy St. Hilaire demonstrated the unity of composition in animal forms—since Cuvier undertook to coördinate that vast and heterogeneous mass of details which then formed the Linnean division "Vermes," and since he made his admirable drawings of the cuttle-fish with the very ink furnished him by the animal; yet to compare Lamarck's first sketch and Cuvier's first sketch with the elaborate and systematic presentation of the animal

* *Bibel der Natur*. Leipsig, 1752, (but written nearly a century earlier.) The passage referred to is the opening paragraph.

* Carus, in the preface to the third volume of his *Comparative Anatomy*, translated by Jourdan, says, "Le premier chapitre de son *Histoire des Animaux* est un vrai traité d'Anatomie comparée." If this is not an oversight of the translator, it is a strange mistake in so careful a writer.

series given in Van der Hoeven's work, now lying before us, is like passing from the chemistry of Lavoisier and Black to the chemistry of Liebig and Graham: so rapid have been the advances, so great the accumulations of the sciences. Does it not seem incredible that the law of mental development being proportional to the development of the brain is no older than Sömmerring, who died in 1830? How could men fail to have made the observation? one is tempted to ask, until reflection assures us of the difficulty there is in making such observations before a certain direction has been given to the thoughts. Does it not also seem incredible that men should for so many centuries have collected shells, written about shells, prided themselves on conchological erudition, and that not until 1774 did a naturalist—O. F. Müller—raise an energetic protest against the absurdity of bestowing so much attention on the house, and neglecting the inhabitant of the house; although, surely, Swammerdam's researches on snails were alone sufficient to fix curiosity in that direction? The internal structure of molluscs has since the days of Poli and Cuvier been a primary object of inquiry among anatomists, and thanks to men like Della Chiaje and Richard Owen, our own generation has worthily continued this impulsion.

Having thus indicated the importance and position of the study of comparative anatomy and philosophic zoology, especially of the lower animals, we may now call the reader's attention to the particular work issued from Cambridge, which is intended to facilitate such studies. It has long enjoyed a high reputation on the Continent, and has been very carefully translated by the Cambridge Professor, who has thereby conferred a substantial benefit on the public, a benefit which would have been greater had he exercised a little more editorial privilege, correcting or adding to his original such details as the advancing condition of zoology render necessary. The reader must not be misled by the nature of our introductory remarks, nor expect to find in Van der Hoeven's work any exposition of those philosophical principles to which zoology can be made subservient. It is a *Handbook*, nothing more, nothing less. It is erudite, trustworthy, compact: a dictionary of families and genera; but by no means a work to teach the beginner, or to assist the philosopher. Its great merits are conscientious

erudition and terse exposition. Amazingly familiar with the literature of his subject, the author is enabled to further students by ample information as to the monographs and treatises where fuller detail may be sought. No one will expect that a work embracing so vast a multiplicity of details can be free from omissions; necessarily, also, it will contain several errors; and this because the truth of to-day often becomes the error of to-morrow, and because a compiler of treatises such as this is often compelled, no matter how extensive his knowledge, to speak of animals only superficially known to him, sometimes not known to him at all. We may as well occupy our remaining space with noting a few of the questionable points which have occurred to us in reading the work, submitting them to the editor's consideration when another edition is called for.

At p. 3, Van der Hoeven discriminates between organic and inorganic bodies, and after characterizing the minerals, adds:

"The remaining bodies are called organic, because they consist of different parts, of fibres, vessels, cells, &c., the combination of which is called organization. In these bodies there prevails that mutual dependence between all the parts, of which in the inorganic we recognize no trace."

Even if we accepted Ehrenberg's views, now almost universally discredited, of the infusoria as "highly organized" animals, we should still point to the indisputable facts of the *Amœba* without any differentiated structure at all; of various Protozoa whose structure may be, ideally at least, reduced to a single cell; and of all the unicellular plants, in none of which can fibres, vessels, cells, &c., demarkate the individual from the inorganic world; consequently Van der Hoeven's definition fails where it is most urgently demanded, since no one desires a definition to enable him to recognize the difference between a highly organized animal and a mineral.

At page 67 we read:

"Trembley, among his many experiments on the reproductive power of the fresh-water polype, even turned the body inside out, like the reversed finger of a glove. Nevertheless the creature continued to live, and took food. This may be explained by a change of structure, the consequence of the violence of the experiment."

If the translation here is correct, we

cannot forbear our expression of astonishment that Van der Hoeven should have written, and his editor have passed, such a sentence. The fact alleged is one we are much inclined to doubt; it is, however, almost universally accepted, and the ordinary and plausible explanation is this: the lining membrane of the intestinal canal in all animals being only an infolding of the external envelope, the mucous membrane being a modification of the skin, no sooner is the polype turned inside out, than the external membrane becomes modified into a mucous membrane, and the skin becomes an intestinal canal. In point of strict accuracy, there is no mucous membrane at all in the polype, but only a layer of cells, indistinguishable from the layer which forms the external envelope; so that theoretically there is no difficulty in conceiving the fact to be as Trembley states it, and our skepticism does not fall on *that* part of the question, but on the preliminary fact of turning the polype inside out. What, however, can we say to a physiologist who believes in an external envelope being converted into an assimilative surface in consequence of undergoing *violence* from the experimenter!

At pp. 255-7 we meet with statements which, in the present state of Physiology, require, to say the very least, a more qualified expression before being suffered to pass in the pages of a Handbook. Thus we are told that in "very many insects *salivary glands* are present; they are placed at the commencement of the intestinal canal." Most zoologists, we know, are not remarkable for caution in assigning functions to organs; but really, the supposition of insects possessing salivary glands is one so opposed to any positive knowledge we have of the function of such glands in the higher animals, that until decisive evidence be brought forward proving that these glands *are* salivary, we must regard this hypothetical determination with extreme suspicion. The office of salivary glands is now ascertained to be simply that of facilitating deglutition by moistening the food and lubricating the passage into the stomach—at least in the higher animals this is proved to be so by Claude Bernard's investigations.* Now, seeing that

insects for the most part live on the juices of plants and animals, and do not masticate their food, the existence of salivary glands in them becomes *à priori* questionable; more questionable when we learn that in the enormous order of *Coleoptera* they are for the most part wanting; and still more questionable when we learn that in the *Ponorpa*, among the *Neuroptera*, the females have them not, whereas the males are largely endowed with them! If these glands are salivary they must perform a simple function, accessory to the function of digestion; and to suppose the female takes her food in a different manner from the male, or digests it under different conditions, is *une très forte supposition*.

The reader may possibly regard it as of little importance whether zoologists are right or wrong in the assignment of a function to these glands in insects; and in itself the error is harmless enough. Our protest is against the laxity which prevails throughout zoological investigations, and which suffers a bold guess to take the place of a rigorously verified observation. Why not let us acquiesce in ignorance, and say, "Here is an organ glandular in structure, function undetermined?" The mere confession of ignorance would direct investigation to the point; and if these investigations were controlled by inductive skepticism, the truth would finally appear. As an example of the laxity complained of, let us consider the very next paragraph on the page before us. Van der Hoeven describes the fine vessels which are implanted below the inferior orifice of the stomach—the so-called *Malpighian vessels*—which were formerly held to represent the liver, and are now supposed to represent the kidneys; and he remarks:

"If we consider these organs as kidneys, it becomes uncertain whether insects have a liver; for the idea that these vessels may represent at once both kidneys and liver (whence it has been proposed to name them then *vasa urino-biliaria*) is not, as appears to me, the result of comparative investigation, either anatomical or physiological, and would never have been entertained but for the attempt to reconcile two conflicting views, and which ought always to be distrusted when it interferes with more extended inquiry."

Not only two conflicting views, but two diametrically opposite functions, are

* *Leçons de Physiologie Expérimentale*. Paris, 1856.

"reconciled" by this attempt. The excretion of urea is physiologically and anatomically removed into a quite different category from the elaboration of bile; the urea is *separated from* the blood, the bile is *constructed out of* the blood; if the urea is not separated, it accumulates in the blood, and kills the animal; if the bile is not *formed* by the liver, no trace of its existence is discoverable in the blood; and although the function of digestion, with which the bile is some way connected, is doubtless troubled by this non-formation of bile, the animal shows no appreciable deterioration. Who does not see, therefore, that any attempt to unite two *such* functions in one organ is fundamentally unphilosophical? Van der Hoeven is puzzled at the absence of the liver, for, he says:

"If we suppose it to be altogether wanting in insects, then it must be proved that the separation of bile [bile is *not* separated] is more important in the animal economy than the excretion of urea, before an argument can be borrowed therefrom against the function ascribed to the Malpighian vessels. We do not forget that by respiration and the elaboration of bile the quantity of carbon in the living body is diminished, and that from the large development of the respiratory organs in insects, the excretory office of the liver is in a great measure dropped."

Van der Hoeven here, throughout, assumes that the liver is an excretory organ—a point on which the highest authorities are divided, and on which we may say, that if bile is to be regarded as an excretion, it is only so after previously fulfilling the office of a secretion, and aiding in the digestion of food.

"Nevertheless," says Van der Hoeven, "it is highly probable that parts whose function agrees with that of a liver are not altogether absent in insects." We think so too, for in the larvæ of gnats we have detected the unmistakable hepatic cells; but while agreeing with our author in the general statement, we read with considerable surprise the explanation he furnishes:

"In the first place (he says), we might here refer to the great quantity of fat situated between the skin and the intestine, which invests every organ, and is of very great extent, more especially in larvæ, whose respiration is less perfect; the carbon and hydrogen, which in other instances is combined with oxygen to quit the body by respiration, here forms that provision of combustible matter so necessary in the animal economy for the support of respiration."

On the strength of this he adopts Oken's hypothesis of the fat being the analogue of a liver! It is perfectly consistent with the *Natur-philosophie* to make such comparisons; but that a sober zoologist should for one moment consent to confound things so essentially distinct as a liver and a mass of fat, on the hypothetical assumption that both exert the same influence on the composition of the fluids, is enough to "give us pause."

There are some anatomical inaccuracies which are easily removable; such, for instance, as the assertion, p. 91, that the ovaries of the *Actinix* open into the base of the stomach by efferent canals, there being no canals whatever in the *Actinix*; or such as the mistake, at p. 99, where the *Acalephæ*, which do not sting, are said to be without thread-cells. But far more serious than errors of this kind is the omission of all reference whatever to the chylaqueous circulation in the Annelids, and to the masterly investigations of Dr. Williams of Swansea, published in the *Reports of the British Association*. But we must not continue our objections, or we shall convey a false impression of the substantial value of this work, which is one every zoological student should be glad to have upon his shelves for reference. There is no work on such an extensive and fluctuating body of details in which criticism would be unable to find errors; but there is, we believe, no work known to European zoologists which enjoys a higher reputation for accuracy than this *Handbook* by Van der Hoeven.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

BY-WAYS OF HISTORY.—"THE TWO BACONS."

I HAVE read a story somewhere of a coarse, rude fellow who, being in the room with a man having a misshaped limb, fixed his eye upon it, saying, loudly and offensively, "That's the the ugliest leg in company!" To this insult, the other calmly replied by offering a wager that "it was not," which being accepted, he put forward from under his cloak his other leg, uglier and more deformed still. I apply this story to the case of the "two Bacons." If we must accept Pope's antithetic couplet, calling on us to

"mark how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, *meanest* of mankind."

as really descriptive of the great ex-Chancellor's character, I am disposed to think that there may be found hidden "in the cloak of history" a meaner man than "the meanest," in the person of his brother, Anthony Bacon—an individual described as of more "parts" than "action," "nimble of head" as he was "impotent of feet"—and who contrived to climb to the very heights of "great affairs," and dive into the depths of dark intrigue, though he lay "bed-rid" all his lifetime!

Before we go on with the comparison between the brothers, there are a few observations, gleaned here and there, to be offered in abatement of the condemnation generally passed on Bacon's memory and fame, as charged with venality in his high place as Chancellor.

Who will not lend a willing ear to every point of evidence which may tend to clear the character of this pioneer of truth—this "Prophet of Science"—this "man before his age," whose grandly pathetic "Appeal to Posterity" is every day more fully affirmed in the Court of Public Opinion? When we read his "Aphostolic Essays," replete as they are with a wisdom which, new and wondrous in his time, has never yet become obsolete—finding, as we do

continually, that men of our day trade and thrive, and make a show, and win a repute, upon a capital of wisdom which in reality consists of gold grains gathered from the mine of Bacon's conceptions, and beat out into their *thin laminae*—finding this, I say, one does not not willingly think that *any* meanness, much less the debasing love of "filthy lucre," could have lodged in that fine and clear intellect, that lofty, capacious understanding. True! Bacon stands convicted at the bar of public judgment, upon an undefended charge, of sordid corruption, and yet one tithe of the investigating care which is now-a-days so freely wasted in mawkish mercy upon many a case of glaring criminality, might, if applied to Bacon's case, very probably have long since, we will not say extenuated the offense, but reversed the verdict.

The anecdote is well known, that as Bacon passed, in the course of his harassing and degrading trial, through the ranks of his household standing ranged in the halls of his official residence at court, he bowed in bitterness to this show of respect from his official staff, and said briefly and pointedly, "Sit still, my masters, your rise hath been my fall"—being obviously understood to mean that he had found himself powerless to control or order his official "family" as he ought, and that in the transactions of which he was reaping the loss and disgrace, their corruption had "mastered" his powers of observation or of right rule. The force of his excuse will be lost on those who insist on weighing the usages of Bacon's official life in the balance of our own times. A Judge of our day, charged with receiving bribes, would be coldly listened to if, admitting that "the bribe had been received," he should urge that "his servant had committed it without his consciousness;" but does it follow that such a plea was equally irrelevant in an age when "back-stairs" influence, and access to the ear of great men

by means of bribed followers and influential domestics, was an "evil under the sun," great, glaring, and universal?

In our day, the world would start in horror and incredulity at even the whisper of a charge of peculation and corruption against a wearer of the ermine, or occupier of the woollack; but we must not suppose that in Bacon's time, or "in the old time before him," such charges were so novel or unusual. I have lighted on a curious "case in point" of some ages previous, in which, with many features of resemblance, the accused had the good fortune to have fortified himself against the charge with more sagacity than the great but luckless Lord of Verulam. I extract from what are called "The Cotton Records," edited by "Prynne":

"In the seventh year of Richard II. (A.D. 1384) appeared one 'John Cavendish, fishmonger of London,' and he laid his plaint before the lords in parliament, that having a weighty cause depending on the King's Chancery, one John Otter a clerk of Sir Michael de la Pole's, (the chancellor,) had undertaken 'that he should be well treated so he would give him ten pounds for his travail.' And that he, the said Cavendish, did give the said Otter in part payment some 'herring and fresh sturgeon!' but not finding judgment to pass in his favor, or with the speed he expected, he made his plaint to the lords, in his premises.

"Sir Michael de la Pole, the chancellor, first clearing himself on the Holy Sacrament, of delay or favor in the case, pleaded for answer that, 'when accompting with his servants and officers he had "bolted out" (sifted or investigated) "the said herring and sturgeon to have come by a cheat," whereon "greatly moved," he sent for Cavendish, and "ripping the matter," caused the suitor to be paid for his fish, and the obligation cancelled.'

"Otter, the clerk, being examined, did by his confession clear the chancellor of being privy to the corruption he was forced to acknowledge.

"Cavendish, the complainant, did also own that the chancellor had in time past caused him to be paid for his fish.

"Whereupon the chancellor being cleared in his fame by the voice of parliament, did praise remeid against Cavendish for the slander, and he being put upon his bail, the matter was remitted to the course of law.

"And the judges, hearing the whole matter, did condemn Cavendish in *one thousand marks*, for his slanderous complaint against the chancellor, with imprisonment until paid."

Here was a case of charge met and answered with that common-sense caution and sagacity in which the capacious mind of Bacon was too probably defective.* When the Chancellor should have been calling his servants to account for their every-day dealings with his place and reputation, the Philosopher, probably, was busy in taking to task the cheating *a priori* systems of "science falsely so called," and detecting the fallacies, then passing current in "The Schools" as principles of sound reason—when he should have been "bolting" the peculations of his officers, he was in all likelihood sifting the "*arcana nature*"—and was "*ripping up*" the "vulgar errors" of the pseudo-learned, when he should have been tracing to their actors the venal practices which were preparing his downfall—great genius is too apt to soar above the practical—a small dash of that common-sense caution which had guided his predecessor in the case related, would, in all probability, have saved the "foremost man of his age" from the coarse aspersions of envious contemporaries, the humiliating pity of posterity, or the moral-pointing sarcasm of that satirist who has "damn'd him to enduring fame."

A similar charge against a successor of Bacon's is thus told in the "*vraisemblable*"† journal of Sir Thomas More's daughter "Meg!" as having been disposed of by him with the same quaint humor in which he jested with the headsman on the scaffold:

"A ridiculous charge hath beene got up against dear *Father*, no less than of bribery and corruption. One *Parnell* complaineth of a decree given agaynst him in favour of one *Vaughan*, whose wife he deposeth gave *Father* a gilt flaggon. To the noe small surprise of the Council, *Father* ad-

* Never was a clearer application of the rebuke, "Physician, heal thyself," than in a sentence of Bacon's essay on "Great Place:" "The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, roughness, and facility." We can only acquit the Chancellor of the second of these faults, by bringing him in guilty of the last.

† The well-invented and pleasing journal of "The Household Life of Sir T. More," by Margaret More, embodies all its facts, from the true biography of her father, written by her husband "Will Roper."

mitted that she had done so. 'But, my Lords,' proceeded he, when they uttered a few sentences of reprehension somewhat too exultantlie, 'will ye list to the conclusion of the tale. I bade my butler fill the cup with wine, and having drunk her health, I made her pledge me, and then restored her her gift, and would not take it again.'

"As innocent a matter touching the offering him of a pair of gloves, containing Fortie Pounds, and his taking the first, and returning the last, saying that 'he preferred his gloves without lining,' hath been made publick with the like triumph to his good fame."

"But alack," adds poor Margaret More, with a preassage of her father's coming fate, "these feathers show which way sits the wind." They do show, moreover, that the use and wont of the time was to offer such things without any sense of impropriety; the rarity was to find a man like More, with the stern, sterling virtue, and quick wit to put them by. In similar illustration of the customs of the age, we find Moore's son-in-law, Dancy, whom he had made a functionary of his court, complaining that—

"While the fingers of my *Lord Cardinal's*" (Wolsey, his predecessor) "veriest door-keepers *were tipt with gold!* I, since I married your daughter, have got noe pickings."

"To which grievance, adds Margaret, "Father, laughing, makes answerie:

"Your case is hard, son *Dancy*, but I can only say for your comfort, that soe far as justice and honesty are concerned, if my own father, whom I reverence dearlie, stood before me on the one hand, and the Devil, whom I hate extreamlie on the other, yet the cause of the latter being just, I should "give the Devil his due." "

With these suggestive doubts as to the actual personal venality of Lord Bacon, who ought, if ever man ought, to have the benefit of "a doubt," and of "general character," in answering to the improbable charge—let us now proceed to investigate a case in his own house, which, supposing him guilty, throws his meanness into the shade by its overpassing rascality.

Francis and Anthony Bacon were the younger sons of Sir Nicholas Bacon, by Anne Coke, his second wife, sister of the great Lord Coke. Both brothers sat in parliament together, Francis for Middlesex, and Anthony for Walingford. When

Francis, called to higher office, vacated his seat for Middlesex, Anthony succeeded him; by this he would appear to have been a person of consideration in his day, and his brother early characterized him as a "man of known ability in matters of state, especially affairs foreign." His mental power overcame bodily infirmity, so that from the bed on which he lay continually, he was able to influence the councils of the stirring spirits of the age, and as the event will prove, to "feather his nest" quite as warmly if he could have flown hither and thither with the nimbleness of more active men.

At an early stage of his career, his brother Francis—who, with a very high estimate of his mental qualities, seemed to have loved the disabled Anthony with a love the depth of which he expresses in saying; "I sometimes wish your infirmities translated upon myself"—(*vide* Epistle Dedicatory to first edition of "Essays")—had commended him to the patronage of Lord Essex, as one "whose impotent feet did not hinder his nimble head," and whom he would find an astute and useful councilor. Essex, upon this assurance, received him into his family, accommodated him in a partition of his own house, and "otherwise gave him very noble entertainment among his intimates and councilors."

Towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, when, in the language of euphuistic flattery, "that bright occidental star drew towards its set in dimness and sorrow," two great factions of her court, namely, those of "*Essex*" and "*the Cecils*," were eagerly but cautiously turning their eyes to the point of the political horizon whence the luminary of a new day and world was about to arise. The rival courtiers were each trying to establish his credit with the presumptive, though yet undeclared heir to the English crown—each, though pressing, with the common tendency of mankind, to

hail the rising sun,

Neglecting that whose course was run,

endeavored to carry on his communications with the Scottish court in the utmost secrecy, well knowing that the jealousy of the dying queen would regard such an act as *treason!* and even in the last pangs resent it accordingly; so that each trod his dark path with all the stealthy circumspection of men holding life and honor on their venture.

Anthony Bacon, "inward" as he was in the confidence and councils of his patron, of course held the clue to this vital secret in his hand, and, doing so, began at intervals to show a purpose of turning it to base account. He dropped from time to time hints of overtures made to him by "the Cecil-ians," his relatives; he let fall words to several that it would be "*better worth his while to amend his fortunes by joining his natural allies*;" and at length wrought matters up to the point that Lord Henry Howard, afterward Lord Northampton, (as unwelcome as the messenger who once "drew curtain" in half-burned Troy,) waked Essex one fair morning to tell him that "*unless Anthony Bacon were presently satisfied with some good round summe, alle would be vented*!" In the slang but suitable phrase of the pick-pocket, the accomplice was going to "split" on his "pals," and the whole "lay" was like to be "blown upon" to their discovery and ruin.

Essex was no better provided with a "round summe" than political intriguers usually are. He had no money, but in his extremity he bethought him that probably his "good Anthony" might accept a "material guarantee;" and as an expedient to secure his secrecy, he made over upon him, on the instant, "Essex House!" the very house in which they "had lived and loved together!" so that their relative positions became strangely reversed—Bacon had heretofore been the "honour'd guest" of Essex, and now Essex had become Bacon's lodger! A curious state of things! The feelings of politicians in those days must have been "tough and serviceable," when two men placed in such positions could lie down under the same roof in peace and confidence, the one buying from his accomplice a precarious safety with pecuniary ruin, the other swallowing without scruple the plunder of his trusting and deceived patron. Essex House was, however, a capacious edifice, equal to "whole streets of our degenerate days," so that the inmates could continue to inhabit it without collision; and seeing that the new master "kept his chamber," there was little fear of the "great awkwardness" of an encounter in the corridors or on the grand staircase!

This "awkward" state of things, however, did not continue long. When Essex had time to look about him, he redeemed his imprudent pledge. Lady Walsingham

(his mother-in-law) paid Bacon *two thousand and five hundred pounds* in lieu of the pawned palace, and so this transaction ended. But Elizabeth still lingered, and Bacon still held the sword suspended over his confiding patron's head, until he had "distilled from the same secret" *fifteen hundred pounds more, "monetas solidas,"* together with one thousand pounds of annual pension! "Can you be honest?" asks the querist on the stage. "*Hum! what will you give me?*" is the business-like reply. No nimble-footed scoundrel of the drama ever brought his *fidelity*! to a better market than crippled Anthony Bacon. Wotton, in his "*Reliquie*," relating the incident, counts up the gains, and closes with this pithy remark: "This great amount being gained by a private and *bed-rid* gentleman, what would he have gotten *if he could have gone about his own business!*"

Did Francis Bacon ever know of, or suspect, this baseness of that "brother Anthony," of whom, in his "Apologie for Lord Essex," he boasted to the last that he had "knit his service to be at my lord's disposing?" For the honor of genius, of humanity, we trust he did not; and yet!—it is hard to suppose that Essex, thus heavily mulcted by the treachery of his trusted inmate, did not reproach Francis Bacon for having commended to his care a frozen serpent, to be warmed by his generous "entertainment" into the power to sting him to death. If Lord Bacon *did* know anything of his brother's conduct to his patron, we must reluctantly give him up to even worse scorn than his enemies have heaped on him, for in such case there would be in his bearing, in the short incident left to relate, an effrontery, duplicity, and shamelessness rendering him *capable of anything*.

Time held its course: Essex reaped but short immunity from the dear-bought silence of Anthony Bacon. His revolt and his ruin are written in the great records of the time. Essex and Elizabeth alike passed away; the new era which "gentle King Jamie" brought with him commenced, and among the first to hail him with a letter of welcome, in the fulsome style of the day, was Lord Bacon. And in the course of the letter he took occasion to magnify to his majesty "the *infinite* devotion! and incessant endeavors!! beyond the strength of his body and the nature of the times, which appeared in

'his good brother Anthony Bacon' towards his majesty's service!"

King James had much of that small sagacity which could often spell out a secret escaping the notice of his abler councilors. It is said that it was he who first "smelled gunpowder" in the mysteriously-worded warning received by Lord Montague on the eve of the fifth of November; and great was the self-laudation with which he afterward received compliments upon the wisdom he had shown in the affair—a wisdom which his pliant courtiers did not hesitate to call almost "inspired." Could he but have guessed the *little bit of secret history* "connected with Anthony Bacon's zeal for his service," with what a ready and shrewd quip he would have acknowledged that devotion which, while doing "service to Cæsar," at the same time contrived to enrich *self* to the amount of four thousand pounds (equal to twenty thousand now) in the shape of—hush-money!

The letter above referred to must have been written in the first days of King James's reign, and procured for "brother Anthony" a pension, which, however, he did not long live to enjoy. In 1597, Lord Bacon had dedicated his first edition of "The Essays" to his "loving and beloved brother Anthony Bacon;" but in an enlarged edition, in 1612, the dedication to his loving brother (in law,) Sir John Constable, speaks of "his dear brother Anthony" as "now with God!" Indeed, we learn from Basil Montague's edition of Lord Bacon's works, that Anthony Bacon died about 1603; and it is remarkable that in the memoir of the Chancellor with which Montague closes his elaborate edition of his works, there is *but very slight mention*

of the brother he loved so much. Was it that Montague saw, that the less said the better for Anthony's reputation?

N.B.—Among the intricacies of this strange case are two letters, given in "Bacon's works," (vol. 12, pp. 9-14, Montague's edition,) entitled thus: "Two letters framed, one *as from* Mr. Anthony Bacon to the Earl of Essex; the other, *as the Earl's Answer.*" These letters, *if genuine*, would be a complete refutation to the charge against Anthony of having "gotten his wealth" by treachery to his friend, but from a curious passage in Essex's Trial, it appears that these letters were *written by Francis Bacon himself*, as mere *make-believes* to be shown to the queen, while he was interceding in Essex's behalf. This piece of fine-spun policy failed in its effect, and was cast in Bacon's teeth by the wretched earl, when on his trial, the former, as attorney-general, was officially pleading against him. Bacon, roused by this unwarrantable disclosure, retorted thus:

"My lord, I spent more hours to make you a good subject than on any man in the world besides; but since you have stirred this point, I dare warrant that this letter will not blush to see the light." The letters, in fact, being filled with sage counsel to loyalty on the part of Anthony, and professions of penitence on the earl's part, are in no otherwise objectionable than that they were a "*sham*!" from beginning to end. Bacon, to the close of his life, complained of having his artifice exposed, when, as he asserted, "All he did was done like a friend, while he studied to put Essex in grace with the queen."

From Titan.

A VOICE FROM THE POMPEIAN COURT.

WAVES of the azure sea,
Blue of the cloudless sky,
Sunlight on flower and tree,
Gilding all joyously;
Tints of the early dawn,
Rose of the blushing morn,
Radiant and bright;
Beams on Love's fairy bowers,
Telling of happy hours,
Dark comes the night!

Breeze on the balmy air,
Birds of the lightsome wing,
Echoes of music fair,
Pleasantly murmuring;
Ripples that gently glow,
Clear o'er the sands below,
Carolling light;
Sighs that betray the heart,
Hush'd ye shall all depart
Silent ere night!

Statues that breathless live,
Marble and porphyry;
Vases that odors give,
Scenting deliciously;
Paintings and sculptured halls,
Fruits on the sunny walls,
Tempting the sight;
Fountains that cool the day,
Quick ye shall fade away,
Buried ere night!

Gay ones that laugh at fate,
Soft revelries keeping,
Near to your city gate
A giant lies sleeping;
Oh! he has slumber'd long,
Soon he will wake full strong,
Stalwart and bold;
Though unchanged to the sight,
He has grown in his might,
Some centuries old.

Sudden he starts to life,
Furious at waking,
Arm'd for the coming strife,
The elements shaking.
See the black vapor rise,
Dark'ning the earth and skies,
Noon turn'd to night;
Lurid the lightnings glare
Quick through the parch'd air,
Scorching the sight.

Hark! how the giant roars,
Hurling his thunders,
As from the monster-jaws
Burst forth new wonders.
Lo! where the crimson fire,
Ever uprising higher,
Shoots through the air;
Down rains the scalding shower,
Blighting with ruthless power
All that is fair!

Earth and her altars quake,
Echo repeats the shock,
While from their basement shake
Stonework and splinter'd rock;
Onward the fragments come,
Ruin to shaft and dome,
Crush'd in their fall;
Deep streams of lava pour
Thick from their liquid store,
Covering all!

Forms of bright loveliness
Warmly the streams enfold,
Taking with hot caress
Beauty's enchanting mould;
Humbling the lesson taught,

Surely and dearly bought,
Could they but see,
When all harden'd and cold,
Like a passion grown old,
That lava shall be.

Fair ones in days to come,
Rockless of charms undone,
Shall seek at this silent tomb
Jewels to deck their own;
And carving the harden'd dust,
Shape from the polish'd crust
Gems rich and rare;
As the heart forms new joys
Upon those time destroys
Bright though they were.

Not on the weak alone
Falls the avenging hand,
Statue-like turn to stone,
See where the mighty stand;
Corruption can touch them not,
Changeless they lie forgot,
Fast lock'd in sleep.
Rouse them to upper air,
List to the threat they bear,
Dig for them deep.

"Souls that in sins are dead,
Wake e'er the night draw near:
Have ye no fate to dread?
Have ye no God to fear?
Ponder our quick decay,
Gone in a summer's day,
Destiny dire!
Type of the end to come,
All in one ardent tomb,
Purged as by fire.

"Earth, with her surface bright,
Calm though she look to be,
Keeps her hid fires alight,
Smouldering silently;
What if at once awoke,
Sudden each furnace broke
Wild into flame?
No more would the Deluge come,
Blessing with colder doom,
Each quivering frame.

"Think on the Children Three
Who through the burning trod,
Tender'd all lovingly
By the bless'd Son of God.
So shall He tender you,
Walk with him ever true;
Earth may be riven,
But He by his mighty power
Shall lead out of danger's hour,
Safe into heaven."

From Colburn's New Monthly.

THE STONE OF DESTINY.

THE time-honored coronation-stone enclosed within St. Edward's chair, in Westminster Abbey, is one of the most remarkable of our historical monuments, and the belief connected with it is one of the curiosities of British history. The known pedigree of the stone carries it back for nearly a thousand years, and tradition surrounds it with a haze of mystery and legend, and refers its origin to a most remote antiquity.

The stone upon which the patriarch Jacob rested his head at Bethel, and which he afterwards set up for a monument, as described in the twenty-eighth chapter of the book of Genesis, has been regarded as the prototype of the stone monuments which were erected by the most ancient nations in the world, either for purposes of memorial or for national solemnities. Many passages of holy Scripture show that a stone monument was dedicated to the anointing of kings; and from the East the custom was adopted by Celtic and Scandinavian nations. The ancient coronation-stone of Anglo-Saxon kings, which is preserved at Kingston-upon-Thames; the *Meini Gwyr*, upon which proclamations are made in the marketplace at St. Austell; and some similar monuments that might be mentioned, are examples of the descent of that custom to our own country. But the mediæval legends and popular belief connected with the coronation-stone in Westminster Abbey, assert that national relic to be Jacob's Pillar itself; and the patriotic romances of some old Scottish chroniclers represent this stone to have come to Europe through the Phœnician colonization of Spain, to have been thence derived by Ireland with the first of her Ibero-Celtic monarchs, and from them to have come to Caledonia.

To seek an historical foundation for a legend of this nature would be to embark upon an ocean of uncertainty in the mists of tradition; but it may be interesting to see how far the existence of this national

relic, and of the curious belief connected with it, is carried back by authentic history. And here it may be observed, that the fact of the south-western coast of Ireland and parts of Spain having been colonized at a remote period by a cognate race of Eastern origin; the fact of Phœnicians, if not Jews, having anciently settled in those parts of Europe; and the fact of the stone in question corresponding mineralogically to a sienite found in Egypt, are facts which, as far as they go, afford some countenance to the legend connected with it.

But if we turn to existing traditions in the East, we find that legend to be in conflict with them; for Jacob's Pillar—which is said to have been removed from Bethel by the tribe of Joseph—is believed by the Mohammedans (according to Calmet) to be preserved in that ancient building which is known as the Mosque of Omar. The sacred rock covered by the dome is a celebrated object of Moslem tradition and devotion. Dr. Robinson says that the Christians of the middle ages regarded it as the stone on which Jacob slept when he saw the vision of angels, and as the stone of prophecy; and it is at this day known as *Al Sakra*, or the stone of unction. There is a strange belief connected with the well or hollow beneath this long venerated rock, for there the souls of the departed are believed to rest between death and resurrection, and there it was thought the living might hold converse with the dead. But although in Eastern tradition, both Christian and Mussulman, supernatural attributes are connected with this object, it is difficult to identify it with the pillar set up by the patriarch; and in truth the European tradition of the Stone of Destiny ascends to an older source, and avers that it—the real stone of prophecy—had left Judea long before the destruction of Jerusalem. At all events, authentic Jewish history does not, so far as we know, connect with the sacred rock in honor of which the dome was built, a

prophecy or belief resembling that which is connected with the coronation-stone.

But an Irish tradition derived by us through Scotland, and which first makes its appearance in the old traditions of Ireland, avers that the rock or pillar of Jacob, to the possession of which by a certain tribe destiny annexed the sceptre of the kingdom in which it should rest, was brought from Judea to Spain by a chieftain or patriarch, who founded a kingdom there, and was taken from that country to Ireland by the king or chief of the Scots—a very ancient people, who were undoubtedly in possession of the island at the time of the introduction of Christianity, and to whom some historians attribute a Phœnician origin. According to the legend, the conqueror—a very mythical personage, by the by—was contemporary with Romulus and Remus, and came to Ireland with the Stone of Destiny to found his kingdom, about the time of the foundation of Rome, or, seven hundred and fifty years before Christ. A thousand years before, according to Biblical chronology, the King of kings promised to Jacob the land on which he set up the stone of Bethel, and dominion to his posterity through all the world.

Now a fatal stone, regarded as a kind of national palladium, is mentioned in Irish manuscripts of the sixth century of our era, by the name of the *LIA FAIL*, or Stone of Destiny; and that a stone which stood upon the Hill of Tara, and was used at the inauguration of the Irish kings, and was known as the *Labheireg*, or Stone of Destiny, existed in A.D. 560, appears from the fact that the stone and the hill itself fell in that year under the anathema of the Christian clergy; the stone (according to Sir John Ware, in his "Antiquities of Ireland,") having been honored as a kind of national palladium before the conversion of the natives, and having become a focus of heathen superstitions. A very ancient prophetic verse referring to this stone exists in the old Irish language, in a manuscript of the sixth century, and is to the effect that the *LIA FAIL* shall accompany the sceptre of the kingdom. This prophetic verse is referred by Borlase, in his "Antiquities of Cornwall," to a Druidical origin. Be that as it may, the legends of the early Irish historians relating to this stone are of the most romantic kind, and connect it with shadowy kings of the ancient royal race of Ireland.

The old Irish prophecy connected with

that stone, and the prophecy connected in Scottish belief with the *FATALE MARMOR* of Scone and Westminster, to which Scottish mediæval writers transfer the regal attributes of the *LIA FAIL*, have not the same form in the two countries; but it cannot be doubted that the Scottish tradition was derived from Ireland, and the prophecy itself looks of Oriental origin. The Persians had their *Artizoe*, or "Fatal Stone," which from the notice of it given by Pliny, seems to have been a kind of ordeal stone, for it was used to point out the most deserving candidate for the throne. Then, too, there is the sacred Black Stone, which is considered by the Seids to be their palladium;* and (it is curious ethnologically, as well as observable in illustration of this point,) that a tribe of Indians of South America revered a sacred and Fatal Stone—described as a large mass of very rich grey silver ore—which they guarded and removed as they were driven from place to place by the Spaniards, and which was the first thing that the subjugated natives stipulated to retain.†

It does not appear at what time the race of Scots who migrated from Ireland to the hills of Argyle first possessed the Fatal Stone that was preserved at Scone, until King Edward I. removed it to Westminster. The patriotic romances of some mediæval Scottish writers—ingeniously avoiding altogether the Irish tradition of the Stone of Destiny—pretend that King Fergus, three hundred and thirty years before Christ, brought with him into Scotland the stone seat of royalty on which the kings had been inaugurated in Ireland, and on which his successors were wont to be crowned; and they add, more credibly, that the same stone was afterwards placed by King Kenneth in the Abbey of Scone about the year of our Lord, 850. Scone was, from very early times in Scottish history, the place of convention, the Scottish Hill of Tara—and upon its Folk-mote eminence the kings were accus-

* It is mentioned in 1851, by the distinguished officer who was then Lieut.-Colonel Williams, the British Commissioner for the settlement of the Turkish boundary question, in a letter from Hamadan, Persia, for which see *Literary Gazette*, 12th of April, 1851. The stone has a long story attached to it.

† These facts are stated by Mr. Simpson, in his account of some South-American figures in gold, obtained from the sacred lake of Guataveta, in Colombia.—*Archæol. Æliana*, vol. ii. p. 253.

tomed to be crowned until the time of Kenneth; after which epoch the kings of Scotland, down to the time of Robert Bruce, received the crown sitting upon that stone, in the old monastery of Scone, which was a foundation of unknown antiquity by followers of the rule of St. Columba, who were called Culdees, and derived their institution from Iona.*

There can be no doubt that this ancient marble seat was thus used for the inauguration of the Scottish kings under the idea that it was the *Lia Fail*, or Stone of Destiny, of their Irish progenitors, which had been brought originally from the East. But the existence of the *Lia Fail* upon the Hill of Tara may be traced, as we have said, from, at all events, the sixth century downward; and there this stone—which is described by Mr. Petrie as an upright pillar nine feet high—at present stands near its original locality—the talisman of the kingdom in the old traditions of the country. The *Fatale Marmor* of Scone is found to have been only a substitute. When the Irish colonists of Scotland, to give stability to their new kingdom, begged the *Lia Fail* as a loan from the mother country, she, with more than Hibernian prudence, retained the original, and sent over a substitute, or at most a portion—a loan which the colonists accepted in faith, and, with Scottish care, prized too highly ever to return; and they seem to have transferred to it the prophecy that a prince of Scotia's race should govern wheresoever it should be found. Buchanan, the Scottish historian, identifies it with the stone which had travelled to Scotland, through Ireland, from Spain, and speaks of it as “the rude marble stone to which popular belief attributed the fate of the kingdom.”

And here our readers may like to see the lithological description which has been given of this mysterious object. It is a sandy granular stone, a sort of *débris* of sienite, chiefly quartz, with felspar, light and reddish-colored, and also light and dark mica, with some dark green mineral, probably hornblende, intermixed; some fragments of a reddish-grey clay-slate are likewise visible in this strange conglomerate, and there is also a dark brownish-red

colored flinty pebble of great hardness. The stone is of an oblong form, but irregular, measuring twenty-six inches in length, nearly seventeen in breadth, and ten inches and a half in thickness. It is curious that the substances composing it accord (as remarked by Mr. Brayley) in the grains with the sienite of Pliny, which forms the so-called Pompey's Pillar at Alexandria.

The Latin rhyme in which the old prophecy was perpetuated—

“Ni fallat fatum Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem”—

is said to have been engraved by order of Kenneth, but there is no trace of an inscription upon the stone. If the distich was engraved at that early time in the history of the coronation-stone, it was probably on a metal plate, of which there is some trace upon the stone, or on the wooden chair in which that king is recorded to have had the stone enclosed.

The story of its removal to Westminster, in A.D. 1296, by King Edward I., is too well known to need repetition. “The people of Scotland,” says Rapin, “had all along placed in that stone a kind of fatality. They fancied that only whilst it remained in their country the state would be unshaken: and for this reason Edward carried it away to create in the Scots a belief that the time of the dissolution of their monarchy was come, and to lessen their hopes of recovering their liberty.” As an evidence of his absolute conquest, Edward therefore removed the regalia of the Scottish kings, and gave orders that the famous stone which was regarded as the national palladium should be conveyed to Westminster Abbey, where, accordingly, it was solemnly offered by the kneeling conqueror to the holiest of his name; and there, enclosed in the chair of King Edward, and used at all coronations, it has ever since remained, notwithstanding that in the year 1328 it was an article of the treaty of peace authorized by the great council at Northampton, that it should be restored to the Scots. By writ of privy seal in that year, Edward III. directed the abbot and monks of Westminster to deliver it to the sheriffs of London for the purpose of being restored to Scotland, but the Scots were unable to obtain the performance of this stipulation. They made another attempt to bring back their talisman, by stipulat-

* Scone was founded or re-formed anew by Alexander I., who about A.D. 1115 brought thither canons regular of St. Augustine from the house of St. Oswald of Nostell, near Pontefract.

ing, in the year 1363, that the English should deliver it up to them, and that the King of England should come to be crowned upon it at Secone; but in this stipulation, also, the Scots were disappointed.

Whatever may have become of the original chair in which Kenneth is said to have had the stone enclosed, and which does not appear to have been brought into England at all, it is certain, say the historians of Westminster Abbey, that the present coronation-chair was made for the reception of this highly-prized relic of ancient customs and sovereign power. In A.D. 1300, as appears by an entry in the Wardrobe Accounts, Master Walter the Painter was employed in certain work "on the new chair in which is the stone from Scotland," and he bought gold and divers colors for the painting of the same. The chair was once entirely covered with gilding and ornamental work, and the design is of Edward's time. Down to the period when Camden wrote his history, the lines—

"Si quid habent veri vel Chronica, cana fidesve,
Clauditur hac Cathedra nobilis ecce Lapis;

Ad caput eximius Jacob quondam Patriarcha
Quem posuit, cernens numina mira poli.
Quem tulit ex Scotis spolians quasi Victor
honoris

Edwardus primus, Mars velat Armipotens
Scotorum Domitor, noster validissimus Hector,
Anglorum Decus, et Gloria Militiæ"—

were to be seen on a tablet that hung by this royal stone in the chapel of the Confessor at Westminster; and that tablet, as the historians of the abbey remark, is the most ancient document known in which the stone is called "the Stone of Jacob." Whether that venerable relic is at this moment in the dome of the rock at Jerusalem, upon the hill at Tara, or in Westminster Abbey, we do not undertake to decide; but if for nearly seven centuries the posterity of King Malcolm Canmore and St. Margaret, the great-niece of Edward the Confessor and representative of the Saxon line, continued to reign over Scotland, the Scots have long recognized in the sovereign of Great Britain a representative of their ancient line of kings, and under the gentle sway of Queen Victoria may be well content with their share in the government of the United Kingdom, and with our possession of the Fatal Stone.

From Titan.

OUR TEA-TABLE;

OR, TEA-GROWING IN THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

If our reader, lured by our title, has turned to this page in the hope of finding some piece of delightful scandal—the *chef-d'œuvre* of some veteran village gossip, over which he may dream away an idle half-hour—we must inform him he has fallen into a great mistake. Instead of reporting a tea-table conversation, we wish to afford him some information about the plant itself: to ask him to

visit in our company the great tea warehouse of the world; to say a word about the amount of business done there; and to make such other observations about the employments and morality of the Celestial Empire as may properly fall within the range of our subject, and the limits of our space. If, after listening to our story, he will still maintain his preference for the entertainment of Mrs.

Smith's select party, we shall forbear remark, but "receive the statement with mental reservation."

From London to Hong-Kong is a voyage of about seven weeks; that is, supposing we have been passengers by one of those gigantic ocean steamers which are owned by the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company. To say that this voyage, if the weather be fine, affords some degree of pleasure, is to speak very cautiously indeed. With every comfort, and even every luxury, we are as much at home as we possibly could be in the best appointed mansion of that comfort-loving country we have just left.

As we bid it farewell for a time, we become conscious of emotions in which the pleasant and the painful are singularly blended. All our love for our native earth rushes up in one tumultuous tide of delight; and this, again, is checked by the thought that some of the accidents which happen on the voyage of life may possibly be now parting it and us for ever. This regret makes its way to our hearts, and we are surprised at discovering the existence of small quantities of moisture bedewing the corners of our straining optics, as those white chalky cliffs fade away into a thin, faint, wavy line, and finally vanish from our view.

For three or four days we plough along the Spanish coast; and we take a look at Gibraltar, and then at Malta. From the latter, with the clamorous competition of its boatmen and hucksters of all imaginable ware, we are glad to escape. Yet, amidst the beautiful white stone of its houses, its glorious sunlight, and its clear delicious atmosphere, we could willingly have lingered to feast our senses on everything except the squalid wretchedness of its many beggars.

With delightful morning walks, and still more delightful evening promenades on deck, enlivened by the presence of the ladies, and by the sweet music which floats away over the glowing waters of the placid sea, our pleasant passage comes to a termination; and, amidst the excitement of passengers, the bustling of seamen, and the noisy escape of steam, down drops our anchor in the harbor of Hong-Kong. By small steamer, or smaller oared-boat, we are conveyed up the Pearl River, and landed on *terra firma* in the renowned city of Canton.

In this port, where we are burned up by

a fervid sun, the blistering rays of which scorch European visages with merciless vengeance, we need not remain longer than to become acquainted with some of the most common, though sufficiently striking, features of Chinese social life. We shall find that everything edible is eaten. Susceptibility of mastication, rather than the possession of great nutritive qualities, seems to be the principle on which the Chinese provision market is stocked. Dogs, puppies, rats, mice, goats, pigs, monkeys, cats, and snakes, form part of the regular supply of the Newgate and Leadenhall markets of Canton. Sea-slug occupies a position somewhat akin to that of real turtle in this country; and as it is a rare and an aristocratic delicacy, we shall probably have to seek it from the Gunter, or the Fortnum, Mason, & Co., of the Piccadilly of Peking. Putrid fish also, unhatched chickens, and rotten eggs, are not refused; while, at the same time, they serve to keep down the spice market by imparting a gratuitous flavor to the insipidity of plain boiled rice! The only article about which any squeamishness is exhibited is milk; and against this there is a strong and universal prejudice.*

We shall have occasion to notice, also, the most unaccountable reverence for the dead, coupled with most extraordinary carelessness for the living. The Chinese emigrant leaves "the flowery land" with the determination to return and offer costly sacrifices to his ancestors, who have already slumbered long in their tombs; but, before he goes, he throws his youngest female child into the nearest pond, or brick tower, of which there are great numbers scattered throughout the country, serving as receptacles for these little castaways. Emigration and infanticide, we are inclined to think, are related to each other by something like the tie of cause and effect. Those unfortunate little outcasts, who are thus mercilessly cast adrift, are nearly all females. In the enormous annual efflux of Chinese to Australia, to California, to the Sandwich Islands, to Central and Southern America, to the British West Indies, to Hindostan, and to all the islands of the Indian Archipelago, there is not, it is affirmed, one female for every 10,000

* Sir John Bowring's recent "Letter to the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society." This prejudice, he remarks, is all the more extraordinary, considering that Tartar influences have been so long dominant in the empire.

males. This constant outward flow of emigration in the directions just mentioned, with, also, a considerable landward migration toward Manchuria and Thibet, while it makes no perceptible difference on the teeming population of the country, yet serves to disturb the numerical equilibrium of the two sexes. And although the desire for offspring is, with this people, a universal and overpowering passion, yet it is only male children who are reckoned "the glory of their fathers." The dishonor attaching to the childless state has led, as it has usually done, to polygamy and concubinage. And in no quarter of the world is the nuptial knot tied with a greater amount of ceremony, nor preceded by so endless a variety of notes, negotiations, interviews, visitings, and receptions, more or less protracted.

Marriage among the Chinese is not, as with us, the great event of the woman's life: it is the event of the man's also. Literary and martial achievements, the former especially, form, as is well known, the chief passports to posts of honor and distinction in the government of the country. But this is not all. Literature has its prizes in China, as well as elsewhere, though they do not come in the form of publishers' cheques. The following, we are inclined to think, is one of the most singular: "The successful student, even of the lowest origin, is deemed a fit match for the most opulent and distinguished female in the community."

Nor should our fellow-voyager, who has gone to make a morning call upon some Chinese friend, be unduly shocked, if, while the conversation is carried on in English, he should be politely requested to eat a little "*boiled lice*." Such an offer, we may inform our reader, is not a *bona fide* one; and in its present form is merely the result of an ambitious departure from the Chinese vernacular. There is no *r* sound in that language; and from the difficulty which every worshipper of Confucius finds in framing his organs to pronounce the guttural *r*, he generally substitutes the liquid *l*. Consequently, your invitation is to boiled *rice*, and not to boiled —; the very name of which savors of offense.

A merry Christmas may be spent in Canton, if we are content "to do as they do in China." Only we shall be a week or two later, for the calendar of Cæsar and of Confucius do not agree, but differ by some

very appreciable quantity. There, at that merry season, business is suspended for a week almost entirely. Chinese merchants balance their books—collect and pay their outstanding debts—and thus the balance becomes a real transaction. And whoever does not annually arrange his business matters after this very satisfactory and praiseworthy fashion, occupies a position somewhat similar to the trader at home who neglects to take up his bills when they become due. During the week the natives take to decorating life with flowers and festivities. A brisk trade is driven in the former, which are sold in shops and hawked about the streets. These flowers, many of which are forced into bloom at that season, are greatly in request; and many social meetings and family merry-makings fill up the annual holiday.

The heavy curse of deep poverty presses with great severity on a very large proportion of the population of that country. To the operation of this cause, also, we might have attributed, in some degree, the revolting practice of infanticide. It has been suspected, however, that a trade is springing up which may lessen the number of innocents who are thus daily slaughtered; although the remedy is, we think, somewhat worse than the disease. Female children, it is affirmed, are bought up in the interior at fifteen and eighteenpence a piece, and shipped off for sale to some of the Spanish or French colonies. The *North China Herald*, of the 23d Feb., 1855, gives an account of the accidental discovery of a case of this nature. Through stress of weather, a foreign vessel put into the harbor of Amoy. It was found that part of its cargo consisted of forty-four unfortunate little creatures, who were all in a most wretched condition. They had been shipped at Ningpo by a Portuguese miscreant, who seems to have been regularly engaged in the trade. These children were all miserably cared for; since, as the export price was extremely low, the profits, though two thirds died on the passage, would still be large. Few of them, on being taken ashore by the authorities, were able to walk—so extreme was their emaciation. "One of them was clad in silk, and demeaned herself unlike a child accustomed to want. She was coaxed to give an account of herself, but she hung down her head, and did not speak. There is evidence to show that the most of them were sold on account of poverty; but some

of them were certainly kidnapped, though unable to give an account of the manner." But it is the tea-plant, and not the tea-growers, we came out to look at; and so, after the manner of old chroniclers, when returning from a digression, "*nunc ad inceptum redeo.*"

A cursory examination of a botanical map of the world would lead to the impression that China is the only quarter of the globe where the tea-plant is cultivated. And, in truth, the notion has long been prevalent, that the Chinese, favored by soil, climate, long practice in the art of tea growing, and an extremely low rate of wages, were likely to possess to all time the monopoly of this trade. But such is not likely to be the case. In Japan, Brazil, and Upper Assam, the tea plant has already been cultivated with success. In the two former countries its cultivation is not a new thing; while in the latter region it is now known to be indigenous; and if the effects at present being made to render it an article of export from Assam should be successful, the trade will become a less remunerative one than it is at present to the Canton and Shanghai merchants.

There are two great tea districts—the one for black, the other for green tea. We shall visit the former first, as it lies in our way to the latter. By *river and chair*—for this is the almost universal mode of conveyance in China—we reach our destination. This is Ho-Kow, the head-quarters and great inland mart of the black tea trade. And if our reader will take the trouble to do what should always be done by those who would either read history or travel with advantage—keep his atlas open beside him, and consult it occasionally—he will be able to give Ho-Kow a local habitation as well as a name. It lies, as he will find, in the Province of Kiansee, on the banks of the river Kin-Kiang. It is a populous city, being supposed to contain upward of 250,000 inhabitants. It has been called the focus of the black tea trade; for to it, from the tea-farms of the neighboring districts, long lines of Coolies, with chests slung over their shoulders, are constantly converging. Whether these cargoes proceed to Shanghai or Canton, they must pass through Ho-Kow; hence its importance. Thither, from all quarters of the empire, resort innumerable dealers and traders in the leaf, to buy, to sell, to forward their cargoes. The river is thronged

with boats of all description; some, for the carriage of goods, heavy and deep; others, for passenger traffic, fitted up with some degree of attention to human wants and comforts; and others for pleasure, light, swift, and gaudily painted. And the city itself has its extensive warehouses for the storing of the precious leaf, in the intervals of its transit eastward or westward. Coming southward again, a journey of three days in a chair will bring us to the summits of the Bohea mountains, over which we pass into the Province of Fokien, the great tea district. From the southern slopes of these mountains, and from districts stretching away south and east, comes the great bulk of the tea made at Ho-Kow. In this province we can witness the operation of growing and manufacturing the plant. But a word as to its place and rank in the vegetable kingdom. It is usually regarded as belonging to the family of the Cameliæ: this is the arrangement of De Candolle, the French botanist. It is an evergreen, and grows to the height of five or six feet. Cultivation rather stunts than improves its appearance, owing, no doubt, to the frequent denudation of leaves to which it must submit. The extreme limits of tea cultivation lie between 25° and 33° north lat.; but the best districts are included between 27° and 31°.

On low hills, with a free gravelly soil, formed of disintegrated sandstone, or granitic debris, the tea plant thrives best. It requires no great depth of mould, and almost no manure; and whatever manure is given is merely a little mud at the time of planting. The seeds of the tea-tree, gathered in autumn, are put during winter into a mixture of damp earth and sand. Out of this mixture they are taken by the farmer in spring, who sows them in rows or beds. Very shortly afterward, the spring rains begin to fall, and the plants rush up to see what is going on above ground. When they are about a year old, they are transplanted to more open ground; and in two years after transplantation, or when they are about three years old, they suffer their first plucking. Three times every year thereafter they are denuded of their leafy treasures, till they attain the age of eight or ten, when they are cut down to make room for younger and more vigorous shoots. The time of gathering varies with the district. The first usually takes place in March or May;

the second in May or June; and the third about the end of August. The gathering is not heavy work, when the bushes are low. Squatted on the ground, the Chinaman picks away, leaf after leaf, till he has taken all that can be taken without injury to the shrub.

Having filled his basket, the gatherer spreads its contents on a bamboo tray; on which, by exposure to the sun, the leaves may be said to receive their first drying. On this tray the leaves lie several hours; sometimes a whole night, if they have been gathered late in the afternoon. They are then shaken about and tossed into the air, beaten slightly with the hand till they become flaccid, and subsequently gathered into heaps. After lying for an hour or longer, they become soft, damp, and slightly odoriferous. In this state they are carried to the drying-house.

This is a small place, containing a number of iron pans, called "kuds," built up with stones and mortar; so that they are firmly fixed in their beds. Into these pans, which have been previously heated by a strong wood fire, a small quantity of leaves is thrown. They remain in the pan for four or five minutes, during which time they are quickly tossed about and shaken with the hand. A considerable quantity of moisture is given off, and the leaves, still soft and flaccid, are carried to the rolling table.

The rolling is the next process. By the side of a long table, at certain intervals, several workmen take their places. They seize a quantity of the leaves that have been brought from the roasting-pan, and work up a handful into the form of a ball. By this operation a still further quantity of moisture is expressed, and the leaves take their first twist. After they have been repeatedly shaken out and re-twisted, the balls are passed on to the head of the table, at which stands the foreman of the establishment. By him they are examined, and, if found to possess the requisite curl, they are again spread out on trays, and carried out of doors. They then lie in the open air for three or four hours; and during this period are frequently turned over and carefully separated from each other. After this, they are taken a second time to the drying-house, roasted, and rolled as before. A third time—sometimes even a fourth time—they are dried, but not in the pan, as formerly. They are placed in sieves, or peculiarly-shaped baskets, over

slow charcoal fires, and dried with great care, so as to leave no latent moisture in any single leaf.

The next process is sifting and picking. The leaves are passed through sieves of different sizes, and thoroughly winnowed. Dust and all other impurities are thus removed; while, at the same time, the tea is being divided into different kinds.

The tea farmers are now ready for the Canton merchant; or for his agent, if he grudges the toil of a journey into the interior himself. From several large towns on the southern slopes of the Bohea mountains—(Woo-eshan, Tsong-gan-hien, and Tsin-tsun, are the three most important)—these agents are sent out for the purpose of making up "*a chop*," as it is called. This word has found its way into our country; and wholesale dealers who have a character to lose are very particular about the kind of "*chops*" they offer to their retail customers. A chop, however, is nothing more than a parcel of tea, consisting of from 600 to 630 chests. A chest of Congou has a net weight of 80 lbs. or 84 lbs. Teas of the same chop are of the same class or description; and hence, by this chopping, all subsequent transactions are greatly simplified; and 50,000 lbs. weight of tea, collected from a number of different farms, can afterward be easily sold in Shanghai or London by a sample of a quarter of a pound. When a chop is made up, it is re-fired, packed, and conveyed over the Bohea mountains to Ho-Kow. The carrying is performed by Coolies, who accomplish long journeys with the most exemplary patience and diligence. To the Canton market teas are carried *down* the river to the Poyang Lake, in a westerly direction, and usually reach their destination in about four weeks. Teas for Shanghai, on the other hand, are placed in flat-bottomed boats and carried *up* the river—(let the reader look at his atlas, unless he knows the country already so well that he does not need to do so)—to the town of Yuk-shan. From this point they are again carried by coolies across the country, for about thirty miles, to the town of Chang-shan, near the Green River. Here they are reshipped in flat-bottomed boats, and glide away down the Green River; and in about a fortnight afterwards fall into British hands, in the port of Shanghai.

But, as we are to visit the green tea district—the far-famed Sung-lo, or Sung-lo-

shan—we shall not proceed down the river further than a sail of three days will carry us. At a point where stands the city of Yenchow-foo, a branch of the Green River comes from the north of the province of Kiang-nan. Up this branch of the river we sail till we arrive, after a journey of several days, at the town of Hwuy-chow. What Ho-Kow is to the black-tea district, Hwuy-chow is to the green—the headquarters or emporium of the trade.

A visit to the nearest farm will show us that the plant grown in Kiang-nan differs but slightly from that grown in Fokien. The latter, the black tea (the *Thea bohea* of botanists), and the former (the *Thea viridis*), so far as color is concerned, are quite convertible. Green tea may be made from the black tea plant, and black may be made from green. The *Thea viridis*, however, is a stronger and hardier plant than its southern relative; and its leaves are somewhat larger. The whole difference lies in the mode of preparation. A natural green can be given to the leaves of either plant, if they are put in the roasting-pan shortly after being plucked; and if the whole drying process is finished rapidly. This may easily be made the subject of experiment. If plants, after being gathered, are kept in a confined state by being heaped together, a kind of spontaneous fermentation takes place; and the green color will be entirely lost in the last process of drying. This sweating process is precisely what takes place in the early stages of the preparation of black tea, as already described.

How, then, if this is all, our reader may exclaim, are we to receive the revelations of the "Lancet?" But this is not all. The scientific accuracy of the analysis of the "Lancet" is unassailable. The gypsum, Prussian blue, and turmeric, found in the green teas drunk in this country, are unmistakably gypsum, Prussian blue, and turmeric. No doubt about it. And these ingredients were put in by the hands of Chinamen, in the drying-houses on the hills of Sung-lo. They probably had no compunctions of conscience at all in the matter; although they doubtless think that our taste is somewhat depraved.

Mr. Fortune, than whom there can be no better authority on this oft-disputed point, describes the process with great minuteness. Four parts of gypsum and three parts of Prussian blue are pounded to-

gether to form a powder, which is applied while the teas are hot, and during the last process of roasting. He says, "During part of the operation, the hands of the workmen were quite blue; and I could not help thinking, that if any green-tea drinkers had been present, their taste would have been corrected—perhaps, I may add, improved." The Chinese never drink dyed teas themselves; but as foreigners seem to prefer a mixture of gypsum and Prussian blue, to make their tea look uniform and pretty, they have no objection to supply them with these ingredients, since they are cheap enough, and since teas so painted always bring a better price in the market. The quantity, we are also informed on the same trustworthy testimony, is as much as $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of coloring matter to 100 lbs. of tea. Lovers of Hyson should therefore remember, that with every pound of their favorite liquor they swallow more than a drachm of this abominable compound.

Humboldt has told us of a tribe of South-American Indians, the Otomacs, living on the banks of the Orinoco, who eat a peculiar kind of unctuous clay, which they knead into balls, and bake before the fire. Can our predilection for gypsum and Prussian blue have anything to do with the ideas which the Chinese have formed of us as barbarians? Perhaps they are aware of the earth-eating propensities of these Otomacs, and other extremely savage tribes, such as the New-Caledonians; and, in virtue of this agreement in taste, rank us both under the same category!

We may now turn our backs on the green-tea district—bid adieu to our friends in Hwuy-chow, and slip away down the stream. We may not have found our pig-tailed brethren in all points just what we could have wished them to be, and certainly not free from many disagreeable propensities. Veracity may not appear to be at a premium among them; and in many things we may be led to think that they belong to the utilitarian school of moralists. Nevertheless, among them, as among the inhabitants of more favored climes, we meet with many instances of genuine politeness; and learn that the "pure milk of human kindness" is not the product of any one state of society or race of men.

At the mouth of the river we pass the great city of Hang-chow. It is celebrated as a place of importance politically; and also for its extensive silk manufactories;

employing, it is supposed, upwards of 60,000 individuals. The inhabitants of this city are distinguished among the Chinese for their foppish and expensive habits. Passing by this terrestrial paradise, as the Chinese call it—for their proverb is, "Paradise is above, but Hangchow is below"—we arrive, after three or four days' sail, in the harbor of Shanghai. Laden with cargoes of teas, silks, and curiosities, its waters are covered with the ships of many nations. Over more than two thirds of these vessels waves that flag of stainless honor that has long swept the seas with proud preëminence; and ever floated in triumph above the storm of battle.

To London and other British ports, teas are shipped from Canton and Shanghai. The latter port is becoming one of prime importance, and may soon be a formidable rival to Canton, if it has not become so already. The following table, taken from the *China Mail* of the 31st January, 1856, will convey an idea of the quantity of tea annually exported from China to this country:

Export of Tea to Great Britain from the ports of Canton, Fuhchau, and Shanghai.

Year ending June 30.	Vessels.	Black & Green.
" 1853 "	113 ..	72,906,100 lbs.
" 1854 "	134 ..	77,217,900
" 1855 "	133 ..	86,509,000

To the United States, for the same three years, the quantity exported was, in round numbers: In 1853, in 72 vessels, 40,000,000 lbs.; in 1854, in 47 vessels, 27,000,000 lbs.; and in 1855, in 48 vessels, 31,000,000 lbs. black and green tea. Enormous as this quantity for 1855 may appear, amounting, as it does, in all, to about 120,000,000 lbs., the export trade is small compared with the home consumption of this article. The same is the case with the silk trade. Mr. Fortune mentions a fact which serves as a striking comment on this statement. At the close of the last war with this country, on the port of Shanghai being opened, the export of raw silk rose, in little more than two years, from 3,000 up to 20,000 bales. Yet this sudden drain of 17,000 bales scarcely disturbed the equilibrium of the market.

The silk trade is thus seen to be also an increasing one. To this country the Chinese exported, in 1853, 25,000 bales; in

1854, close upon 62,000 bales; in 1855, the quantity decreased to 51,000 bales.

Before leaving the wharves and warehouses of Shanghai, we may be pardoned a little reasonable curiosity on the personal matter of the Chinaman's profits. Like all other inquiries into the mysteries of trade, this is attended with very considerable difficulty; nor have we always found the exact truth, when we suppose we have. These profits, however, as a general rule, are now known to vary between 25 and 30 per cent. The probability of tea becoming cheaper from a reduction of the growers' or exporters' profits, is not, therefore, very great. But, as we know that this is a subject of absorbing interest to a very large proportion of the inhabitants of these islands, we shall glance at the probabilities of this reduction as briefly and clearly as possible. Indeed, the price of tea is almost the only piece of commercial news, or part of the "list of prices current," in which our amiable countrywomen seem to take any very lively interest. The more recondite doctrines of political economy excite little attention; and when gravely propounded on set occasions, fly harmlessly over their heads, or pass easily in one ear and out at the other.

The two quarters to which we must look for this desirable reduction in the price of what is now a necessary article of food, are, the success of the Himalayan plantations, and the reduction of duty. Our fair readers must know that, some eight years ago, the Honorable the Court of Directors of the East India Company deputed Mr. Fortune, who has already been referred to in this paper, to proceed to China, and there collect a large number of the finest varieties of the tea plant, together with manufacturers and implements, and have the whole deported to the Government's tea plantations on the Himalayas. The mission of Mr. Fortune was eminently successful. 20,000 healthy tea-plants, from the finest districts, were carried over from China, and were safely deposited on suitable soil, at different heights on those snowy mountains, and which tower away up beyond the clouds, and are lost in the deep blue of the upper air.

Tea plantations had previously existed in the Himalayas, but the article produced was of an inferior kind; and in the home market it had an exceedingly bad name.

The plants from which it was grown were coarse and harsh; and the manufacture in no way improved the produce of the plantations; it was unskillfully conducted. To remedy these evils, by introducing the finest varieties of plants, together with skillful and intelligent workmen, was the special object of Mr. Fortune's efforts. He is now following up his previous exertions. In January, 1856, he left China for Calcutta, carrying with him half a dozen tea manufacturers, who understood the practice of scenting the leaf. In the previous September, he sent no fewer than seventeen manufacturers from the northern districts; so that now these plantations are well supplied with men, plants, and implements, from the very best tea districts of China.

The Himalayan plantations have consequently every chance of success. It remains to be seen whether their productions will materially affect the market price. Two things are necessary to this: their productions, besides being abundant in quantity, must be excellent in quality. These conditions being fulfilled, we may expect the monopoly of the tea trade to fall out of the grasp of the Chinaman. One great advantage he has, in the cheapness of labor. By this alone he might hold his monopoly against all competitors in any part of the world, except against India itself. The struggle must lie between these two countries; and, perhaps, so far as the mere price of labor goes, India may yet have the best of it. In China, laborers' wages vary from 2d. to 5d. a day, with one or two meals in addition. An agricultural laborer receives 10s. a month; with, perhaps, one meal a day. In India, again, agricultural laborers may be hired at from 4s. to 6s. and 8s. a month, according to the district. And, from a calculation made by those who have long been practically acquainted with the subject in all its details, it appears that the same quality of tea which cost 7d. or 8d. a lb. in China, at the seat of growth, can be shipped in India at 4d. or 5d. a lb. It will be some time, however, before this can take place, even supposing the experiment, which is a recent, though hopeful one, should eventually succeed. Recent disturbances at Canton may affect the price, though not for some time, as the present stock is unusually large.

From the steady increase in the consumption which has taken place during

the last twenty years, there can be but little doubt that a much larger quantity of tea would be used, if it were only made cheap enough. The average consumption of each individual in Great Britain is close upon 2 lbs. annually: in Guernsey and Jersey, where there are no duties, the average annual consumption of each individual amounts to 4³ lbs.

But morally, as well as fiscally—in favor of the national character and habits, as well as in favor of the national purse—these tea-drinking propensities speak for themselves. This increase in the use of this harmless and exhilarating beverage has been rapid and great. The following statement will show the increase for the last twenty years:

Quantities of Tea and Coffee retained for Home Consumption during the years

	Tea—lbs.	Coffee—lbs.
1835,	36,000,000	23,000,000
1845,	44,000,000	34,000,000
1855,	63,000,000	35,000,000

On the history of this rising trade we shall say but a word. Among the first notices of the use of the article, is one by that indefatigable chronicler, Mr. Pepys. In his diary, 25th of Sept., 1661, he says, "I sent for a cup of tea, (a Chinese drink,) of which I had never drunk before." It is known, however, to have been used some years previously, even in this country.

The Dutch traders first brought it to Europe, in 1610. For a long period, the East India Company enjoyed the sole monopoly of the trade; and tea continued to be a rare and expensive luxury. It was sold in London, till about the year 1707, for 60s. per lb; at Batavia, where it was shipped, it cost 3s. or 3s. 6d! The duties and prices varied considerably till 1833, when the monopoly was taken out of the hands of the East-India Company; and the trade is now open to all who think it a profitable investment for capital, or choose to take out the license, and retail by the ounce or pound. To engage successfully in this trade, however, requires some skill and sagacity; acuteness of taste and smell may often stave off a bad bargain and the ill consequences which would otherwise follow.

The varieties of this article constantly in the market are very great. From a recent circular of a London house extensively engaged in the trade, we find, of

Congou alone, no fewer than seventeen different kinds.

As long as we are dealing with kinds of tea, we may as well say something about the varieties of form in which it may be found in the land of its growth; but which we suspect few of our readers have ever fallen in with. They may be acquainted with it in the form of pounds and half-pounds; they may even, for family use, be familiar with chests or quarter-chests; but few of them, probably, ever purchased it in the form of *bricks*. Yet, in the northern parts of China, and in Thibet, great quantities of brick tea are constantly used. In some cases, the twist of the compressed leaves may be easily seen; in others, no trace of this curl can be made out. These bricks vary in form and weight: being from a few inches square up to 16 inches long by 6 or 7 broad, and weighing 6 or 8 lbs. The Calmucks and Mongolians are the chief customers for brick tea. Those who are acquainted with the narrative of MM. Gabet and Hue, recently published in this country, must remember the extensive use of this form of tea in Thibet and Mongolia, as described by them in their wanderings. Long caravans of camels, horses, oxen, and yaks, laden with this tea, may be seen traversing the country in every direction. It is unquestionably, more useful and convenient for travellers, and for those roving tribes who inhabit the steppes of Central Asia, than bulky chests; in fact, it is to them what the Canadian "pemmican" is to the traders and hunters of the West.

If we have *bricks* of tea, there is no good reason why we should not have *tiles* also. And accordingly, we have it in this form as well. Those specimens of it which we have examined appear to be of a finer kind than the bricks, and darker in color. It is commonly found in squares of about 5 inches long, by 3 broad, and half an inch thick. This tile tea seems to be a gradation in point of quality between coarsest brick and the third and last form of it we shall mention; and that is *tea lozenges*. Instead of a mass of leaves being compressed, either while in a damp state, or cemented by some glutinous substance, such as the serum of the blood of animals, or a solution of rice, according to some, those lozenges seem to be formed of the more succulent parts of the leaf, while the fibrous or woody tissue is rejected. The succulent or non-fibrous parts of the leaf

being macerated or reduced to a pulp, are then stamped or moulded according to the manufacturer's taste, or demands of the market. The varieties of shape are only limited by the ingenuity of the maker; and may be found in the square, round, oval, and oblong form. Many of them might pass for those little cakes of China ink which are well known in this country; and most are stamped with a few of those characters of the Chinese language, which, to western eyes, appear perfectly inscrutable. They probably contain some sweet sentiment, or brief motto, such as we occasionally find on the products of the confectioner amongst ourselves. But whether these expressions are of such a nature as "I love you," "Will you marry me?" which precocious little lovers exchange amongst themselves for a short time before these red and yellow sugar tables go the way of all confections, verily we cannot tell. To determine this interesting question, we should have to betake ourselves to the dreary drudgery of grammar and lexicon.

About the adulterations of tea with leaves that have undergone a system of infusion, with leaves of dried ash, sloe, and hawthorn, a great deal too much has been said already. Sloe leaves have been more useful to a certain class of London *litterateurs*, who deal extensively in stale jokes and exaggerated statement, than ever they have been to the British or Chinese tea-dealer. Yet there are leaves to be found in our tea-caddies which never grew on tea-plants; unless, indeed, the doctrine of transmutation of species be now coming into operation, to save the character of a certain class of traders. Many thousands, perhaps even a few millions, of pounds are annually mixed with the leaves of the tea-plant in China. But this mixing is not always for a dishonest purpose. The Chinese perfume their tobacco with a sweet-scented plant, the *Ag-lai odorata*: they also cultivate extensively another odoriferous plant, with which they scent the *finest* kinds of tea. But small quantities of other leaves, *not* used for flavoring, do find their way into "chops," that are made up for the foreign market; since there are rogues among the Chinamen as well as among ourselves.

So much for tea in its dry commercial aspect, as it appears in the hands of the merchant! or stowed away in the bonded

warehouse. But, that space or our readers' patience might forbid, we should venture to say a little about its influence on the intellectual and social habits of the community, to look at it as it appears in the drawing-room or in the parlor of the humble cottage. It is a great promoter of the amenities and charities of life. Even commercially, its influence is of this nature, since it brings together distant countries, and unites them, through the fraternal bonds of commerce. This again dispels those prejudices which mock and degrade the human understanding, and gives to millions of people mutual sympathies and interests. But more tangibly and perceptibly, by dispelling dyspeptic clouds and other noxious vapors which ascend to the brain; with fatal influence on the spirits of the individual, it causes the benignant rays of cheerfulness and good-humor to shed happiness and peace, where gloom and discontent must otherwise have darkened the whole domestic horizon. And about those little social gatherings and tea-meetings, how often are we told that, "before tea, the people seemed all very stiff, and not by any means enjoying themselves." The ease and perfect freedom from constraint which followed the main business of the evening, are usually attributed to the clatter of cups, and the mere occupation of drinking, which kindly intervened to break that dreadful silence that once or twice had settled down over the assembled guests; the mere remembrance of which makes

one shudder with affright. But we leave it with our reader to determine whether it was this merely, or not rather the enlivening influence of the warm liquor, which put every one on good terms with himself, through the mediation of his stomach, by neutralizing the acid juices that remained after the process of mid-day digestion had been thoroughly completed; and so induced him to regard his next neighbor as a "decidedly more agreeable person" than had been at first supposed. And as a man's digestion unquestionably affects his modes of thinking, his currents of feeling, and all his behavior towards his fellows, whatever comes in to facilitate or put a graceful finish on this important process must be regarded as one of the greatest blessings; especially if it be a beverage so different in the ultimate consequences from the pernicious dram. Over the latter, men frequently become good-humored, even to a troublesome degree: that is, they become positively quarrelsome. The former "cheers but not inebriates," and generally disposes us to be, if not quite so hilarious, at least quite as agreeable as when we imbibe stronger waters. Society, as a whole, and each individual member of it, becomes a gainer in consequence; for it must not be forgotten, that if "all the world's a stage," it is also all "a looking-glass; and as we show to it a sour or pleasant countenance, must we expect it to exhibit to us a sour or pleasant face in return."

THE CENTRAL SUN.—All scientific men have maintained that there must be a central point, if not a central sun, around which the whole universe revolves. Maedler, who is unquestionably one of the greatest astronomers ever known, has given this subject his special attention; and he has come to the conclusion that Aloyane, the principal star in the group known as Pleiades, now occupies the centre of gravity, and is at present the grand central sun around which the whole starry universe revolves. This is one of the most interesting and important astronomical announcements ever made, though it is very likely that, but for the

eminent scientific position of the author, it would be treated as visionary. Another interesting statement in this connection is made by Mr. Thompson, one of the physicists, who, with Carnot, Soule, Meyer, and others, has largely contributed toward establishing the relations between heat and mechanical force, and who has extended his researches to the heat emitted by the sun; which heat, he observes, corresponds to the development of mechanical force, which, in the space of about a hundred years, is equivalent to the whole active force required to produce the movement of all the planets.

From Chambers's Journal.

LETTERS OF JAMES BOSWELL.*

THE ripened fame and acceptance of that extraordinary book, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, gives an interest to the personality of the author, which no one seems to have felt when he was alive. A series of characteristic letters by him, illustrated by biographic particulars, is therefore pretty sure of attracting public attention. At first, we suspected it to be a volume of forgeries; but, on inspection, we find the genuineness of the letters to be beyond doubt. They were addressed, throughout the course of thirty-seven years, to a bosom-friend of the writer, a certain Rev. Mr. Temple, living in an obscure Cornish rectory. A most singular revelation of personal character they form—the outpouring of the feelings of a man not without talents, acquirements, and good aspirations, but altogether deficient in prudence, dignity, and suitableness for the world's ordinary affairs—one who was not much worse in essential respects than most of his neighbors, but who put himself at the feet of them all by his silly forwardness, love of notoriety, and the constant self-composure of a babbling tongue. For the first half of the book we altogether doubted the use of its publication, beyond the gratification of those curious in literary history: while of the justifiableness of making such an exposé of the personal vices, weaknesses, and domestic circumstances of one who died only sixty years since, and who has left numerous descendants, there seemed to us to be—something more than doubts. But on reaching the end, our conception of the book underwent a change. We then found the life of the man showing so impressively the futility of all hopes of happiness based on the mere gratification of vanity and sensual appetites, we found the ultra-gayety of the clever, coxcombical youth ending in such expressions of pain and sorrow, the natural fruits of a long course of dissipation, that

we believed the book might prove to have been well worth publishing.

Boswell occupied a position in society of which Englishmen, knowing him only by his books, have in general an inadequate conception. He was, by birth and connections, emphatically a *gentleman*. The eldest son and heir of a landed man occupying the dignified position of a judge, and himself a member of the Scotch bar, he had the fairest prospects in life—might have looked to a great marriage, to entering Parliament, to high state employment. We find that, even in his own time, the family estates were £1600 a year. In the ensuing generation, they were probably of considerably more than twice that value, and it seemed but in the fair course of things that a British baronetcy was then conferred on the family. All these advantages Boswell in a great measure forfeited by the literary and social tastes which led him to be the companion of London wits, and enabled him to pen the immortal book which bears his name. Perhaps it were impossible for any Englishman to imagine the *eccentricity* of Boswell as viewed in reference to the Ayrshire gentry and Edinburgh *noblesse de robe* amongst whom he sprang into existence, or those Calvinistic doctrines and sober maxims of life which ought in the course of nature to have descended to him.

The letters to Mr. Temple first exhibit Boswell in youth, enthusiastic in study, but doubtful how to direct himself in life. He is constantly engaged in some affair of the heart, which comes to nothing. Already, he haunts the society of such literary men as then dwelt in Edinburgh. Before he was full one-and-twenty, he had dipped into the gayeties of London, and found their congeniality. "A young fellow," he says, "whose happiness was always centered in London, who had at last got there, and had begun to taste its delights, who had got his mind filled with the most gay ideas—getting into the

* Bentley, London, 1857. 8vo, pp. 408.

Guards, being about court, enjoying the happiness of the *beau monde* and the company of men of genius, in short, everything that he could wish—consider this poor fellow hauled away to the town of Edinburgh, obliged to conform to every Scotch custom or be laughed at—‘Will you hae some jeel? oh fie! oh fie!’—his flighty imagination quite cramped, and he obliged to study *Corpus Juris Civilis*, and live in his father’s strict family; is there any wonder, sir, that the unlucky dog should be somewhat fretful? Yoke a Newmarket courser to a dung-cart, and I’ll lay my life on’t he’ll either caper and kick most confoundedly, or be as stupid and restive as an old, battered post-horse.”

His father early saw how much he was disposed to break bounds, and tried to control him with good counsel. “Honest man!” says Boswell, “he is now very happy: it is amazing to think how much he has had at heart my pursuing the road of civil life; he is anxious for fear I should fall off from my prudent system, and return to my dissipated, unsettled way of thinking; and, in order to make him easy, he insists on having my solemn promise that I will persist in the scheme on which he is so earnestly bent: he knows my fidelity, and he concludes that my promise will fix me. Indeed, he is much in the right; the only question is, how much I am to promise. I think I may promise thus much: that I shall from this time study propriety of conduct, and to be a man of knowledge and prudence, as far as I can; that I shall make as much improvement as possible while I am abroad, and when I return, shall put on the gown as a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and be upon the footing of a gentleman of business, with a view to my getting into Parliament. My father talks of my setting out soon, but says he will soon write to me fixing my allowance; I imagine, therefore, that I shall go the week after next. I feel no small reluctance at leaving this great metropolis, which I heartily agree with you is the best place in the world to live in. My dear friend, I find that London must be the place where I shall pass a great part of my life, if I wish to pass it with satisfaction. I hope we shall spend many happy years there, when we are both settled as to views of life and habits of living; in the meantime, let me endeavor to acquire steadiness and constant propriety of conduct, without which

we never can enjoy what I fondly hope for.”

He went to study law in Utrecht, and in 1766, when twenty-six years old, induced the gown of a Scotch advocate. For a time, he seems to have got some business, chiefly through the indirect effect of his father being on the bench. But Edinburgh was an alien scene, and the whim of the moment was always the guide of Boswell. With inconsistency in which he is, we fear, far from singular, he explicitly tells his clerical friend of a disgraceful connection he has formed, and in the same letter speaks with complacency of going to chapel, and “looking up to the Lord of the Universe with a grateful remembrance of the grand and mysterious propitiation which Christianity has announced.” In the midst of the same circumstances, but writing from Auchinleck, his father’s country-seat, he talks of a respectable marriage. “What say you to my marrying? I intend, next autumn, to visit Miss Bosville, in Yorkshire; but I fear, my lot being cast in Scotland, that beauty would not be content. She is, however, grave; I shall see. There is a young lady in the neighborhood here who has an estate of her own—between two and three hundred a year—just eighteen, a genteel person, an agreeable face, of a good family, sensible, good-tempered, cheerful, pious. You know my grand object is the ancient family of Auchinleck—a venerable and noble principle. How would it do to conclude an alliance with the neighboring princess, and add her lands to our dominions? I should at once have a very pretty little estate, a good house, and a sweet place. My father is very fond of her; it would make him perfectly happy: he gives me hints in this way: ‘I wish you had her—no bad scheme this; I think, a very good one.’ But I will not be in a hurry; there is plenty of time. I will take to myself the advice I wrote to you from Naples, and go to London a while before I marry. I am not yet quite well, but am in as good a way as can be expected. My fair neighbor was a ward of my father’s; she sits in our seat at church in Edinburgh; she would take possession here most naturally. This is a superb place; we have the noblest natural beauties, and my father has made most extensive improvements. We look ten miles out upon our own dominions; we have an excellent new house. I am now writing in a library forty feet

long. Come to us, my dearest friend; we will live like the most privileged spirits of antiquity."

He could also get drunk in drinking Miss Blair's health, for that was the name of his princess. But that, to be sure, was the fashion of the age. There are many letters containing little besides the details of this love affair. The lady seems to have penetrated the volatile superficial character of her lover. She never could be brought to the point. Tormented with her coolness, he in one letter congratulates himself on escaping from a coquette, and in the next, has resumed all his former admiration. He thus describes one of their interviews: "On Monday forenoon I waited on Miss B. I found her alone, and she did not seem distant; I told her that I was most sincerely in love with her, and that I only dreaded those faults which I had acknowledged to her. I asked her seriously if she now believed me in earnest. She said she did. I then asked her to be candid and fair, as I had been with her, and to tell me if she had any particular liking for me. What think you, Temyle, was her answer? 'No, I really have no particular liking for you; I like many people as well as you.' Temple, you must have it in the genuine dialogue:

"*Boswell.* Do you indeed? Well, I cannot help it; I am obliged to you for telling me so in time. I am sorry for it.

"*Princess.* I like Jeany Maxwell (Duchess of Gordon) better than you.

"*B.* Very well; but do you like no man better than me?

"*P.* No.

"*B.* Is it possible that you may like me better than other men?

"*P.* I don't know what is possible.

"(By this time I had risen and placed myself by her, and was in real agitation.)

"*B.* I'll tell you what, my dear Miss Blair, I love you so much that I am very unhappy if you cannot love me. I must, if possible, endeavor to forget you. What would you have me do?

"*P.* I really don't know what you should do.

"*B.* It is certainly possible that you may love me; and if you shall ever do so, I shall be the happiest man in the world. Will you make a fair bargain with me? If you should happen to love me will you own it?

"*P.* Yes.

"*B.* And if you should happen to love another, will you tell me immediately, and help me to make myself easy?

"*P.* Yes, I will.

"*B.* Well, you are very good. (Often squeezing and kissing her fine hand, while she looked at me with those beautiful black eyes.)

"*P.* I may tell you, as a cousin, what I would not tell to another man.

"*B.* You may indeed. You are very fond of Auchinleck—that is one good circumstance.

"*P.* I confess I am. I wish I liked you as well as I do Auchinleck.

"*B.* I have told you how fond I am of you; but, unless you like me sincerely, I have too much spirit to ask you to live with me, as I know that you do not like me. If I could have you this moment for my wife, I would not.

"*P.* I should not like to put myself in your offer though.

"*B.* Remember, you are both my cousin and my mistress, you must make me suffer as little as possible, as it may happen that I may engage your affections. I should think myself a most dishonorable man if I were not now in earnest, and remember, I depend upon your sincerity; and whatever happens, you and I shall never have another quarrel.

"*P.* Never.

"*B.* And I may come and see you as much as I please?

"*P.* Yes.

"My worthy friend, what sort of a scene was this? It was the most curious. She said she would submit to her husband in most things. She said that to see one loving her would go far to make her love that person; but she would not talk any how positively, for she never had felt the uneasy anxiety of love. We were an hour and a half together, and seemed pleased all the time. I think she behaved with spirit and propriety. I admire her more than ever."

He at length considered himself as off with Miss Blair, and at liberty to pay his vows to a pretty young cousin, a Miss Montgomerie, the daughter of an Irish counsellor, who was visiting near him in Ayrshire. What a curious revelation of a human heart! In August, "I was allowed to walk a great deal with Miss —; I repeated my fervent passion to her again and again; she was pleased, and I could

swear that her little heart beat. She promised not to forget me, or marry a lord before March." This was "all youthful, warm, natural—in short, genuine love." Soon after, he learned that Miss Blair was still within reach. He revisited her, and relapsed into the former fever. "I walked whole hours with the Princess; I kneeled; I became truly amorous; but she told me that she had a very great regard for me, but did not like me so as to marry me." "Then came a kind letter from my amiable Aunt Boyd in Ireland, and all the charms of sweet Mary Anne revived. Since that time, I have been quite constant to her, and as indifferent towards Kate as if I never had thought of her." The problem came to a solution next year by his marrying Miss Montgomerie.

The cares and responsibilities of matrimony never had any effect in steadying Boswell's giddy course. At five-and-forty, after comparatively failing at the Scotch, he entered at the English bar. The change of position only expanded his indulgences, not his fortunes. We find him confessing that he had all his life been straitened for money. Can we wonder at it in one who made the following of his whims and the indulgence of his tastes and appetites the rule of his life? Poor Boswell! It is melancholy to find that, while preparing his wonderful book, the disappointment of his professional failure, the pinch of genteel poverty, and the rough railery of the Northern Circuit, all pressed sore upon his spirit. Reared amongst an intemperate set, he gradually became more and more addicted to liquor—was constantly resolving to abstain—but always relapsing. For a long time he had hopes of getting a government place; looking to parliamentary influence in Ayrshire as a purchase against the minister; but all ended in disappointment. By some influence with the Earl of Lonsdale, he did obtain the situation of Recorder of Carlisle; but it does not seem to have brought an income, and the connection came to a painful termination, the noble lord and his dependent having a

violent quarrel, as thus recorded: "Upon his seeing me by no means in good-humor, he challenged it roughly, and said: 'I suppose you thought I was to bring you into parliament; I never had any such intention.' In short, he expressed himself in the most degrading manner, in presence of a low man from Carlisle, and one of his menial servants! The miserable state of low spirits I had, as you too well know, labored under for some time before, made me almost sink under such unexpected insulting behavior. He insisted rigorously on my having solicited the office of Recorder of Carlisle; and that I could not, without using him ill, resign it, until the duties which were now required of it were fulfilled, and without a sufficient time being given for the election of a successor. Thus was I dragged away, as wretched as a convict; and in my fretfulness I used such expressions as irritated him almost to fury, so that he used such expressions towards me, that I should have, according to the irrational laws of honor sanctioned by the world, been under the necessity of risking my life, had not an explanation taken place. This happened during the first stage. The rest of the journey was barely tolerable: we got to Lancaster on Saturday night, and there I left him to the turmoil of a desperate attempt in electioneering. I proceeded to Carlisle last night, and to-day have been signing orders as to poor's rates. I am alone at an inn, in wretched spirits, and ashamed and sunk on account of the disappointment of hopes which led me to endure such grievances. I deserve all that I suffer."

What a lesson on the sorrows of slothful dependence, as contrasted with honest independent hard work and self-denial!

The letters of the last five years tell us of little but illness and depression of spirits—a sad contrast to the frivolous gayety of those written in youth. Boswell sank, to all appearance, under the consequences of dissipation, at the too early age of fifty-five, (May, 1795.)

From the Leisure Hour.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF SATURN.

AN object scarcely discernible in the haze of the remote horizon, commands no admiration and excites no interest, unless we know beforehand what it is. Frequently, however, on a near approach, an indistinct and insignificant speck discloses stately proportions and a grand architectural character. It may be a castle of the olden time, with towers, turrets, and battlements, once inhabited by a baron bold; or a mansion of the Tudor age, with halls, corridors, galleries, oriel windows, tennis-court, and all the appurtenances deemed necessary by power, pride, or opulence. From the moment that this discovery is made, though the edifice is never approached again, and is only seen afar off as a puny thing, we think not of it as it appears in the distant landscape, but associate with it ideas in harmony with its real dimensions and actual details. The speck has for ever ceased to be one in our minds. It is a castle grim, or a mansion noble. Now precisely analogous is the effect which the telescope has produced with reference to the orbs of the universe. Though the interval between us and them remains literally the same, yet it has been practically abridged by the instrument; for its optical power is equivalent to a corresponding lessening of the distance. Accordingly, since it was applied to celestial observation, a magic change has been wrought in human conceptions of the bodies in our system, as though a bridge had been partly thrown over the great gulf of space, which has brought us millions of leagues nearer to their orbits; and we no longer think of them as they appear to the unassisted vision, but as exhibited by instrumental means.

Among the corrections offered to thought by this practical approximation, perhaps the most striking is the change of ideas with reference to the planet Saturn, for ages viewed as having no special claims to notice, and merely regarded as a dull, dreary, malignant star, with a leaden hue

and a snail's pace, but now familiarly known as one of the most engaging and extraordinary objects in the heavens. Owing to this slowness of motion, his symbol was adopted as the hieroglyphic of lead. But though of very portly proportions—a kind of Daniel Lambert among the planets, and therefore not readily to be lifted—Saturn is really a light, buoyant personage, as to the material of which he is composed; for the density is little more than that of cork. Instead, therefore, of sinking like lead in the mighty waters, he would float upon the liquid, if tossed into a tumbler sufficiently capacious to receive his girth. John Goad, the well-known astro-meteorologist, declared the planet not to be such a “plumbeous blew-nosed fellow” as all antiquity had believed, and the world still supposed. But it was the work of others to prove it.

For six thousand years or so, Saturn successfully concealed his personal features, interesting family, and strange appurtenances—the magnificent out-buildings of his house—from the knowledge of mankind. But he was caught at last by a little tube, pointed at him from a slope of the Apennines, the holder of which, in invading his privacy, neither cared to say, “if you please, sir,” nor “by your leave.” Again and again, with provoking pertinacity, the tube was held up; for it had disclosed something, not known before, respecting the planet's quarters, which the holder wanted to find out. From that period, through nearly two centuries and a half, they have been diligently overhauled, and remarkable disclosures have turned up in the rummage. It is not, however, certain that we yet know the real number of the Saturnian family, and the full structure of his out-houses.

Armed with a telescope of inferior power, Galileo, in the year 1610, surveyed the planet, and found it apparently of an oblong form, somewhat like the shape of an olive—thus \bigcirc . This was the first pe-

culiarity noticed; but using an instrument of greater power, in the same year, it appeared to be, not single, but composed of three bodies, which almost touched each other, and constantly maintained the same relative position. He described the three bodies as arranged in the same straight line; the middle one was the largest, and the two others were situated respectively on the east and west sides of it. "They are," says he, "constituted of this form oOo;" and he goes on to remark exultingly, "Now I have discovered a court for Jupiter," (alluding to his satellites,) "and two servants for this old man, Saturn, who aid his steps and never quit his side." The discovery he announced to Kepler, under the veil of a logograph, which sorely puzzled him. This was not to be wondered at, for it ran:

"Smasmrmilnepoetalevmibvnnenvgttaviras."

Restoring the transposed letters to their proper places, we have the sentence, *Altissimum planetam tergeminum observavi*—"I have observed the most distant planet to be threefold."

However great the surprise of the observer, it was soon followed by the utmost astonishment and perplexity. He found that while the lateral bodies appeared immovable, both with respect to each other and the central body, they were constantly diminishing in their apparent magnitudes. They continued to grow less and less through the two following years, at the close of which they vanished altogether. The old man, or the planet, now seemed simply round, while the two servants provided for him, as if disliking their master or the place, had fled. The disappearance was perfectly unaccountable; but if it occasioned perplexity, it created not a little alarm; for the observer justly feared, that being unable to explain the circumstance, his enemies would take advantage of it to discredit all his observations, as having no foundation in nature. This was a trial somewhat hard to bear. "What," he remarks, "is to be said concerning so strange a metamorphosis? Are the two lesser stars consumed, after the manner of the solar spots? Have they vanished and suddenly fled? Has Saturn perhaps devoured his own children? Or were the appearances indeed delusion or fraud, with which the glasses have so long deceived me, as well as many others, to whom I have shown them?

I do not know what to say in a case so surprising, so unlooked-for, and so novel. The shortness of the time, the unexpected nature of the event, the weakness of my understanding, and the fear of being mistaken, have greatly confounded me." Galileo, however, witnessed the old appearance again, and saw them renew their changes; but he never understood the cause of their vicissitudes, for the secret of their nature was not solved in his time.

As increased optical power was brought to bear upon the planet, former representations of its aspect were greatly modified. Thus the two lateral bodies, instead of being round, seemed to be two luminous crescents. Instead also of being detached from the central body, keeping a respectful distance, as servants in the presence of the squire, they appeared to be actual parts of the old gentleman himself, protruding as side limbs from him. The crescents were apparently attached by their cusps to the central body, as if forming two *ansæ* or handles to it; but they were so constantly, though slowly, altering their conformation, and giving a different aspect to the planet, that while astronomers were perplexed about the meaning of the phases, they were at some loss for terms to define them. Seldom has an object been distinguished by such a variety of names, more or less uncouth, suggestive of change of form, as Saturn. At one time he was pronounced "monospherical," at another "trispherical," now "spherico-ansated," then "elliptico-ansated," and anon "spherico-cuspidated."

At last, with a superior telescope, Huyghens took the mysterious personage in hand, and became somewhat intimately acquainted with him. He first discovered a satellite, a kind of eldest son, the brightest member of the family. This was in 1655. In the following year he announced, in a small tract, the true constitution of Saturn, though in a most unedifying way; for it was conveyed in the following array of letters, which might baffle a decipherer of the Assyrian inscriptions:

"aaaaaa cccce d'eeeee g h iiiiil lll mm nnnnn
nnnn oooo pp q rr s tttt uuuuu."

Properly arranging the letters, as the author afterwards did, they form the sentence *Annulo cingitur, tenui plano, nusquam coherenti, ad eclipticam inclinato*—"The planet is surrounded by a slender

flat ring, everywhere distinct from its surface, and inclined to the ecliptic." He fully developed his conclusion in a treatise, and showed how beautifully and convincingly it explains the various phases of the planet, especially its simply round appearance, which so sorely troubled Galileo, after having seen it, as he thought, triple. The ring is occasionally invisible, and the planet then appears spherical, like the sun or full moon, owing to three causes: when the edge only is turned to us, it is too thin to be seen by the terrestrial spectator; for the same reason it is invisible when the edge, being, turned to the sun, is alone enlightened by the solar rays; and it disappears when the unilluminated side is turned toward the earth. This remark applies to all observers, except the few who are in command of the mightiest telescopes. Huyghens predicted that Saturn would appear ringless in the summer of 1671; and the annulus totally disappeared toward the end of May. "In 1819," says Captain Smyth, "I was much amused in showing the denuded orb to some islanders in the Adriatic, with the same instrument which had, the year before, shown them what they called 'a star with a hoop round it.'"

The next step towards unfolding the architecture of Saturn was taken by Mr. W. Ball, and his brother Dr. Ball, of Minehead, in Devonshire, who, on the 13th of October, 1665, first saw the ring double, divided into two portions by a dark elliptical band. Cassini, a Frenchman, verified the observation. It has since been amply confirmed and illustrated, so that the planet is surrounded by two concentric rings, separated from each other by a space, indicated by the dark band, through which the open heavens were visible.

Another satellite picked up by Cassini, in 1671, refuted a prediction, and illustrated the folly of forming opinions without a basis for them in the facts of nature. But some of the strongest minds of that age were shackled by ancient notions respecting the harmony of numbers, and similar fancies. Hence, when Huyghens discovered his satellite, he asserted that no more would be found, because the number then known in the system, six, corresponded to that of the primary planets, and twelve was allowed on all hands to be a perfect number. The fallacy of this assertion was proved by the new discovery; and it was further exposed in 1684,

when three more Saturnian moons were detected by the same observer. Five dependent orbs, with two hoops, were then known to be in attendance upon the primary, forming a goodly household. But Huyghens, as if to make up for his former unfortunate conclusion, now surmised that the family would be increased; and he had this time a valid reason to assign for the suspicion. Perceiving that the interval between the orbits of the fourth and fifth satellites was disproportionately greater than between any of the rest, he remarked of this vacuity, "Here, for aught I know, may lurk a sixth gentleman." So it has turned out. But the gentleman found lurking in this place ranks as number eight, instead of six. Cassini dubbed his prizes *Sidero Lodoicea*, in honor of his sovereign, Louis XIV; but the astronomical world properly refused to sanction this tribute of flattery to *le Grand Monarque*. All the five satellites were discovered at the times of the disappearance of the rings. This was doubtless owing to the planet being most intently watched at those intervals, in order to mark the phenomenon, as well as to the greater facilities offered for observation by the absence of the encumbering appendage.

The elder Herschel long and severely interrogated the planet, with memorable results. He sat down to the task with his wonted zeal, in the year 1775, and pursued it with unflagging industry over more than a quarter of a century. Fluctuating dark bands upon the disc, noticed by some of his predecessors, analogous to those of Jupiter, were assiduously watched; and gave evidence of an atmosphere of considerable extent, subject to great disturbance. These shady belts are probably the opaque surface of the orb, seen through regions of the atmosphere comparatively free from clouds, while the brighter intervening zones are dense accumulations of vapor, which possess a superior power of reflecting the solar light. The fact of the planet's rotation was established, with its period; and some singular irregularities of shape were brought to light. While an oblate spheroid, like the earth and the rest of the planets, the divergence from sphericity is greater in the case of Saturn—an obvious consequence of his more rapid axial rotation, vast body, and lighter material. The form has another peculiarity for instead of the greatest diameter being at the equator, it occupies an intermediate

position between the equator and the poles, about the parallel of forty-five degrees. The same investigator first remarked the superior brilliancy of the polar regions. This is least obvious after they have been long exposed to the influence of the solar rays; and most distinct when just emerging from the long night of their polar winter. Whether the appearance arises from the presence of snow, at its minimum at the former period, and its maximum at the latter; or whether from fluctuating vapors suspended above the surface, the existence of an atmosphere is necessarily implied. In August, 1789, after having just completed his forty-feet reflector, Herschel discovered a fresh satellite; and another in the following month, by means of the same powerful instrument, making the total number then known seven.

The remarkable appendages of the planet did not escape a rigid scrutiny; and Herschel may be said to have been the first to place beyond doubt the duality of the ring. He also ascertained the fact of the rotation of the rings, which had been inferred from the laws of mechanics, as necessary in order to generate a centrifugal force sufficient to balance the attraction of the planet, and prevent precipitation upon its surface. He inferred from his observations that an atmosphere enveloped them; that superficial irregularities mark their construction; and he was the first who discerned the shadow cast on the planet, when the edge, being turned toward the earth, was invisible. It was also remarked by this distinguished man that the light of the rings is brighter than that of the planet; and that the brightness of the interior one gradually diminishes inward, till at the inner edge it is scarcely greater than that of the shaded belts of the orb. Seen under a high magnifying power, Saturn exhibits no leaden hue, but a light of a yellowish tinge, while that of the rings is white. The interior ring is brighter than the exterior. The difference between them in this respect has been illustrated by that which subsists between unwrought and polished silver.

In round numbers, the inner ring is 20,000 miles from the surface of the planet; its own breadth, similarly given, is 17,000; the interval of separation is 1800; and the breadth of the outer ring is 10,500 miles. If we double these numbers, and add the diameter of the planet, 79,000 miles, the result is the exterior diameter

of the outer ring, or 177,500 miles. As to the thickness of the ring, this is proved by various circumstances to be very considerable, perhaps not amounting to more than from one to two hundred miles. Such, indeed, is its thinness, that when the minutest of the satellites, which can only be reached by telescopes of extraordinary power, appears on the edge, it projects on the opposite sides, above and below. Herschel once saw his two little moons in this position, as beads moving along a line of light, "like pearls strung on a silver thread."

We must rapidly sum up the remainder of our story. Saturn, it seems, has not his house seated at the centre of his courtyard, but a little to the west of it; and well for him and his appurtenances it is that this arrangement has been made. The eccentricity, after being surmised, was proved by Struve in 1826. Instead of the centre of gravity of the rings being coincident with that of the planet, the former describes a very minute orbit around the latter. Insignificant as this fact may appear, it is essential to the conservation of the system; for had the two centres exactly coincided, it can be shown that any external force, such as the attraction of a satellite, would subvert the equilibrium of the rings, and precipitate them upon the orb. How true it is that the same Lord who by wisdom hath founded the earth, by understanding hath established the heavens! It has since been ascertained that the outer ring is in itself multiple; and that there is either a distinct semi-transparent appendage nearer the planet than the old inner ring, or a continuation of the latter, very much inferior to it in brightness. In the sky of Saturn, the rings must appear as vast and inconceivably splendid luminous arches, stretching across the heavens from horizon to horizon, to those regions on which their enlightened sides are turned; but as a counterpoise, regions in opposite circumstances receive their shadows, which involve them in a gloom of a full solar eclipse. It would, however, be a very foolish proceeding, as Sir John Herschel has well remarked, to judge of the fitness or unfitness of such conditions from what we see around us, "when, perhaps, the very combinations which convey to our minds only images of horror, may be in reality theatres of the most striking and glorious displays of beneficent contrivance."

Another satellite, the eighth, discovered in the year 1848, coincidentally by Mr. Lassell of Liverpool, and Mr. Bond in the United States, completes the Saturnian family, as at present known, the members of which are separated from the huge central homestead by intervals ranging from half that of our moon from ourselves to more than ten times the distance. Herschel's two moons are the nearest to the planet, skirting the edge of the ring, and moving in its plane. Next are two of Cassini's, discovered in 1684; then, another of Cassini's, of the year named, next is the Huyghenian; and the outermost, the largest but not the brightest, is Cassini's, of 1671. We are as far, however, from entertaining the thought that the whole number of these dependent bodies is known, as that the architecture of the

primary has been thoroughly disclosed. Yet from what has been scanned, the reader will probably by this time be of John Goad's opinion, that Saturn is not such a "plumbeous blew-nosed" planet as the world once supposed. But how ever reported of among us, and peered at by us, it may abate our conceit to know that probably the Saturnians, if there are such, have no conception of the existence of such beings as terrestrial spies and critics, taking notes of their residence, and making commentaries upon it. Jupiter will be seen by them somewhat less conspicuously than Venus is by us; Mars may be guessed at; but our Earth will be too distant, diminutive, and diverge too little from the sun, to be caught sight of, unless with organs and instruments of vision far superior to our own.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DR. KANE.

IN connection with the very truthful portrait-likeness of Dr. Kane which accompanies our present number, taken from life, by Brady of New York, in ambrotype, just before Dr. Kane last sailed for Europe in search of health, we subjoin the following biographical sketch:

DR. ELISHA KENT KANE was a native of Pennsylvania, born in Philadelphia, on the 3d of February, 1822. His early years were notable chiefly for the rapid development of that spirit of adventure and love of investigation which afterward carried him over the world and led him into places which no man but he had ever trod. While yet a student, he joined one of the brothers Rogers in a geological exploration of the Blue Mountains of Virginia, and when this task had been accomplished, devoted himself with renewed assiduity to the study of the Natural Sciences. In the interim he pursued the necessary course of culture to qualify himself to enter college, and, having entered,

studied diligently. In the year 1843, he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, and immediately after that event undertook a course in the Medical Department of the same institution. During his prosecution of scientific investigations, the Doctor had made himself thoroughly familiar with chemistry, geology, mineralogy, astronomy, and surgery, and besides, was a good classical scholar. He was one of that rare class who have the faculty of acquiring knowledge almost without effort, and when once acquired, of keeping it ready for use on all occasions. The natural consequence of the close application he was compelled to bestow upon his studies, however, undermined the physical system, which rebelled against the stagnation that it had undergone; so the young Doctor, now scarcely of age, came out from his closet far from robust. He made application for an appointment in the Navy, and having received it, demanded active service. His request was

complied with, and he was appointed on the Diplomatic staff of the first American Embassy to China, as Assistant Surgeon. This position gave him abundant opportunities for the gratification of his passion for witnessing new scenes and visiting queer places. He went successively through the accessible portions of China, Ceylon, and the Phillippines, and explored India quite thoroughly. In the island of Luzon—the northernmost and largest of the Phillippine group, he created a remarkable excitement by making a descent into the crater of Tael—suspended by a bamboo rope from a crag which projected two hundred feet above the interior *scoriae*. The natives looked upon this as a daring feat, and declared that the Doctor was the first white man who had ever attempted it. The Doctor suffered by his exposure to the gases of the crater, but was plucky enough to remain below until he had made a sketch of the interior and collected specimens, all of which he brought up with him. His remaining adventures during this first foreign experience were things to be remembered. He ascended the Himalayas, visited Egypt and went to the Upper Nile, where he made the acquaintance of Lepsius, who was at the time prosecuting his archaeological researches; and obtaining his discharge from the Embassy, returned home by way of Greece, which country he traversed on foot. He reached the United States, after a brief sojourn in Europe, in the year 1846.

The Mexican War now broke out, and Dr. Kane requested active service in the campaign; but the War Department preferred sending him to the coast of Africa, whither he presently sailed. While engaged in service on that coast he made an effort to visit the slave-marts of Whydah, but was frustrated by the coast-fever, and was sent home in 1847 invalided. From the effects of that attack he never wholly recovered. The war had not closed when he again set foot on American soil, and he had scarcely regained strength to walk, when he applied to President Polk for permission to enter the service. The request was complied with, and the Doctor was sent to Mexico, charged with dispatches of great importance to General Scott. He did not make his way unscathed through the enemy's country; but was wounded, and had his horse killed under him in a sharp skirmish.

The kind nursing of a family in Puebla, who received him into their house, caused his restoration to health, so that he resumed active service, and remained in Mexico until the close of the campaign. Returning to his own country, he was detailed for service on the Coast Survey, and continued in that employment for a considerable time. His varied acquirements made him a most useful member of that important corps.

But it is upon Dr. Kane's remarkable explorations in the Arctic regions, while making his search for traces of Sir John Franklin's Expedition, that his fame chiefly rests. The earlier series of adventures in which the Doctor was engaged served only as a preparation and foundation for the greater that followed. In his modest narrative of the first expedition, the Doctor gives an account of the orders he received to join the Arctic Expedition. He says: "On the 12th of May, while bathing in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, I received one of those curious little epistles from Washington, which the electric telegraph has made so familiar to naval officers. It detached me from the Coast Survey, and ordered me to 'proceed forthwith to New-York for duty upon the Arctic Expedition.' Seven and a half days later," he adds, "I had accomplished my overland journey of thirteen hundred miles, and in forty hours more was beyond the limits of the United States. The Department had calculated my traveling time to a nicety." The Expedition consisted of "two little hermaphrodite brigs," the *Advance* and the *Rescue*. They were under the command of Lieut. Edwin J. De Haven. Dr. Kane was appointed to the *Advance*, as Surgeon. The vessel was towed out of this port by "an asthmatic old steam-tug" on the 22d of May, 1850, and was followed by the *Rescue*. They pushed for the Arctic Sea direct, and on the 1st day of the following December entered Lancaster Sound, where the discovery of the graves of three of Franklin's men was made, while the British Searching Expedition, under Com. Penny, and the American, were lying together. After the expeditions separated, Lieut. De Haven's party proceeded further to the northward, and were soon nipped by the ice, which imprisoned the *Advance* for nine months. While thus blocked in, the vessel drifted with the fields of ice for a distance of 1,060 miles. The opening

of the mild season enabled the party to extricate themselves, and the expedition returned to this port on Tuesday, Sept. 30, 1851, having been absent one year and four months. Both vessels suffered but little from their encounter with the ice, and the crew maintained excellent health and discipline. Dr. Kane prosecuted diligently his scientific researches during the time the expedition remained in the Arctic Sea, and on his return, embodied in a "Personal Narrative" the results of the cruise; Lieut. De Haven, his superior officer, having declined to make any other than an official report. This narrative was published by the Harpers in 1853.

The results of this first expedition encouraged hopes that definite tidings would ultimately be received from Franklin's Expedition. Early in the year 1852, a letter was addressed by Lady Franklin to the President of the United States, in which the highest commendation was bestowed upon the American Expedition, and the aid of our Government again solicited. The appeal was not permitted to pass unheeded. The Government detailed Naval officers for the duty of a second exploration, and the *Advance* was now placed at the disposal of Dr. Kane himself. In December, 1852, he received orders to conduct the new Expedition, and sailed from this port on the 31st of May, 1853. Through the munificent liberality of Mr. Henry Grinnell, aided largely by Mr. George Peabody, the brig received a perfect outfit. Her equipment was deficient in nothing that could qualify her to undergo the dangers of the cruise, and the behavior of the craft in the trying situations in which she was afterward placed, showed the excellence of the preparations. The Expedition sailed out of the port, followed by the good wishes of all; but after the first tidings were received that it was spoken at sea, there was no intelligence of its movements. Dr. Kane, as it afterward appeared, had pushed northward with great rapidity, and, before he could extricate himself, was frozen up and compelled to Winter in the ice-peaks. On the 24th of May, 1855, finding that it was impossible to clear the brig, the party came to the determination to forsake her; and did so, first taking out the necessary provisions, documents, instruments, etc., and placing them on sledges and in boats, which were dragged

by the men over the ice, with incredible difficulty, for a distance of three hundred miles. Then, having reached the sea, the party took to the open boats and made the best of their way, for a distance of 1300 miles, to the Danish settlement of Upernavik, in Greenland, where they were hospitably received.

Meanwhile Dr. Kane had been given up for lost. Representations were made to Congress, urging the duty of instituting a search for the missing, the result of which was an appropriation of \$150,000, and the detail of the *Arctic* and *Release*, under command of Lieut. Hartstene, for the prosecution of a search. This expedition sailed from New-York in April, 1855, and on the 13th of the following September fell in with Dr. Kane's party at Disko Island, 250 miles south of Upernavik. They had taken refuge on board a Danish trading-vessel, for the arrival of which they had waited at the port for several weeks. With a touching simplicity, Dr. Kane describes this meeting in the last volume of his Second Narrative, just published: "Presently we were alongside. An officer, whom I shall ever remember as a cherished friend, Capt. Hartstene, hailed a little man, in a ragged flannel shirt: 'Is that Dr. Kane?' and with the 'Yes' that followed, the rigging was manned by our countrymen, and cheers welcomed us back to the social world of love which they represented." This is the same Capt. Hartstene whose commission to restore the *Resolute* has brought him lately into notice in a new field.

The return of Dr. Kane to New-York was the occasion of a wonderful excitement. On the evening of Thursday, Oct. 11, 1855, it was announced that the Searching Expedition had returned with Dr. Kane and his party. An eager throng assembled to greet them, and the familiar face of the Doctor, bronzed by exposure, and adorned with a heavy beard, was looked upon like that of an old friend. The Doctor made his report of the results of the cruise; the principal part of importance announced among his discoveries being that which established the existence of an open Polar Sea. Dr. Kane immediately commenced the preparation of his Narrative—published a few weeks since under the title of *Arctic Explorations*. In November last, having completed this task, he sailed for Europe, and on arriving in England was at once received with a

cordial British welcome. He, however, declined all public honors, and appeared but little in public. His health continuing to decline, he determined to try the effect of a change of climate, and in a very short time sailed for Havana, where he ended his days, far too early.

In character, Dr. Kane was peculiarly retiring and unostentatious; not distrustful of his abilities, but slow to obtrude them into notice; ambitious, yet prudent; energetic, amiable, and upright. In person, he was scarcely of the average height, but his muscles were firmly knit; he had a finely-developed head, remarkably full in the faculties which give artistic power and taste. His constitution, never strong, has succumbed beneath the burdens that his energetic nature imposed upon it.

Dr. Kane died peacefully at Havanah,

Cuba, on Monday, February 16, 1857. Very marked funeral honors attended his obsequies at Havanah, at New-Orleans, at Louisville, and along the whole route by which his remains were conveyed to Philadelphia, where he sleeps his long sleep in his native city, embalmed in the memory of multitudes of his fellow citizens.

The Doctor's published works are few. His two Arctic Narratives are comprised in three volumes, and he has issued some scientific treatises, besides preparing lectures on subjects connected with the Arctic Explorations. His labors, as a navigator and geographer, have been rewarded by a gold medal, presented by the Royal Geographical Society, and by other testimonials; but his best and most enduring record is found in the remarkable acts of a crowded life.

ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION TO TENERIFFE.—The *Titania* has returned from Teneriffe, and the head of the expedition, Mr. C. Piazzi Smyth, has transmitted to the Admiralty the rough notes of its transactions. The expedition sailed from Southampton on the 20th June, Mr. Stephenson having very nobly placed his steam-yacht at their disposal, and they arrived at Teneriffe on the 8th July. Their first operations were on the Guajara, a mountain 8,870 feet high. Such was the purity of the atmosphere at this elevation, that the limit of vision of the Sheepshank telescope was extended from stars of the 10th degree of magnitude to those of the 14th. The first radiation thermometer they exposed was broken in a few minutes, the power of the sun proving to be much greater than the maker of the instrument had anticipated. Two others, on M. Arago's plan, though marking as high as 180 degrees, were soon proved to be insufficient to register the extraordinary intensity of the sun's rays. They were still more unfortunate with their actinometers. By the aid of a delicate thermomultiplier lent by Mr. Gassiot, they found that the heat radiated by the moon, amounted to about one-third of that radiated by a candle at a distance of about fifteen feet. They also made numerous experiments on

the quantity of light emitted by the heavenly bodies, and on its polarization.

On the 28th August the instruments were removed to Alta Vista, a level shelf on the Peak, 10,900 feet high. The carriage of the great Pattinson equatorial to that lofty observatory was a work of difficulty, happily overcome by the skill and energy of Mr. Goodall, vice-consul at Orotava. The instrument, when taken to pieces, filled thirteen boxes, and required eleven horses and men to transport it. When erected and used, the fine division of Saturn's ring—a much contested matter—came out unmistakeably, and revelations of clouds appeared on Jupiter's surface, which were eminently similar in form, and as continually interesting in their changes, as those of the sea of lower clouds brought about Teneriffe daily under their eyes by the N.E. trade wind. Of the moon some extraordinary views were obtained, notwithstanding its unfortunately low altitude at that time; and the sun was observed both optically and photographically. Unfortunately the fine weather broke up a few days after this telescope had been erected, and the observers were compelled to leave the mountain on the 14th September. They reached Southampton on the 14th October.—*London paper*, October 25.

From the London Literary Journal.

STEREOSCOPIC JOURNEYS.

CERTAINLY the most interesting, and perhaps also the most beautiful department of the young and growing Photographic Art, is that which, by the application of a simple and wonderful optical law, enables us to bring within the compass of a little box, or at most a little cabinet, the means of realizing beneath our eyes all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. We refer, of course, to the stereoscope; which, by reason of the law of binocular vision, and by means of a few slides of glass, cardboard, or metal, as the case may be, enables us to see with wonderful and beautiful distinctness a distant scene or an absent friend, not as in a picture, but standing out in all solidity and reality, as if we were looking out of a window. Thanks to this new domain of art, many very important results are being accomplished. Those whose circumstances or avocations bind them to home are by this means enabled to visit distant scenes, and to gain correct ideas respecting that which has hitherto been vague and indeterminate: for the best picture cannot equal, and never can hope to equal, the *reality* of the stereoscopic view. Those who have travelled may revisit scenes in which their eyes have acquired a more extended vision into the secret beauties of nature, may perform their journeys over and over again, and thus derive a fourfold pleasure as a recompense for their labor. Young people, looking forward to the day when they shall be permitted to see for themselves, are enabled to prepare their minds for the reception of new impressions. Much of that enlarging and ennobling influence which Humboldt (in his "Kosmos") attributes to foreign travel, is brought as it were into our very drawing-rooms and school-

rooms. A miracle is accomplished; if Mahomet cannot go to the mountain, the mountain cannot be brought to Mahomet. Geography may now be taught henceforward as a concrete, and not as an abstract science. A country will no longer be a mere diagram upon the map, picked out with blue or yellow, with thin hairy lines marking out the rivers, something like a section of a caterpillar for a chain of mountains, a rough imitation of a wart for a volcano, and a quantity of names in microscopic letters to signify cities, towns, and villages. Henceforward it will be a land in which scenes of beauty and works of art may abound; where houses stand in the streets, and men and women live in them; where mountains up-rear their cloud-capped summits to the skies; and where there are waterfalls and trees, and statues and bridges, and boats sailing upon the waters. When the tutor tells a boy that Rome is upon the Tiber, and that it is built upon seven hills, what clear idea does he implant within his mind? But when (thanks to a dozen stereoscopic slides) he can show him the Capitol and the Colosseum, St. Peter's, the Vatican, and Trajan's Arch, does he not open to him distinct and hopeful visions of the truth? This, indeed, we believe to be the highest mission of the stereoscope. To the grown man it may be a beautiful toy; but to the child it is certainly an important instrument of education.

Before us lie some of those wonderful glass transparencies which have justly raised the name of Ferrier to the highest grade in this branch of art. Possessing some secret means of rendering his glass most delicately sensitive to the effects of light, this gentleman has arrived at an

admirable degree of excellence in taking these pictures. There is a delicacy combined with distinctness in these transparencies which is perfectly astonishing. M. Ferrier is now engaged in illustrating Switzerland, and the specimens of his art taken in that land of mountain, wood, and stream, are eagerly sought after by connoisseurs. Nor is this surprising, for it is impossible to imagine any thing more truthful and beautiful. Take the slide representing the "Chête inférieure du Reichenbach," for example. How admirably distinct the rocks covered with moss and the wild strawberry, and the trees, with roots cropping out of the crag, standing out in the foreground of the picture. The foliage and tufted mats of herbage which clothe the rocks have a delicate half-tone which is almost color. The surfaces of the boulders and loose rocks in the bed of the stream are wet and glisten. Higher up we see the waterfall dashing down from stage to stage, and where one fall seems deeper than another the gauzy mist of spray veils the background of the picture like steam. Now change the slide and take the "Vallée de Zermatt." Here the view is more extensive. A long deep valley, a river displaying its serpentine windings at the bottom, snow-capped mountains towering in the distance, and a beautiful little Swiss hamlet in the foreground, in which every roof, every chimney stands out from the picture. But what shall we say of the wonderful ice-studies, which seem to have special attractions for M. Ferrier, since upon them he evidently employs all the resources of skill. Here is the "Pente terminale du Glacier de Rosenlani." Nothing could be more like ice—the rough surface here crusted with snow, and there displaying that blue deepness which is only to be found in very thick ice. The eye searches out the recesses of a fissure, and rests spell-bound upon the curious and beautiful forms which the rocky gelid has assumed under the influence of a partial thaw. The "Grotte du Glacier de Tacconay" is another gem of the same kind. The grotto arches over a stream; in the depths we see the masses of translucent ice illuminated by a light which falls in from some fissure in the rock; beyond are slopes of the mountain girt with a belt of pines. The "Grand Mulets" is another splendid specimen. The hut and rocks in the foreground; a guide lying on the roof

of the hut with his ladder leaning by his side; far away into the distance stretch endless wastes of virgin snow, telling of the dangers of ascent. We shiver as we look through the glass.

But for the present we must leave M. Ferrier and his delightful Swiss experiences, and betake ourselves to warmer climes. This time it is M. Marion, of Regent street, who is our guide, and he takes us to sunny Naples. We have a neat morocco case before us, inscribed in letters of gold, "Trip to Naples." We open it; forty-one beautiful card-board slides fall out, and we have the whole kingdom of King Ferdinand to pick and choose before us. The collection before us contains views taken in Naples and the environs. Pompeii deserves a collection for itself, and has it. We understand that M. Marion had great difficulty in obtaining the latter, King Bomba being of opinion that to take Pompeii away in a stereoscope would materially interfere with the revenues of his ill-used kingdom. That liberal-minded monarch looks upon the treasures which art and nature have lavished upon his metropolis in no higher spirit than Mr. Burnum would—merely as so many additional attractions to draw the sight-seer to his shores. Happily, however, M. Marion has triumphed over every difficulty, and has managed to get a perfect set of views from that City of the Dead. But the "Trip to Naples" is confined to Naples and its environs. There are beautiful views on the roads to Sorrento and to Amalfi; in Atrani, near Naples, we find the birthplace of Massaniello, and at Sorrento is the home of Tasso. Those who are familiar with these spots need hardly to be reminded of the beauties of Ravello and Pausilippe. Almost every turn of the road about Sorrento and Amalfi has offered some new beauty to M. Marion, which he has not failed to take advantage of for his collection. In Naples itself we have here the Pont de la Cava, the Ponte Rosso, the Convent of the Capucins, the Ponte della Santa, and some of the more celebrated pieces of sculpture in the gardens of the Villa Reale, the Rapes of Proserpine and of Europa, the Apollo, and the Dying Gladiator. The slips upon which the views are taken are glazed in a manner which not only preserves them from dirt, but also considerably heightens the sharpness of the picture.

From Chambers's Journal.

FEVER-POISONS.

[On the subject of scarlet fever, which has been lately making extraordinary havoc among old and young, the following useful observations occur in a small tract intended for popular dissemination by Mr. R. Pairman, surgeon, Biggar.]

AFTER referring to the value of thorough ventilation, light, and cleanliness, in order to disinfect clothes and apartments from the invisible air-poison exhaled from the sick, the author proceeds: It is important to know regarding infection, that when not destroyed or dispersed in the sick-room, it attaches itself and adheres with great tenacity to all articles of furniture—chairs, tables, drawers, &c., nestling in their innumerable pores; and unless these articles be scrubbed with a solution of chloride of lime, or exposed to a strong heat, or a free current of air for several hours, it may again become evolved, *more virulently than at first*, after the lapse of many weeks. But it chiefly adheres to cotton and woolen materials. The patient's body-clothes and blankets become saturated with it, like a sponge with water. And in airing these materials, a mere passing breeze is not always sufficient to carry it away. A genteel country family lately related to me that, a few years ago, they had occasion to reside some time in Edinburgh; while there, one of the domestics became affected with fever of a peculiar type. After her recovery, the bed-clothes—as was thought—were sufficiently aired, packed up, and conveyed home along with the family. Through some inadvertance, they remained for four months thus folded up; after which, being required for use, they were opened out and washed. Within a week, the person who washed them became attacked with the same type of fever, though none was prevailing in the district at the time; so that infection thus imprisoned in a blanket, or anywhere else, and not exposed to any current of air, seems not only quite indestructible, but, while thus confined, probably grows in virulence every day. Thus the infection of plague—which is just a form of typhus fever—has been packed up in a bale of cotton, and after being conveyed many

hundred miles, struck with instant death the person who unloosed it. The following curious and dreadful incident, related by Dr Parr, of Exeter, showing how plague was once disseminated in an English town, we extract from Macauley's *Dictionary of Medicine*: "The last plague which infested the town in which we now write," says Dr. Parr, "arose from a traveller remarking to his companion, that in a former journey he had the plague in the room where they sat. 'In that corner,' said he, 'was a cupboard where the bandages were kept; it is now plastered, but they are probably there still.' He took the poker, broke down the plastering, and found them. *The disease was soon disseminated, and extensively fatal.*"

The next point requiring notice is, that one man may convey infection to another, while he himself escapes the disease. Some years ago, I received a message from a much esteemed and worthy minister, requesting a visit to two of his children. On arriving, I found them ill with scarlatina; and as they had both become suddenly affected *at the very same hour* the previous evening, it was evident that both had simultaneously imbibed the poisonous dose. But the question arose: Where could they possibly get infection? for they had ever been carefully tended by their nurse, come in contact with nobody but members of the family, and no fever of any description was prevailing for several miles around. At length the father remembered that about a week before he had visited a little girl under scarlatina in an adjoining parish; had, in the act of engaging in religious conversation, sat by her bed, taken her by the hand, rubbed his clothes on the bed-clothes of the patient—in a word, had quite unconsciously done everything likely to saturate his own clothes with infection; after which, the night being cold, he wrapped his great-coat firmly around

him—thus inadvertently preventing its dispersion—mounted his horse, and trotted home at a rapid pace. On reaching home, he threw off his great-coat, drew in his chair to a comfortable fire, and as any fond parent would be apt to do, forthwith got both of the children perched upon his knee, little dreaming of the poisonous present a father's love was unconsciously bestowing. That this was the mode of communicating the disease was evident by a process of exact calculation; for the infection of scarlatina lurks in the blood about five days before the fever shows itself; and on calculating five days back from the onset of the fever, we were brought exactly to the time when the incident occurred.

If two pieces of cloth of the same material, the one *black*, and the other *white*, were, in equal circumstances, and for the same length of time, exposed to infection, the black cloth would be far sooner saturated with it than the other. We have here something analogous to the well-known law about the absorption of heat. As dark objects absorb heat more power-

fully than white ones, so do they also more readily absorb infection, and all kinds of smells. Hence the mere fumigation of closes and wynds in epidemic seasons is not enough; they are afterwards very properly whitewashed. Hence also the wholesomeness of light as well as air in the dwellings of the poor, and of all those measures of cleanliness and comfort which the whitening-brush is able to impart. The haunts of infection realize those conditions with which childish fancy clothes the haunts of spectres. Dark and cheerless are its favorite dens. The "bleezing ingle and the clean hearth-stane," it seems to shun; but lurks and lingers in the gloomy hovel, fattens on its dirt, and in the crevices of its smoked and dingy walls finds those most congenial nestling-places which it cannot find in the plastered, whitewashed, smooth, and shining walls of cleanliness. Its fittest emblem is that mysterious plant, the deadly nightshade, which loves the darkness rather than the light, and luxuriates less abundantly in sunshine than in gloom.

DISCOVERY.—"About six miles from Rapello, and seven from Venosa and Melfi," writes a correspondent from Naples, "excavations have lately been going on to construct the road of Rendina. In that part of the excavations which was conducted in the Via Appia, a sarcophagus has recently been discovered, which has thus been described to me:—It is of pure white marble, and measures ten palms in length, five in depth, and four in width. On the lid, which represents a kind of dormouse, is a young female sleeping, with her hair of that character so well known in statuary as undulating. Her head rests on a cushion, and her feet on a lion. On the front part of this sarcophagus are four niches, in one of which is Proserpine; in another, a statuette of Mars; in another, of Venus with her glass; and in the last, Meleager. On the other corresponding part are Ulysses, Vulcan, Mars, and a figure unknown. On one side is a fictitious door, and on the other various festoons. No inscription has been found upon it. This sarcophagus

was discovered enclosed in a rectangular edifice, adorned with beautiful marbles, and the walls of which are constructed of brick. 'I have never seen anything like it,' said an antiquary to me; and, though many sarcophagi have been found in Magna Græcia, I think these are now more magnificent for the abundance and the perfection of the sculpture. The style,' he continued, 'is of the finest Roman; the drapery is beautiful; the countenance delicate; and the drawing most correct. The niches, in which are the divinities, are separated from one another by many-spiral columns of the Corinthian order, and the figures are all in *mezzo rilievo*.' Notice (of which I received the earliest information) has just been received, by the Directors of the Museo Borbonico, of this interesting discovery, and an artist will be sent down to make a drawing of it, after which, if arrangements can be made for the purchase of it, it will be brought to Naples, to be placed in the Museo Borbonico."

From Chambers's Journal.

C O P Y I N G B Y L I G H T .

WE have to propose to our readers, especially our fair ones, a scientific amusement of an elegant and inexpensive kind. We would teach them to make copies of pictures, engravings, maps, music, &c., by means of light, and according to a process which costs hardly anything beyond the price of the paper.

1. Having fixed upon the object to be copied, take a sheet of good paper, and spread a solution upon one side of it composed of 60 grains of blue-stone or sulphate of copper, 30 grains of bichromate of potass, and 3 ounces of water. This composition should be spread upon the paper by means of a glass rod; or if you do not happen to have such a thing, any smooth phial will do as well.

Paper prepared with this solution is of a beautiful yellow color; when dry, it is fit for use, and should be used as soon as convenient, for when kept long, it loses its sensibility. Place the prepared side of this paper against or upon the face of the picture to be copied, and allow the back of the picture to be exposed to the light; and in the course of a quarter of an hour, if it is a bright sunny day, you shall see—what you shall see. If the weather is dark and cloudy, you will have longer to wait, perhaps not less than half an hour; but having allowed it to remain exposed to the light for this time, if you take it into a room partly darkened, or with the blind drawn down, a very clear *negative yellow* picture will appear on the prepared paper. You must now pour a few drops of nitrate of silver solution on it, of the strength of half a drachm to two ounces of water, and spread this quickly over by means of your phial or glass rod, and instantaneously a very beautiful and vivid red picture will make its appearance.

The back of the picture, however, having been exposed to the light, while the face was pressed against the prepared side of the paper, the objects copied will be formed in a contrary direction to that in the original, so that the part of the ori-

ginal picture situated at its right side will appear on the left side of the copy, and *vice versa*. This might be no great matter, as regards some pictures, but it is obvious that by such a process neither maps nor music could be copied. When necessary, however, as in the case of maps and music, the original may be exposed to the light, and the prepared paper pressed to the back, which would give the true position. But it is always desirable, when the subject admits of it, and more especially in the case of a thick engraving or picture, for its *face* to be pressed against the prepared paper, as in that case the copy is produced much sharper and more distinct than the other way.

To keep the picture well pressed against the prepared paper, a heavy piece of glass may be placed on the top, as the rays of light will not be at all lessened in their intensity by this arrangement.

These photographic pictures may be fixed by washing well in pure water, and when dry, a gloss may be given by spreading a little gum-water over the surface. So much for the process, and now for the cost. 60 grains of sulphate of copper, and 30 of bichromate of potass—the first solution—have hardly an appreciable pecuniary value, and indeed the chemist you deal with would not think of charging anything for so small a quantity of these substances; yet this solution will be sufficient to take more than 200 copies. The second solution—half a drachm of nitrate of silver—at four shillings per ounce, costs threepence, which, added to two ounces of water, and a few drops spread over the yellow negative picture, will be sufficient for between 50 and 100 pictures. As we have hinted, therefore, the expense of this elegant and useful amusement is, in reality, if we except the paper—which is cheap enough, you know—next to nothing at all. We may add, that the picture to be copied need not be taken out of the book, if it is in one: it is only necessary to place the prepared paper underneath its face,

while the piece of glass laid upon its back will keep open the book, and allow access to the light.

2. *Another process.*—Make a solution composed of half a drachm of nitrate of silver to two ounces of water, and spread a few drops of this solution over a sheet of paper by means of a glass phial. When dried in the dark, it is fit for use. Proceed precisely as in the above process, to copy the picture; and after being left exposed to the light for about five to fifteen minutes, according to the thickness of the picture, a *negative* picture will be found on the prepared paper, having the light part of the original dark, and the dark parts light. It now becomes the question how to turn this negative picture into a positive one; and this is effected in the following way: After the negative has been well washed in pure water, and fixed by passing it two or three times through a solution of common salt, it is ready, when dry, to print from. Prepare your sheet of paper in the same way as the other, and when dry, press its prepared side against the negative picture; then allow the back of the negative to be exposed to the light, and in a few minutes you will have obtained a fine positive picture, which can be fixed by passing it through a solution of common salt.

3. *Process for copying positive collodion portraits from glass on paper.*—Make a solution composed of half a dram

of nitrate of silver to one and a half ounces of water, and spread a few drops of this solution, by means of a glass phial or rod, over a sheet of paper, which must then be put in a dark place till dry, when it is fit for use. The portrait or picture to be copied need not be taken out, but the back of the *passe-partout* merely opened. Sometimes liquid jet is employed for backing collodion pictures, but more commonly cotton velvet. If velvet, it can be removed, and a piece of the prepared paper, sufficient to cover the portrait, substituted, taking care that its prepared side be pressed against the collodion side of the portrait. Having done this, the face of the *passe-partout* may be exposed to the light, and in a few seconds the prepared paper at the back of the portrait will be seen to darken. When sufficiently dark, the *passe-partout* may be removed from the light, and the prepared paper taken off, when it will be seen to present a positive copy of the picture on the glass. To fix these impressions, just pass them once through a solution of common salt, and wash in pure water.

The expense of this process is hardly appreciable, since from 200 to 300 copies may be produced by half a drachm of nitrate of silver, in one and a half or two ounces of water, the cost only threepence; two or three drops of which are sufficient for an ordinary-sized portrait.

NAVICULÆ are numerous, and widely dispersed. The green *Navicula*, about the hundredth part of an inch in length, was found by Dr. Mantell in a pool on Clapham Common. The golden *Navicula* is another beautiful species, so named from the numerous points within the shell giving it a bright yellow appearance. The shell is an oblong oval, and has upon it numerous delicate and regular flutings. In the vicinity of Hull many very interesting varieties of *Diatomacæ* have been found, the beauty of the varied forms of which delight the microscopist. It has been shown by Mr. Sollit that the markings on some of the shells were so fine as to range between the thirty-thousandth and the sixty-thousandth of an inch; the *Pleurosigma strigilis* having the strongest markings, and the *Navicula*

acus the finest. Certain diatoms are common both to the old world and the new. The beautiful *Meridion circulare* abounds in many localities in this country; but there is none in which it presents itself in such rich luxuriance as in the mountain brooks about West Point in the United States, the bottoms of which, according to Professor Bailey, are literally covered in the first warm days of spring with a ferruginous-colored mucous matter about a quarter of an inch thick, which, on examination by the microscope, proves to be filled with millions and millions of these exquisitely beautiful siliceous bodies. Every submerged stone, twig, and spear of grass is enveloped by them; and the waving plume-like appearance of a filamentous body covered in this way is often very elegant.

B A L L A D S O F S W E D E N .

BALLADS now are almost forgotten but to the few, who treasure them up as memorials and illustrations of the mind and manners of the past. They represent the moral feelings of a nation, and the characteristics and modes of thinking of by-gone generations of men. Scholars are not indifferent to their value, both on historical and philological grounds. Extensive collections of ballad literature have been made in this country; and there is scarcely a people of Europe which is not striving with a kind of religious zeal to collect and preserve every fragment of the traditions and popular songs of their fathers. In this respect the Germans have been especially industrious. They have been collecting the folklore, traditions, and popular poetry, not only of their own country, but of all the countries of Europe. It is in German only that we can read the ballads of various peoples, from Finland to Gibraltar, and from the German Ocean to the Caspian. And now Brockhaus, of Leipsic, is bringing out a beautiful edition of the Swedish ballads, collected some forty years ago by Geijer and Afzelius. The translation into German has been made by the well-known literary antiquarian, Dr. Ferdinand Wolff, and, as far as the two languages would permit, has been faithfully made. The *Svenska Folk-Visor fran forntiden* (the Swedish ballad poetry of antiquity) has much in common with that of our own. There is love and adventure discoursed of in them, war and peace, faith and fraud, and perhaps a larger amount of the tragical than we find in our collections.

We give a specimen :

Liten Karin (Little Katie) is rather a tragical ballad, but characteristic of remote times and of days when kings could do wrong with impunity.

"Little Karin served in the young king's hall, and she shone like a star there among the maidens all. She shone like a star there, the very fairest maid; and thus to little Karin the young King said :
 'Oh! hear thee, little Karin, if thou wilt be but mine, gray horses and gold saddles and all shall be thine.'

'Gray horses and gold saddles I may not think upo'; give these unto your young queen; let me with honor go.'

'Then hear me, little Karin; if you will be but mine, my crown made of the reddest gold, and that shall be thine.'

'Your Crown made of the reddest gold I may not think upo'; give that unto your young queen, let me with honor go.'

'Yet hear me, little Karin; if my leman thou wilt be, the half of all my kingdom, that shall I give to thee.'

'The half of all your kingdom, I may not think upo'; give that unto your young queen, let me with honor go.'

'Then hear thee, little Karin; if thou wilt not be mine, a barrel spiked with nails shall certainly be thine.'

'If you put me in a spike-barrel, God's angels will see me, and away with little Karin to Heaven they shall flee.'

They put her in a spike-barrel, they did not heed her pain; and all the King's young pages rolled her up and down again.

Then down there came from Heaven two doves of spotless white, and Karin made the third dove that flew to the angels bright."

Of this song, which is known all over Sweden, there are several versions. One intensifies the cruelty of the young king, by stating that he assisted his pages in rolling little Karin about in the tun spiked with nails, and ends :

"Her cheeks were pale and torn, and down the red blood ran; O God in Heaven highest, look down on this proud man!

They took the little Karin out, and wiped her body o'er, and all the little maids at Court bewailed Karin sore.

They laid her on a golden bier, and cover'd her body fair, and all the little maids at Court they curled Karin's hair.

And they laid the little Karin in the dark, dark grave to lie; and all God's little angels were standing then thereby."

The ballad of "Herr Olof" has the burthen of "*Men Linden gror väl!*" It runs to the effect that :

"Sir Olof he saddled his charger gray, and away rode he; to the mermaid's house, away went he. And green grows the linden.

Sir Olof he mounted his saddle of gold; and away to the mermaid he galopp'd so bold.

'Welcome, Oh! welcome, Sir Olof, to me, for five long years I have waited for thee.

'But where were ye born and where were ye bred? and where was thy hosen and and courtly dress made?'

'At the court of the Kaiser I born was and bred;
and there my hosen and jerkin were made;
'And there I have father, and there I have mother;
and there I have sister fair, there have a brother.
'There I have acres, there I have land, and there
my bridal bed fairly doth stand.
'And there have I my sweetheart so true; with her
I shall live, with her I shall *dee*. And green
grows the linden.'
'Now hear ye, Sir Olof, and come now with me, and
ye'll have bright wine in gold flagree. And
green grows the linden.'
'Where were ye born, and where were ye bred?
and where were thy hosen and country dress
made?
'Where is thy father, where is thy mother? where
is thy sister fair, where is thy brother?'
'No father have I, and I have no mother; I have
no sister, and I have no brother. But green
grows the linden.'
'Where hast thou thine acres, and where is thy
land; and where does thy well-deck'd bridal-
bed stand?
'And where doth remain thy lady-love true, with
whom thou wilt live, with whom thou wilt
dee?
'It is here, here I have my acres and field; it is
here my love's bower I shall build. And green
grows the linden.'
'And here my true love so fastly have I; with
whom I shall live, with whom I shall die. And
green grows the linden.'

THE ANGELS.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE GERMAN.

"Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,
How lovely and fair are the angels mild!
They have radiant faces more purely bright
Than the heavens and earth in soft spring light;

They have eyes so blue, and serenely fair,
And eternal flowers in their golden hair,
And their flashing wings—which to thee would
seem

Of silvery moonshine, a dazzling beam—
The angels wave so stately and light,
From rosy morn till the dewy night.

"Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,
How softly and light soar the angels mild!
As lightly as flutters from heaven the snow,
As soft as o'er earth the pale moonbeams glow,
As light as the mist in silver wreath curls,
As soft as the bud into blossom unfurls,
As lightly as leaflet is borne from the tree,
As soft as the lightfall o'er land and o'er sea.
Thus lightly and softly, my darling child,
On pinion of air soar the angels mild!

"Now list while I tell thee, my darling child!
Where dwell the angels so lovely and mild!
Where the voice of the poor is heard in need,
There haste the angels with manna to feed;
Where o'er her sick babe the young mother
weeps,
Bright angels flock nigh, and the little one
sleeps;
Where the worn and weary faint and fear,
Where trembles a soul, where falls a tear,
There swiftly speed, my darling child,
On ministering wing the angels mild!

"And wouldst thou, my child, the angels view?
That on this earth thou canst not do;
But, if holy and pure thou livest here,
A beauteous angel will ever be near;
And in that hour when realms of light
Refulgent dawn o'er the dimming sight,
Thou'lt see them then, as they beckon aloft,
Expand thy budding wings so soft!
And lo! in Elysium, my darling child,
Thou wilt be triumphant, an angel mild!"

ECONOMIC SCIENCE AND STATISTICS.—
The importance of statistics, the source
from whence the modern statesman draws
that knowledge so essential to all good
government, has brought it within the
pale of sciences. Dealing in facts alone,
the results are sure; and these rest on the
axiom that the laws which operate on the
moral and physical condition of the human
race are constant. In dealing with the
individual, or a fact, everything is un-
certain; but, taking man or facts in the
aggregate, the results that are elicited
are governed by certain and well-defined
laws. Thus, on the momentous question
of poverty and crime, it has been too
often loosely asserted that "guilt and
poverty are closely connected." The re-
cords of the past year alone will disprove
the position; and it may be shown, from

the data derived from the calendar of
crimes and convictions, that guilt arises
more frequently from drunkenness and
ignorance than from poverty; although,
taking the statistics of real and great
offenses, the general conclusion is,
"that when the people are comfort-
able they are well conducted, while,
when a time of privation comes, crimes
increase."

The enormous export of silver to the
East, which has had some effect on the
monetary affairs of Europe, has called ge-
neral attention to the fact. It appears
that from 1851 to 1855 inclusive no less
than £22,000,000 of silver had been ex-
ported to the East through England alone,
and in 1856 the amount reached £9,000,000.
Such is the fact; the cause as yet remains
unexplained.

From the London Critic.

THE SONG OF THE SNOW.

THE angels looked down through the frosty night,
And their eyes were filled with a pitying light,
As they saw the poor earth lie, shrivell'd and dry,
Gather'd up close, as a varlet old
Huddles his limbs when the North blows cold.
Then swift through the chambers of Heaven they go,
Snapping the cords of the canopy white—and lo!
'Tis loosen'd—'tis loosen'd—'tis trembling—'tis fall-

ing.
First hither and thither a feathery flake,
Softly and softly they winnow and shake;
And then in light handfuls 'tis sifted and scatter'd,
And then comes a burst, like a cloud that is shat-

ter'd;
Then—steady and fast, and still faster it falleth,
Still steady and fast through the silent night,
Still steadily down through the dim dawning light,
Tufting the tops of the mountain pines,
Crowning the crags with long silvery lines,
Peaking the porches and gables old,
Cresting the low thatch'd roofs, and roll'd,
Wreathed, and toss'd, as with fairy intent,
On parapet, balustrade, and battlement.
Over the woods and the bare brown hedges,
Wrapping a lace-work fine and clear,
Pluming the willows light, and the sedges

There on the verge of the frozen mere.
And look, in the city, lane, and street,
Where the living currents part and meet:
Silent they come and silently go,
And the traffic-din is dumb in the snow.
Now, borne in the lap of the Norland gust,
Through the mountain gorges where life is hush'd,
'Tis driving like surge of a winter sea;
Whirling in columns of thin white dust,
Breaking like spray over stone and tree.
Vainly the grim king dwelling afar
Where the ice-towers mirror the Polar star—
Vainly he bade that strong wind go
Forth on its errand to scatter the snow;
For see, never heeding, how steady 'tis falling;
Falling and falling from east unto west—
Faster and faster from east unto west.

* * * * *
Then it is stay'd, and earth is array'd
In a white garment befitting a bride,
In a pure raiment becoming a bride.
And the red sun glides from his cloudy nest.
To gaze on her whom he loveth best.
And every white valley and city and hill
Suddenly flushes with crimson pale—
A bridal blush through a bridal veil.

WHAT IS A POUND.—What is a pound? asked Peel. What is a milliard? asked lately the *Assemblée Nationale*. We are not about to distress the reader with a financial subject, but to give him the results of a curious calculation, which he may apply to the National Debt if so minded. "In general," says our contemporary, "few people can form a proper notion of a milliard—or 1,000,000,000—francs (£40,000,000) in silver." And then he proceeds to tell us about this milliard—or, as we would say,—billion—of franc pieces.

A milliard weighs 5,000,000 kilogrammes. It would require 2000 four-horse waggons to carry it by land, and, on water, a ship as big as Noah's ark, 300 cubits long, 50 cubits wide, and 30 cubits high. Were the 50,000,000 kilogrammes forged into bars a square inch thick, the length of the same would be more than 655,000 yards, more than enough to surround

Paris with a railing ten feet high. Were a milliard of franc pieces laid down on a road twelve feet wide (the usual breadth of a French highway) close to each other, a street so paved would extend three leagues farther than the distance from Paris to Rouen. A single line, composed of a milliard of franc pieces, would have a length of 23,000,000 toises, or 750 leagues more than the circumference of our earth. Lastly, if at the birth of Christ a milliard franc pieces had been inclosed in a machine capable of throwing one out every minute, the machine would have to work for sixty-two years longer before it had discharged itself of its silver burden.

A pound weight of silver is coined into sixty-six shillings. Here is a datum. Let the "ingenious reader," as he was wont to be called, go to work, and tell us what mry be accomplished with a billion of English shillings.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

ARCTIC ADVENTURE BY SEA AND LAND, FROM THE EARLIEST DATE TO THE LAST EXPEDITIONS IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. Edited by EPES SARGENT, with Maps and Illustrations. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. London: Sampson, Low, Son & Co. 1857. Pp. 480.

THIS volume, presented to the reading public in the neat and tasteful typography and dress characteristic of the enterprising publishers, is a timely contribution to the great chapters and facts of Arctic history and explorations. It is a most interesting panorama of the northern world, before which the reader may sit down, and, looking through its graphic scenes and descriptions, may see what has been done and suffered by the host of hardy adventurers in bygone years, to unlock the great ice regions of the north, and bring down to the people in the milder climes of the sunny south the geographic and scientific treasures of knowledge which had so long been hid from the human mind. Mr. Sargeant has done a good service to the literature and history of our country. The explorations of Dr. Kane and his compatriots, and his recent sad demise, have turned the public mind to the north, and we commend this book to many readers, and especially to the young men and women of our country. Books of this stamp are well charged with literary oxygen, which will serve to strengthen and invigorate the mind more than a cargo of rapid love stories.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND ITS ADJUNCTS. By JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D. Pp. 342. Philadelphia American Sunday-school Union. New York, 375 Broadway; Boston, 9 Cornhill; Cincinnati, 41 West 4th street; Louisville, No. 103 4th street.

IN our humble judgment, rarely have the Sunday-school Union published so good a book, so full of practical wisdom, so instructive, so suggestive and so replete with most important cardinal principles which enter into the well-being and guidance of children, youth and age, and which have so influential a bearing on human happiness in this world and in that to come. We might expect such a book from the learning, the piety, the long practical experience and observation of Dr. Alexander, as a Sabbath-school teacher, minister, pastor and eloquent divine, whom we have long known, and to whose Sabbath ministrations we have often listened with profit and pleasure. We only add, that we earnestly commend this good book to the attentive perusal of every parent, every Sunday-school teacher, and any one interested in training up young minds for usefulness in this world and happiness in the next.

AN ENGLISHMAN AT THE CATARACTS OF THE NILE.—THE EXPEDITION.—It was stated recently that Count d'Escayrac, the Frenchman who was placed at the head of the expedition prepared by the Vice-

roy of Egypt to explore the sources of the Nile, had resigned or been removed from his post; but letters recently received from him, in Paris, represent that he still remains chief of the expedition, though some of the *savans* appointed it to have declined to act under his direction. Lieut. Twyford, one of the English members of the expedition has, say the letters in question, succeeded, in spite of the most formidable difficulties, in getting over the three great cataracts of the Nile, the two steamers, five dahabiehs, (large decked barges,) and three smaller vessels, provided for the expedition. This operation was considered almost impossible, and Lieut. Twyford's success in it is described as doing the highest honor to his scientific skill, his energy, and courage. At the second cataract in particular, the local authorities and his pilots declared that it was impossible to get the vessels over, and the Egyptian soldiers and sailors placed under his orders refused to assist him in what they considered the desperate attempt; but he paid no attention to the representations of the former, and the result was that he triumphed; but to do so, it is said that he required the assistance of four thousand men! On the 18th of December, he was within five days' sail of Dongolah-el-Adjous, and it was believed that he would have to remain there some months to repair the injury his vessels had received in their terrible descent. Count d'Escayrac was at Cairo, and did not contemplate setting out to join Lieut. Twyford before February.—*Literary Gazette.*

EXTRAORDINARY APPEARANCE AT SEA.—The passengers and crew of the *Pera* on her last outward voyage witnessed a singular phenomenon when, approaching Alexandria on the 3d ult. At noonday, the sun became almost invisible, and a dense fog obscured the firmament; the ship with her spars and rigging were covered with a fine powder, which entered the ears and mouths of the passengers, causing the greatest inconvenience. The utmost alarm was felt on board, and some dire calamity was apprehended. The hatches were battened down, and Captain Soy, the commander of the packet, turned her head and ran off to sea again. During the time of this almost complete darkness, the wind was blowing from the south, and the sea was frightfully disturbed. Although the *Pera* proceeded forty or fifty miles out to sea again, still the dense fog prevailed far to seaward, and toward the coast darkness literally overspread the land of Egypt. This phenomenon lasted for eight hours, when the fog cleared away, the wind lulled, and the sea went down. This extraordinary appearance was owing to what is called the khamseen or sand-storm, and its extending so far to sea is a most unusual circumstance. From the direction of the wind, the khamseen must have originated in the Great Sahara. It raises the sand there in masses which move in a spiral figure, and the heavy particles of sand soon drop to the earth, while

the smaller ones, or the pulverized sand, are carried away to a distance. The people on board the *Pera* found afterwards the khamseen had blown down trees, turned over railway carriages, and forced cattle into the canal between Alexandria and Cairo.

WHERE DOES THE DAY BEGIN?—At whatever period use may have determined the moment of a day's commencement, whether from sunset or sunrise, from twelve at midnight or twelve at noon, the week day (Sunday, Monday, etc.) commences earliest in the east, where the sun rises, and latest in the west, in the direction of his setting. Sunday at London begins, in any such conventional mode of reckoning, always one hour earlier than, for instance, on the east coast of Iceland, on a meridian fifteen degrees west of London; whereas Sunday begins at Bornholm, in the Baltic, fifteen degrees east of London, one hour earlier than at London. So also, when it is noon in London, it is six o'clock in the evening at Calcutta, and six in the morning of the same day at New Orleans, because these places are 180 degs. apart; and London is intermediate, being ninety degrees distant from both. The result, then, is that Monday at Bornholm begins whilst it is still Sunday at London, and this discrepancy lasts one hour. At Calcutta Monday begins six hours earlier than in London, and has already advanced twelve hours at Calcutta before that day has commenced at New Orleans. The commencement of the day is, therefore, on no fixed spot, like the zero of longitude or latitude, but varies with every meridian. Were the diurnal motion of the earth suspended indefinitely, the day would be of indefinite duration, and would be assignable to fixed points of the earth's surface, as would the night also.

CHARLES SCHIBNER has got out, in two neatly printed octavo volumes, "The New-England History, from the Discovery of the Continent by the Northmen, A.D. 986, to the Period when the Colonies declared their Independence, A.D. 1776," by Charles W. Elliott. Referring to previous works on the same subject, and the distinctive characteristics of his own, the author observes: "Few will doubt that, however well History may have been written, it is desirable that it should be rewritten from time to time by those who look from an advanced position; it is, of course, only necessary to say, that I have written from the democratic stand-point of to-day, believing it to be the true one from which to see and judge the past. With no conscious wish to exalt or depress the Puritans, it has been my aim to see them fairly, and represent them truly, while I have not hesitated to praise or blame when truth seem to demand it. The historian is not a chronologer only, without sympathy for the right, or hatred of the wrong. It seems to me that he ought to feel quickly, and appreciate justly, and to state clearly and positively; for there is great danger that what is written without feeling, will be read without interest."

"AS YOU WERE" IN FRANCE.—In a speech, otherwise intelligible enough, the Emperor of the French is reported to have informed the Chambers that the rivers of France, like the revolution, return to their bed that they may never more issue from it. This simile appears to signify that revolution in France, like the inundations, is ultimately to subside into the old state of things. This declaration on the part of Napoleon the Third must be rather good news to the Count de Chambord.—*Punch*.

A LETTER from Russia, of the 2d, in the *Austrian Gazette*, says: "Workmen continue to be actively engaged in endeavoring to raise the vessels sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol. It appears that the fine steam-frigate 'Vladimir' is completely lost. According to a census lately taken, the population of the south side of Sebastopol amounts to 1500 souls, exclusive of about 3000 sailors. The Russian officers now here gave a grand banquet last week to Gen. Buchmaier, of the Engineers, who constructed the bridge of boats across the harbor of Sebastopol, an operation which was thought to be impossible under the fire of the enemy, and the success of which saved the garrison of Sebastopol. A discovery has just been made in the village of Alexandropol, in the government of Beathernislow, which has caused an immense sensation among our archaeologists. M. Luzancho, the director of the museum of Kertch, has found in a small mound the catacombs of the Scythian kings. Numerous articles in gold, silver, bronze, iron, earthenware, etc., have been discovered there. The existence of the Gherros, or Necropolis of the Scythian monarchs, spoken of by Herodotus, is thus proved."

COPLEY, THE AMERICAN PAINTER, LORD LYNDEHURST'S FATHER.—Soon after my arrival in England, having won at the insurance office one hundred guineas, on the event of Lord Howe's relieving Gibraltar, and dining the same day with Copley, the distinguished painter, [the father of Lord Lyndhurst.] who was a Bostonian by birth, I determined to devote the sum to a splendid portrait of myself. The painting was finished in most admirable style, except the background, which Copley and myself designed to represent a ship, bearing to America the intelligence of the acknowledgment of independence, with a sun just rising upon the stripes of the union, streaming from her gaff. All was complete save the flag, which Copley did not deem prudent to hoist under present circumstances, as his gallery is a constant resort of the Royal family and the nobility. I dined with the artist on the glorious 6th of December, 1782, after listening with him to the speech of the King, formally receiving and recognizing the United States of America into the rank of nations. Previous to dining, and immediately after our return from the House of Lords, he invited me into his studio, and there, with a bold hand, a master's touch, and I believe an American heart, attached to the ship the stars and stripes. This was, I imagine, the first American flag hoisted in old England.—*Watson's Men and Times of the Revolution*.

THE *Journal de Constantinople* publishes a letter on certain archaeological discoveries, made by M. Place, French Consul at Mosul. Of a peculiar interest are those passages in it which refer to the ruins of the edifice supposed to be the Tower of Babel. The remains of this structure (of the eight stories of which two are left) afford at present a majestic sight, and are visible at a considerable distance. A square of one hundred and ninety-four metres forms the base. The bricks of the pile are burnt from the purest clay, almost white, and covered all over with inscriptions. In the vicinity there is a spring of bitumen, flowing sometimes so abundantly that it forms a regular stream. This agrees with the eleventh chapter of Genesis. Different jewels, intaglios, and a great number of coins, have been found among the ruins. M. Place has taken a series of interesting photographic views of the ruins.

A RELIC OF BOTHWELL.—Among the books sold in Edinburgh by Mr. Nisbet, on Thursday last, was a handsome folio which belonged to the celebrated Earl of Bothwell, the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots. It is a copy of a mathematical work printed at Paris in 1538—*L'Arithmétique et Géométrie de Maître Estienne de la Roche*. The book is in the original binding, and has the sides stamped with a well-cut die, showing the arms of Bothwell, with the motto "Kiip Trest"—that is, keep tryst, and the inscription "Iacobvs Hepburn Comes Bothv. D. Hailles-Crichonae, et Liddeae et Magn. Admiral. Scotiæ"—"James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, Lord Hailles, Crichton, and Liddesdale, High Admiral of Scotland." It is supposed that the binding was executed in France, as the workmanship is very superior, and the armorial bearings beautifully cut and designed. We believe there is only another volume known to exist of the Earl's once magnificent library, and that is in the possession of the Faculty of Advocates. There was a spirited competition for this interesting relic. It was ultimately knocked down to a Mr. Gibson-Craig for thirteen guineas.—*Scotsman*.

FROM papers received by the last steamer, we learn that Mr. Bayne has been appointed to succeed Hugh Miller in the editorial chair of the *Edinburgh Witness*. A Scotch paper, in speaking of the appointment, says: "In succeeding Mr. Miller, he enters upon the most difficult task which could be assigned to any journalist—that of maintaining the reputation of an ecclesiastical newspaper, which rose to an unparalleled height of success, in spite of the weakening influence of sectarianism, and by virtue of the fact, that it was conducted by the foremost intellect of his time and country." Doubtless, the difficulties of the position were fully taken into the account when Mr. Bayne was selected to occupy it. Under the circumstances, the appointment is one of the best evidences that could be given of the high estimation in which his powers of mind are held, and of the high hopes which are entertained respecting his future. Mr. Bayne is a native of Aberdeen, Scotland—that land whose wealth of intellect is a glorious compensation for the comparative poverty of her material resources.—*Boston Transcript*.

A TREMENDOUS MUSICAL RUN.—In an article on the *Children of Great Men*, in a well-known periodical, we have stumbled over the following paragraph:

"The most striking example known to us is that of the family which boasted Jean Sebastian Bach as the culminating illustration of a musical genius which, more or less, was distributed over three hundred Bachs."

We think we may call the above instance of assiduity the longest game at leap-frog that was ever played in the world. Fancy Genius leaping perseveringly "over three hundred Bachs," regularly one after another, until at last it came panting and out of breath, to Jean Sebastian. No wonder it alighted, as it did, on his shoulders, for Genius must have been fairly tired of clearing so many "Bachs," without finding a suitable resting-place where it could worthily settle.—*Punch*.

AN INGENIOUS INVENTION.—M. Salles, *arquebusier* to the Emperor Napoleon, has invented a post-office automaton, which takes up every letter as it is thrown into the box, places it under the stamp, where it re-

ceives the post-mark and date, and throws it out again for delivery to its destination. The process indicates the number of letters thus stamped. It is said that no less than 200 letters may be stamped by this machine in one minute. The General Post-Office has made a trial of the invention, which has turned out satisfactorily, and it is now in treaty with M. Salles for machines to be furnished to all the principal post-offices throughout France. The ill-gibility of post-marks, so often complained of, will, it is said, be completely obviated by the use of the automaton.

A CELESTIAL globe, once the property of the poet Schiller, has been presented, as a new year's gift, to add to the museum of reminiscences of the poet which have been collected together in his house in Weimar. It was found in the village of Oggersheim, where the poet once concealed himself. This, with the terrestrial globe, passed from the hands of Schiller's servant's into those of Herr Eberhard, who held an official situation under the government in Oggersheim, and afterward came into the possession of Herr Henck, of Landau, who generously placed them in the poet's house in Weimar. Both globes are in good preservation, and are probably the work of Franzel of Mannheim, made in 1749, ten years before Schiller's birth.

JUDGE KANE, in a recent letter, says of his son: "His characteristic with us was his sensibility to conscientious impulse. It was this which carried him the second time to the Polar Sea, and had God spared him, would have made him return there again: for he believed, as none but the true-hearted can believe anything, that some of Franklin's party were still alive, and that it was the mission of his life to reclaim them. He had a child-like fondness for the affections of home; but this, and zeal for science, and ambition of fame, and all else that could connect itself with motive, was subordinated to his one great conviction of duty."

PRINCE LUCIEN is about to commence, on his return to Paris, the publication of the Gospel of St. Matthew in all the Basque dialects; and after that a map of the countries in which the Basque language is still spoken. The Prince every day assembles at his table, at St. Jean de Luz, representatives of the numerous dialects of that language in Spain and in France. On more than one occasion it has happened that the guests, all of them speaking Basque, could not understand each other; but the Prince, from his acquaintance with all these dialects, has been able to explain to each what has been said.

THE Paris Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres reports that considerable progress has been made in the various Historical works in preparation under its care. Amongst these works are: a History of the Gauls and of France; a History of the Crusades; a History of French Literature; Memoirs of Learned Foreigners; etc.

A CURIOUS collection of works in English literature, illustrative of the Shakspearian period, has recently turned up in Switzerland: it was formed by a Swiss resident in England during a portion of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. It is to be hoped that these treasures will be thoroughly examined by a competent person.

TICKNOR & FIELDS favor us with the first two volumes of their beautiful "Household Edition" of the *Waverley Novels*. This edition will comprise forty-eight volumes in 16mo, with many elegant illustrations, very neatly printed on excellent paper, and containing all the notes and introductions, with new matter never before included in any issue of these works. They are bound tastefully and firmly in cloth, with original designs, and are especially adapted for the library. The edition is appropriately dedicated to Washington Irving.

WILEY & HALSTED publish "Jaufré the Knight and the fair Brunissende: a Tale of the Times of King Arthur," translated from the French version of Mary Lafon by Alfred Lowee. This romance was written in the Provençal tongue of the twelfth century, and consists in the original of eleven thousand one hundred and sixty verses of eight syllables. It was begun by a troubadour, who heard the tale related at the court of the King of Arragon, and finished by a poet whose name is unknown.

THE Commission intrusted by the French Government with editing for publication the private correspondence of Napoleon I., has so far completed its labors that the first volume may shortly be expected. The commission has appealed to foreign countries as well as to France for contributions of letters, dispatches, and any other documents that may serve to increase the interest of the work it has in hand. An additional sum of £4000 has been granted by the French Government for the furtherance of this object.

FRANK MOORE, Esq., whose volume of *Songs and Ballads of the Revolution* is an evidence of his careful research into our early literary history, and who has accumulated a very valuable stock of material connected with the revolutionary period, has in press a volume entitled "American Eloquence," to be issued by D. Appleton & Co. about the first of June. This work will include all the speeches extant of the Continental Congresses, many of which have never before been published in any collection, and the best efforts of the most celebrated orators of America, forensic and parliamentary. The book is to be sold only by subscription.

MESSRS. GEROLD & SOX, publishers, of Vienna, are bringing out a complete edition of Friedrich Halm's works. The name of this author has been brought prominently before the public by the notoriety it has gained in connection with the much-contested authorship of the "Fechter von Ravenna," which occupied all the German and some of the English literary journals last spring. Halm's works are chiefly dramatic.

The first volume of Prof. Agassiz's contributions to the *Natural History of the United States* will be published next month.

WIT AND WISDOM.—A celebrated divine, who was remarkable, in the first period of his ministry, for a boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly adopted a mild and dispassionate style. One of his brethren inquired what induced him to make the change. He was answered: "When I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed the people, but when I grew wiser I discovered that it was the lightning; so I determined to thunder less and lighten more in future."

MACAULAY continues in Venice—the most insalubrious, unsavory Autumn residence in Europe. On his return he will resume his history. A calculation has been made, on the "rule of threes" principle, that if it took four volumes to narrate what was done in eight years, it will require sixty octaves to record the events of the hundred and twenty years intended to be covered by the whole of Macaulay's history. And if it took ten years to write the four volumes already published, Macaulay must live exactly a century and a half more to complete the work!

AMONG the losses sustained by the burning of the foreign factories at Canton is to be regretted the irreparable one of Dr. William's printing establishment, including the large fonts of Chinese type, and copies of the works which were issued during the twenty-four years the press had been in operation, and some of which will never be reprinted. Besides these, Dr. Hance's valuable collection of botanical works have been consumed.

SIGISMUND KOLLE, a German missionary on the west coast of Africa, has just presented to the library of the university of Tübingen, his native town, four works, which he has, with great labor and considerable knowledge, compiled on the African languages. These books include a grammar, dictionary, and a collection of different African idioms. One of them is entitled "Polyglotta Africana," and contains one hundred and eighty-eight pages, with about three hundred words and phrases in one hundred different dialects.

SHELDON, BLAKEMAN & Co. have published a second series of the "Sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon," including twenty-seven discourses, suggested by texts in Scripture, and prefaced by a characteristic introduction from the author's pen. A handsomely executed portrait, with a fac-simile of Mr. Spurgeon's autograph, forms the frontispiece of this interesting volume.

MASON BROTHERS have got out the "Canterbury Tales," by Sophia Lee, in one volume; making, with the two volumes by Harriet Lee already published, a uniform edition of these once very popular Tales. They are reintroduced to the public in a very attractive form.

It is stated that Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have already received orders for their Household Edition of the *Waverley Novels* amounting to 144,000 volumes, or 3,000 sets. Messrs. Derby & Jackson, we are also informed, have been very successful in their republication of the Standard British Classics, which include the works of Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, Swift, Lamb, Defoe, Richardson, Steele, etc.

CALKINS & STILES have issued a neat pocket Edition of "All the recorded sayings of Christ," by Harmon Kingsbury. This little volume contains, in a condensed form, the sayings of the Saviour, gathered from the New Testament, "making a convenient pocket companion of the wisest, most beautiful, needful, interesting, and important sayings ever contemplated by man."

A CENSORSHIP of the press is about being established in Spain. Indeed, in no European country, except England, is the press unshackled.

JUN 24 1949

